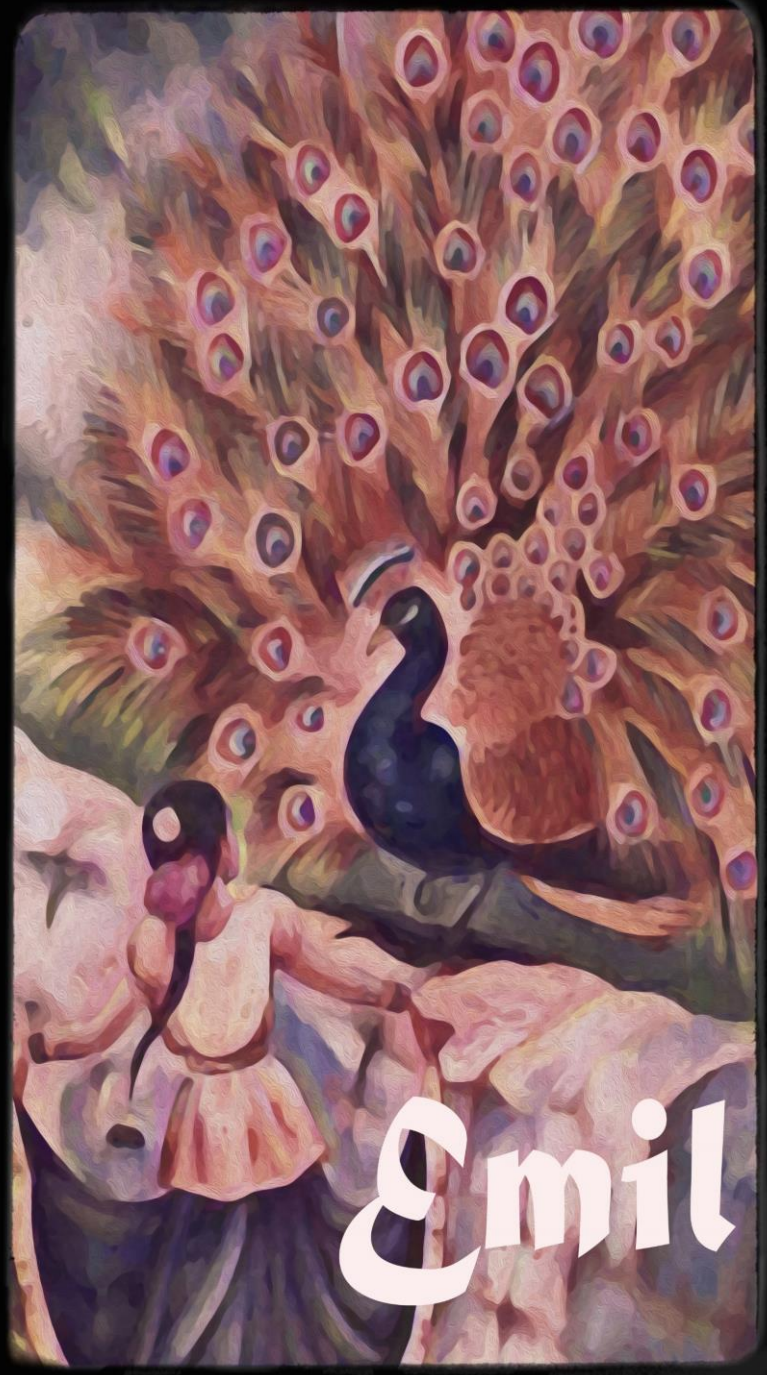

Unhinged from Time 12

"And the Revolution Goes On..."

Emil

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Emil

Emil

THERE IS YET ANOTHER DAY DUE!

Emil wrote that he can still recall the Old Man's last words and he tells us that they were almost lost, misplaced and discarded as the fever dreams of one who had saw the future, who had so passionately forewarned so many but, who (in the end) failed to heed his very own council... and was swept away by the very demons that he preached so

DESPERATELY TO DEFEAT

He said that what he most specifically remembered was the cryptic nature to what he

WHISPERED IN HIS LAST

remaining breathes...

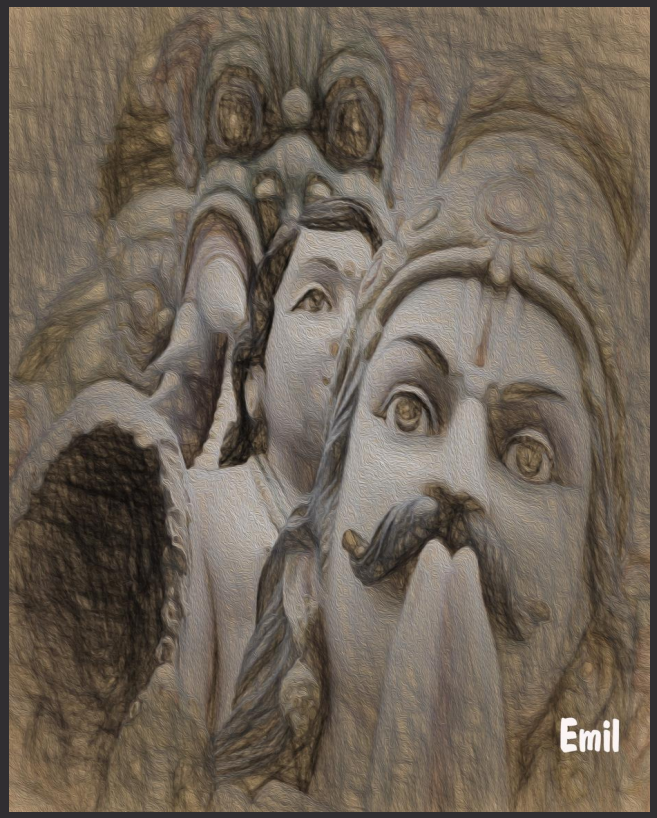
"What was once shall be no more..."

THERE IS YET ANOTHER DAY DUE!

Let's hope for everyone's sake that this does not apply to Emil's Fans as we need them to

COME BUY THIS BOOK!

SEINE



Emil

Emil

THERE IS YET ANOTHER DAY DUE!

CAMPERS!

It has truly been quite an eventful year and as our Chinese Friends

USED TO CURSE

We do live in interesting times...
A time that is rather ugly and stark, hosting an unknown chance event that descended swiftly from out of black of night and which is still in the process of sorting out what may be a fat swatch of fleshy humanity since the War...
It wasn't zombies or aliens that wrought such evil down upon our heads but, a virus so small that you would be hard pressed to find with

THERE IS YET ANOTHER DAY DUE!

even the most powerful of

MICROSCOPES

But, strangely, this not what I originally planned (not at all) to share with you all this issue. It only starting to dawn on me while practicing the Zen of Social Distancing - which seems to come rather natural given the true nature of how self-focused I have told that I am and which most swear is one of my better God given skill sets and

SUPER POWERS

While not my intent but, none-the-less; it was much fortunate that I had elected to revisit my

THERE IS YET ANOTHER DAY DUE!

left over work in India from several years ago and that WWWG originally took a pass on for they referred to as “unpublishable” or was it merely that they lacked the future wisdom to see the true market for

TEMPLE STATUE PORN

NO...NO...NO!

They still aren’t that enlightened but, they took interest in the less risky work in that issue which harkens back to a better age when life was simpler but which was much harder and shorter life if we are being truthful.

Emil

Emil

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

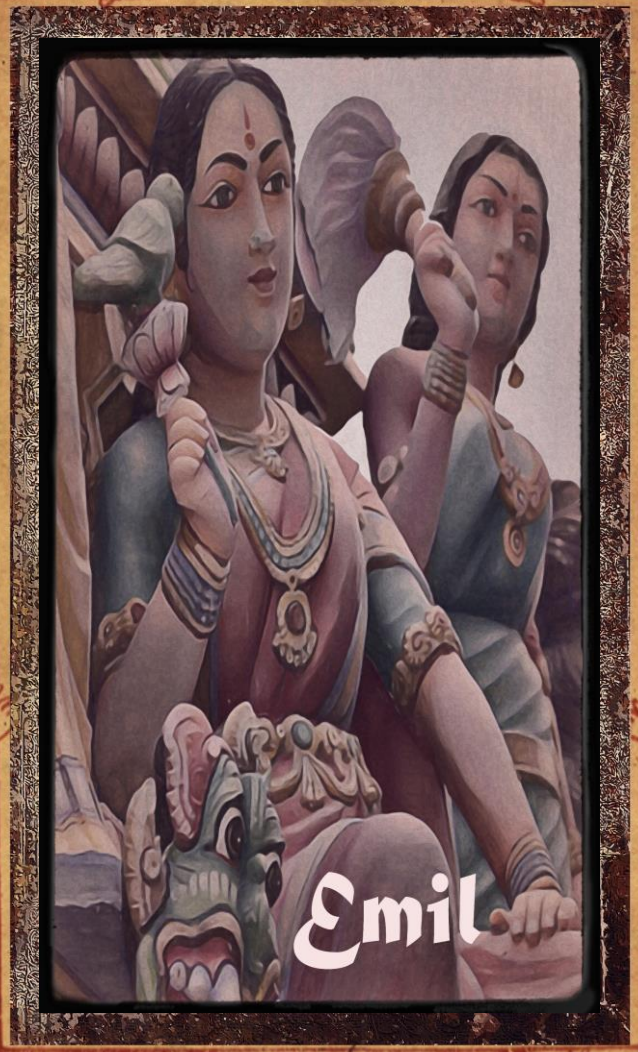
It has been long ten days of hobo traveling across the breath of Central Asia and half of India to come to rest here in Khajuraho with only a thousand rubies left to my name and as per my present status with Old Lady Luck, most of this one thousand rubies are in the form of

100 RUBY NOTES

that shopkeepers, have rather rudely explained to me, they

CAN NO LONGER ACCEPT

Seems the government has just decided to remove them from the market and they as well as those crook, money changers back at the



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

border crossing, no one bothered to explain this simple change to me...especially when I exchanged my dinars and they handed me those eight new, mint fresh, 100 ruby notes and change.

THANK GOD...

there was change!
Otherwise, I would be living in some homeless shelter here in

KHAJURAHO...

Do they have such a thing?
To be truthful, I want to never find out!
This would be like you waking up

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

today and the Secretary of the Treasury was on TV and he was explaining to all of America that the government had just outlawed

TEN DOLLAR BILLS

Think about the chaos and panic that would create...multiple by a factor that there are over one billion Indians, all of them with 100 ruby notes stashed in every piggy bank, jacket pocket or stuffed in their mattresses and the only place where you can cash them in is at is

YOUR LOCAL BANK

If you follow me so far, then you can imagine how long the lines are

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

here in Khajuraho with it's

ONE AND ONLY BANK

So... I hold my ten and five ruby coins as they were a rare treasure (which they currently are). Luckily everything is super cheap here as long as you don't look English or any variation of rich tourist. luckily, I have never had the problem of being mistaken

AS A RICH TOURIST

This has, at least, help me get a more local price and it helps to have coinage instead of

100 RUBY NOTES

Still there is the real problem of

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

what to do with those eight shinny
100 ruby notes weathering away

IN MY JEAN'S POCKET

"I know...go to the bank...
cash them in...Bubba!"

Did you see the length of that line?
I am telling you, there ain't no
cutting to the front of the line in
this culture, especially for some
hobo looking vagabond...to do
so would not be wise nor

HEALTHY EITHER!

I originally thought about getting
one of those rich, Chinese Tourists
that seem to be everywhere in the
world...always in massive numbers
or one of those politically correct

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

American backpackers to trade me anything for my ruby notes…
They have several pawn shops (a standard institution in any poor part of town…seemingly, everywhere in this world or the next)
buy something, take it to the pawn shop and trade it for any ruby coinage that I could get…

EASY-BREEZY!

Then again, Old Lady Luck remained at home in Tulsa and failed to hear my urgent pleas of assistance here in Khajuraho even though they were blasting the news on CNN, the BBC and even

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

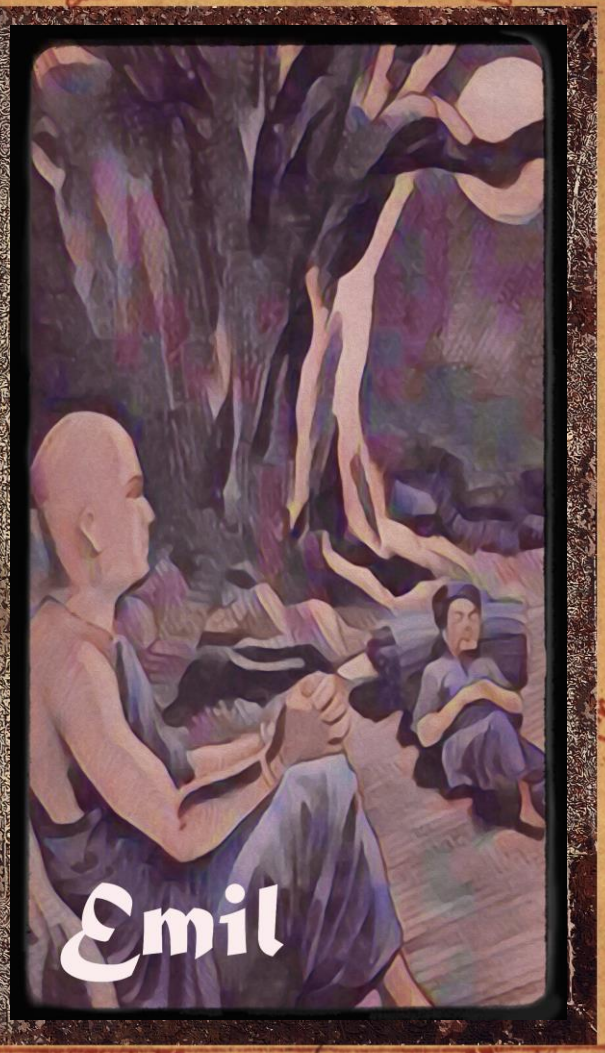
the Korean Home

SHOPPING NETWORK

Needless to say,
I was going to need to think of
something fast or figure the
quickest way out of town…
probably late into the night as to
avoid awkward conversations
with bellhops or

NIGHT MANAGERS

as to where I was going with
all my bags at 3:30 AM.
I do (sadly) speak from some
experience(s) over the years
in these kind of occasions and
I will tell you straight out, it
never goes well…and if my



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

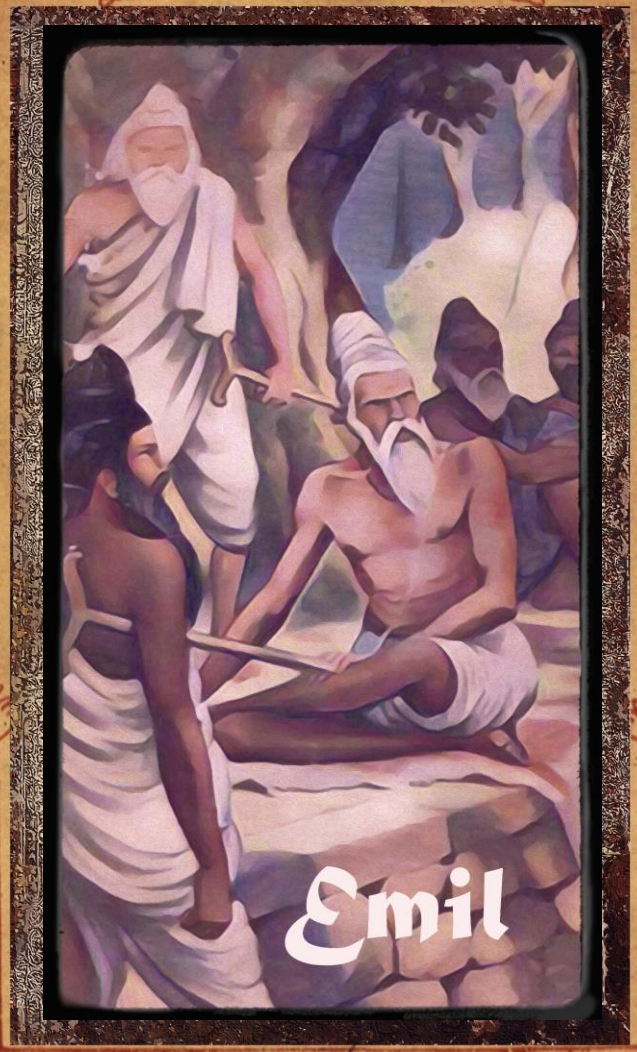
previous experience were an indicator, I don't think that I care to know what the inside of the local India jail really looks.

I THINK, I'LL PASS

on that one too!
Just in case, there is a bus that runs down the road to Satna or at least up to Highway 75 and from there I could disappear again into the mass of humanity squatting around Bamitha.

THE ONLY PROBLEM IS

that it would cost me about 140 rubies to make it that far and, the local bus driver's union is not well known for their generosity and



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

letting you ride today on the promise you will pay them

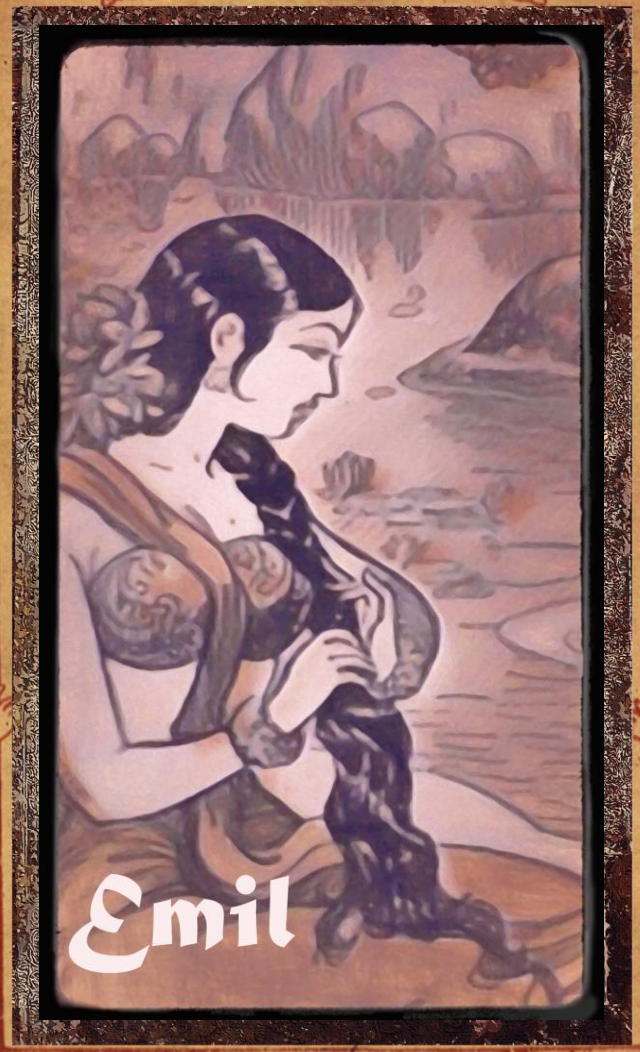
NEXT TUESDAY

So, the reality was that I had to do something to restore my cash flow and to more or less do it in a legal way as I was too far into India and the borders were quite a way from here to cut and run.

What skills do I have that would be in demand here or that people would be willing to pay me

UNDER THE TABLE?

Seriously, nothing was coming to mind as most of my skill set(s) are from the developed world and



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

they have little value and/or there
is little need of them here in
the backwaters of India.
I mean there was not even a car
wash anywhere ...at least not that
I saw...so eighty-six my
COMMON LABORER SKILLS
I could always do portraits like

I USE TO DO...

but, that takes
money for supplies and again,
I didn't see anything like an
art store in the Gole Market.
Besides, then there is the money
factor, I would need someone
to front me the money...for
supplies and liquid motivation...

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

"The muse must be released" experience has taught me that this argument first made by some cave painter in Southern France back about 40,000 BCE and even today, it was good for at least a

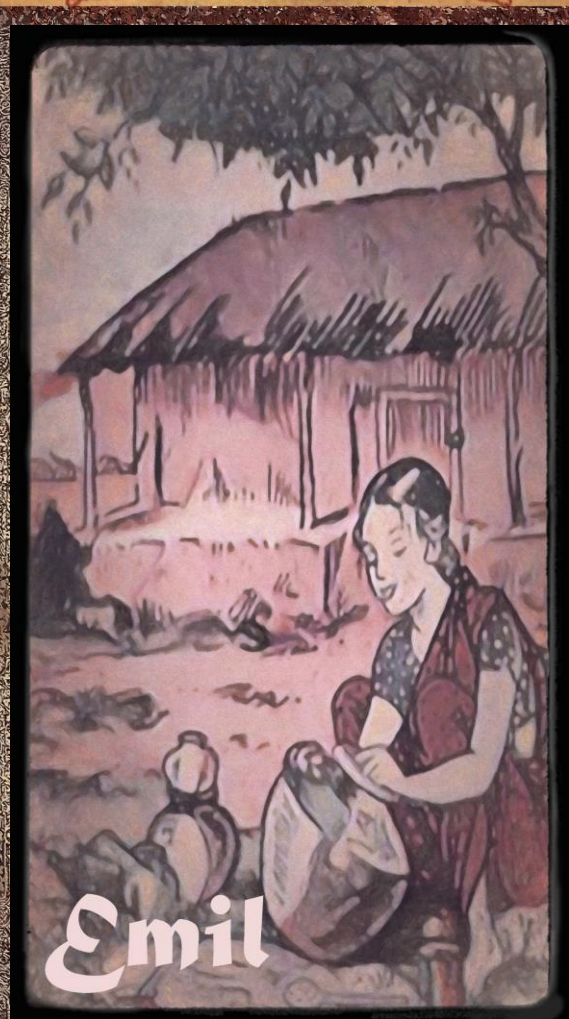
COUPLE DRINKS NIGHTLY

Still, I splurged 10 of my valuable rubies on a rickshaw down to restaurant row...walking up and down from venue to venue, going in with my best gift of the gab and tried to offer my services...

WHO WOULD HAVE FIGURED

They have the internet there, too! When I first walked in, there seemed some interest but, when they went back to their office

.



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

and Googled my name...read about all the nastiness around my last book, the law suits and picketing by both angels and demons (sometimes jointly...) Who would have ever thought that I had the power to bring

HEAVEN AND HELL

together in common cause...

TO BE TRUTHFUL...

I am rather proud of that and they would (sometimes nicely...sometimes not) show me to the door while expressing their wish that I never visit their venue ever again... not even as a customer.

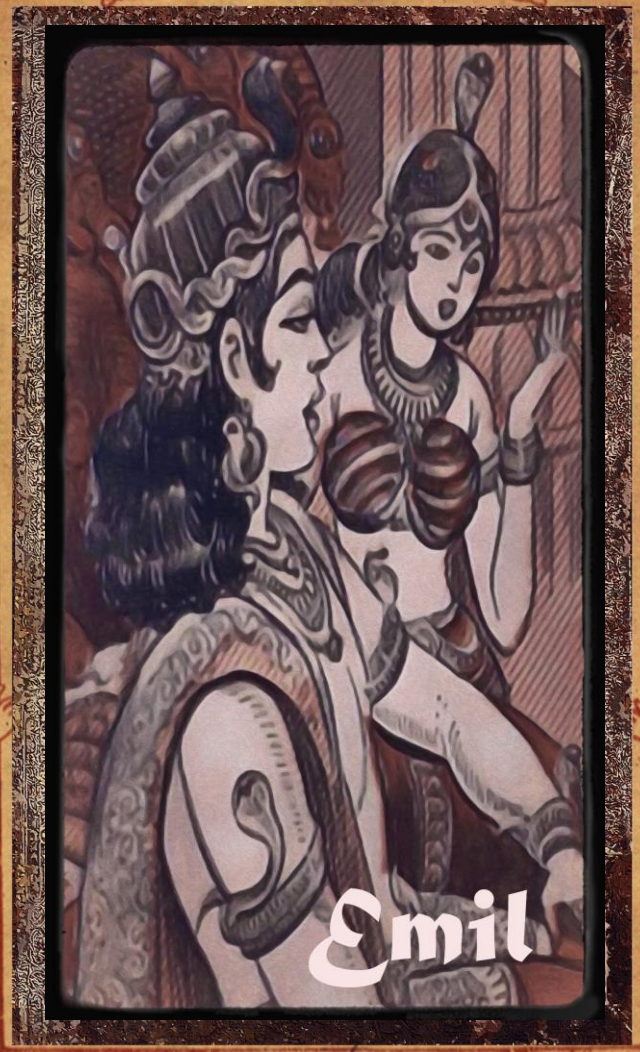
IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

You would have been proud to see my mastery of my job seeking skills...I didn't accept that rejection as a solid "NO" so I countered it by arguing that this was India...

"You have 100s of Gods, each of whom, I have never insulted… no restraining orders here… thank you!"

Quickly added to my argument *"…truthfully, when was the last time you had an angel here at the bar?"*

I then smiled and proudly said "I thought so" but, before I could close the deal...everything would go sidewayz again and there was



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

more than a little polite talk about getting the law if I didn't

LEAVE NOW

At this point, I knew it was time to cut the loss, I proudly walked out and went down the street to try the next local venue...from the Blue Sky over to the Mediterraneo and even the cut rate, Bella Italia...and even to the market stalls surrounding or on

DOWNING STREET

After a long night of trying to explain to the hostel's night manager that someone had stolen my spot in line at the bank but,

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

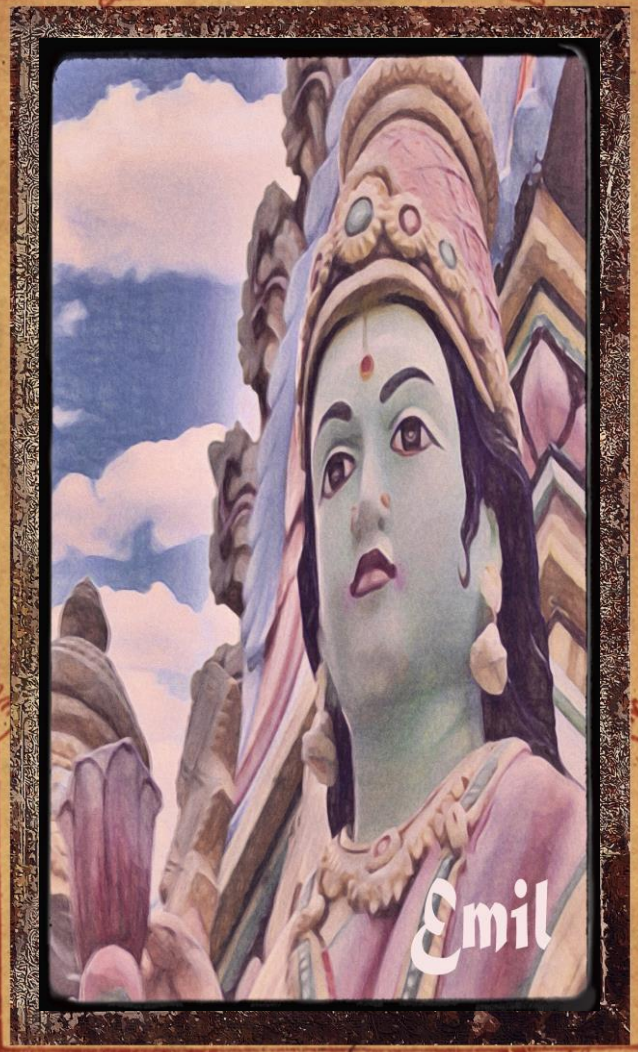
that I would be going out early…
Maybe, like really early…

LIKE AT 4 AM…

Just want to get back in line to
cash in my 100 ruby notes.
After a long restless night with
the bellhop stationed outside
my room all night…appears that
I am not the first deadbeat that
they have had to deal with,

I MADE MY MIND

up to bite the bullet and with
dawn, I walked down to the local
post office
and sent a telex to Seine and
Mister Chucky explaining in



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

250 characters the recent misunderstanding over my disappearance from the tour…
"Damn that OMAR!$#&!"
I strongly reminded them that they actually did hire a real bandit and that anything he said was suspect due to that fact alone...
"Did I mention, he is a bandit?"

I TRULY HATED

throwing old Omar under the wheels of the tour bus but,

DESPERATE TIME

you know!
Explained that I was in India exploring temples (there were

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

a couple here but, I hadn't had the funds to pay the 20 ruby entrance fee) and was exploring alternatives to my eternal retirement plans with Hinduism (one of the few religions that

I HAD NOT (YET) OFFENDED

Told them that I was already at work on the new book but, was in need of logistical funds for research and to pay local officials "Tea" Money to get access...same old BS that

I USUALLY GAVE THEM

Within mere hours later... after a really long wait outside of post office on a hard bench with no shade, they bought it...

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

They had taken the bait…
hook…line and sinker…

YES, THEY DID!

Seine said that it was a great
follow up and that all was forgiven
if I produced something that
he could sell and less than

TWO HOURS LATER

they had wired me a big enough
advance that I could check out
the rude hostel and into the
grand Hotel Harmony with it's
lovely, courtside café and
I ordered a deluxe pizza

(NO YAK CHEESE HERE!)

thanks to all those great

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

Slave Masters from down yonder
at the Main Plantation Home of

WWWG PRODUCTIONS

Later the next day and after
going to the Temple…
"Gonna find a new way and
a different kind of heaven…"

I WAS INTERESTED!

Ever been to one of these
temples? Did you NOT know that
they are stacked full of extremely
"XXX" Rated statues…YUP!
Haven't you ever read the

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC?

That got my attention - although,
the backwards thinking at WWWG
and the cadre of old, grumpy

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

socialist accountants (All of them, communists really) would never allow Seine to print that book not even in brail as I recommended (primarily) as a means to bypass the censors in Singapore and by the way to aggressively explore vast new market demographics... "XXX-Rated Books for the Blind." I tried to get them wiz marketing youngsters to see the brilliance of the new (off-the-charts) massive marketing advance this would give WWWG as it successfully corned the "smut" market for the blind and also, establish us in the forefront of WOKE Culture in the simple (established) fact that the blind NEEDED "Smut" too!

Emil

Emil

“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

I truly was lost for not only the proper words but, for any words at all. The events of this new age have zapped me of my ability to process thoughts or untether from the sheer emotion(s) of what we all have been through.

2020 was forewarned that it was going to be a demon year, few if any actually took heed and those with the foresight to see the gathering storm were ridiculed, cast out of normal, polite conversation with sneering calls to *“Hey! Fool go return, go jump back into your 2000 Bunker, Bubba...!”*

There were not many a Winston Churchill that would, at least proclaim their open fears for just the same reason Winnie had

“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

wished many times (in the early 1930’s) that he would have just keep his fears about Germany

MORE TO HIMSELF

Too much has happened and the events of this year are still way too raw to try and process – I will leave that to history’s judgement. Little that I can say would be what has not already been assigned to others and that would seem very Pappy Biden of me to elude to as my own creative thoughts;

SO, I WON’T!

As the tallies of the extent of these events are still uncounted and still

“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

missorted; it is still too early to grasp how close we actually came to the collapse of

MODERN CIVILIZATION

It is still not for us of this time to write the history but, I am merely here to properly document as it occurs with the hope that future readers will be able to sort out what we cannot now see clearly. The confusion, the panic that swept through the community was a very slow burn of random titbits buried in between the worldwide, the non-stop coverage of the upcoming political election in America and then, screen after screen was filled with unknown

“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

experts, strange officials all saying

DON’T WORRY!

As the common flu or even slips in the bathtub were far more deadly.

TO FINALLY

“We are locking everything down, lock yourself up in your home and by the grace of God, we shall win this war!”

All the while, most demised the coming storm as...

“Oh, that weird thing happening thousands of miles away from us...No concern here...How about that Laker’s Game last night...did you see it?”

“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

Looking back, how jaded we had become in our insulation from the

EVENTS OF THE WORLD

I remember…

(I think back to Billy Clinton)

He almost prophetically warned us (directly) that in the future

“When a factory worker in a Wuhan Industrial Park sneezes, the world will catch a cold...”

BEYOND STRANGE????

What did he really know and when did he know it?

This could be another miss by WP Cub Reporter (Carly) as this MIGHT have been

“BIGGER THAN WATERGATE”

“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

Much…much bigger, really, Carl! And now, Carl refuses to see the writing on the wall from the finger of GOD (I have been told) and has like totally; he has let the scoop of the century slip through his fingers as he (like so many) of the press

SUFFER SERIOUS DTS

(Donald Trump Syndrome)

see how true this was and on how many levels it came untimely came true... Even in that, there was a sense of buried truth, an utter correct prophecy of what truly was to (a generation later) fall upon us, to swiftly swoop in while washing over us as a breaking, riptide way then, crashing down upon us and

“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

our society without so little fanfare. Need to go as the curfew is almost upon us and we need to be home before sunset...there is still much that needs to be done to restore just common order little alone any effort to collectively march us back from where we did came...

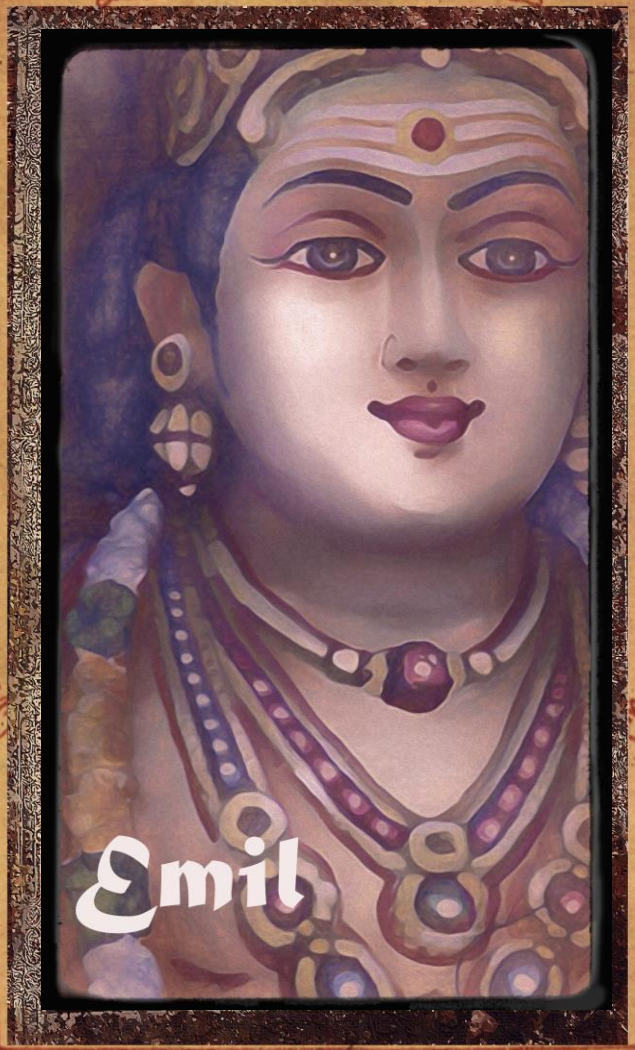
There are none left to take the lead and turn this ship back, away from the approaching iceberg… the ship wreck of the Great New Social Reset that is coming soon to your assorted neighborhoods, cities and schools!

GOOD LUCK...

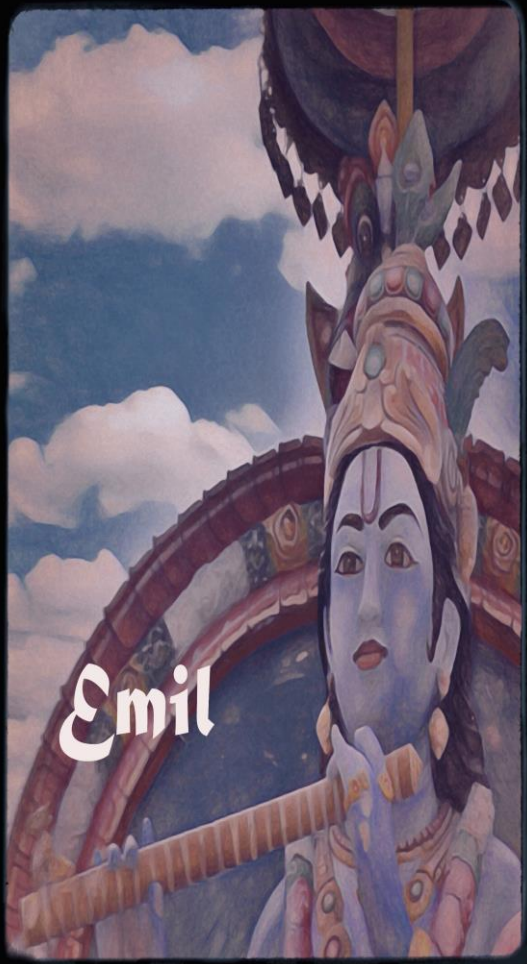
Be **SAFE** my friends!

- From Jan 2020

Emil


Emil

Emil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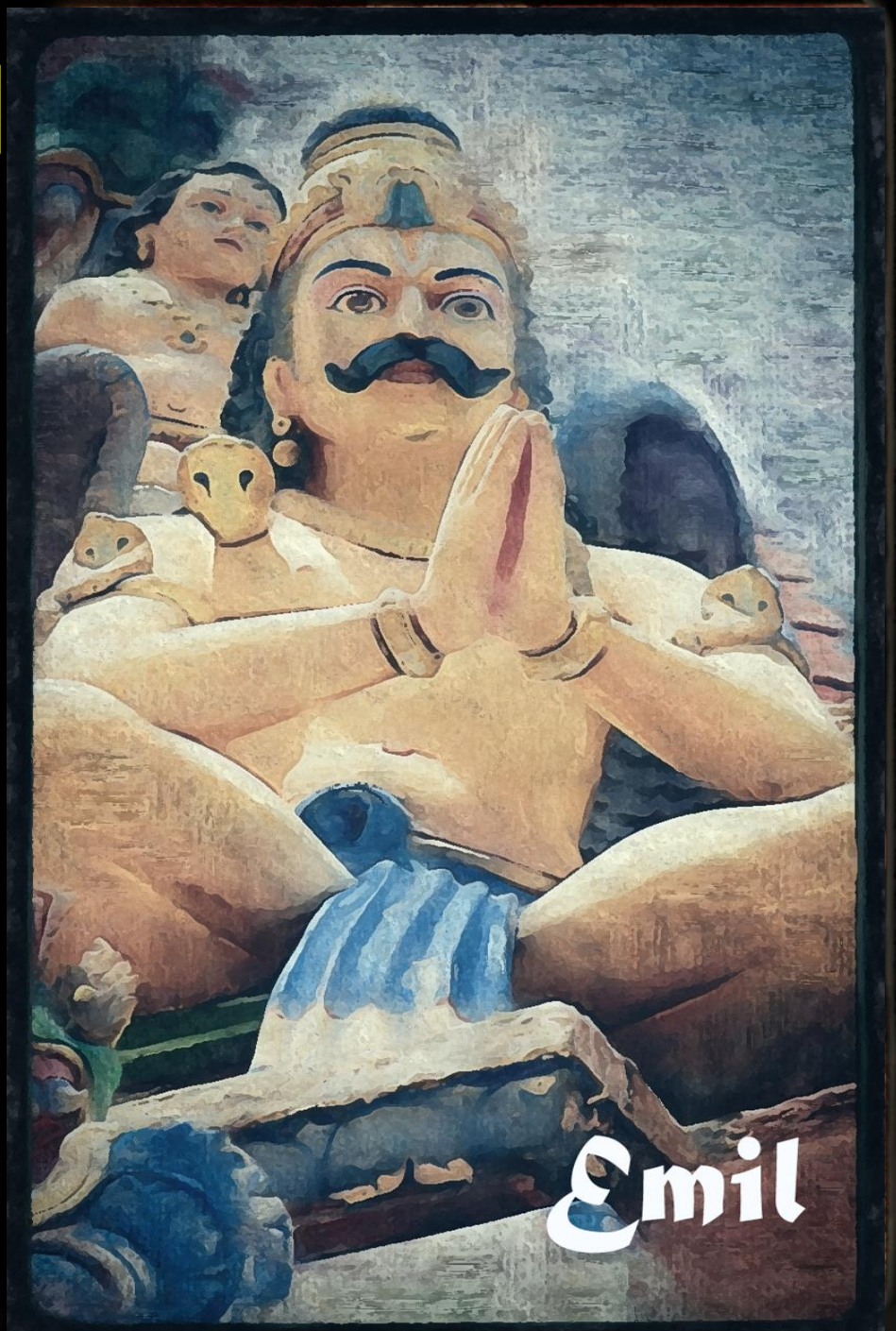
REVOLUTION



THERE WAS A TIME

Indeed, there was definitely
a time, even if it was to be truthful,
in that it was actually somewhat
removed and really shaded
differently from these modern
times...there was still
a time that was somehow relatable
to what is going on...that we can
draw meaning from and
we can seek out a better solution
this time around...someone once
said that history repeats...

LIKE SUMMERTIME TV

What time or times?
Not really sure if I want to commit
to a special date, time or era as
some internet troll will make it

THERE WAS A TIME

their mission to fact check me into
the next generation and the whole
thought that I was so badly trying
to convey will be hopeless loss
in troll speak and in madding
banter in a

"TAKE-NO-PRISONER"

violent Twitter Blitzkrieg...
The world has finally reached its
saturation level of freakiness' lost
in the angry lust brought on by
a seeming and obsessed desire
to not only burn the system down
but, seem hell-bent and
is seemingly trying to one-up
my level of what Seine not so
kindly refers to as my
"CHEMICAL IMBALANCES."

THERE WAS A TIME

Having spent some time in West Texas, roustabouting in the oil fields and on any given evening, you could find me with my fellows, sucked up to a wood worn, bar counter trading one wild tale (urban legend) after another and I am here to tell you truthfully that there is an old saying (sage wisdom) in these parts that you

"Don't let the truth get in the way of good story.."

TO AN EXTENT

I agree and that
a slight add here or few deductions
from there does make a more

THERE WAS A TIME

interesting tale to the listener...

SALES AND MARKETING

are but another extension of this same believe...but, when you extend this to the evening news, seeking for an ever increasing in their national ratings – market share...it becomes somewhat terrifying as many people still believe in the objective fairness

OF THE EVENING NEWS

Remember Glenny Beck back in the days when he tried to raise an army of true believers to oust our dully elected but according to him our first “Kenyan” President?
People still believe that nonsense!

THERE WAS A TIME

To Glenny Beck's faithful, raised in a previous generation when news people (talking heads and news readers) were stoic, faithful to even-handedness presentations...

"JUST THE FACTS!"

They took Glenny at face value, when he looked into their collective eyes and did not even stutter as he explained that our new president wasn't the Jackie Robinson success story we believed him to be but, that he was in fact, a evil Islamic, Manchurian Candidate born in Kenya and bent on the destruction of our nation.

THERE WAS A TIME

FLASH FORWARD...2018...

I know the Donald wishes that all he had to deal with the theory that he was a Kenyan

SLEEPER-CELL TERRORIST

WAIT!

He was accused of being a sleeper-cell, Manchurian Candidate who was put into power by the evil cunning of Putin and his masterful ability to turn $30,000 in Facebook ads into the greatest political upset in American History...

GLENNY WOULD BE PROUD!

Reality is everyone hated Hillary!

OH!

"There is no doubt that

MAN IS MASTER

of all, and I believe many people have been preserved by the power of the human eye, and many more might

HAVE BE SAVED

if they only had the coolness to exercise the power which has been bestowed upon them."

"Together they make

A PRETTY PICTURE

or rather a striking one; and so through life you will find that every half-dozen things that you observe will either form, or assist in forming,

VIVID PICTURES

embraced by your mind, which will most certainly prove wonderment..."

"Suppose the situation, that it did indeed, it required for all to stand quiet, and had you but

JUST LISTEN

to me, it would have led to a dear and noble narrative, suggests many ideas which, if followed up, would fill whole pages with bold tales of adventure and heroes to be..."

"Oh, great king, have
mercy! I have been
to the Day of Judgement
and I have no rice to
FEED MY FAMILY
I can not remember
when we last had
THE TASTE OF FOOD
on our lips,
O great king, give us
the courage to finish
our journey..."

"It is a common

ENGLISH SAYING

that the Hindus have
no sense of gratitude,
that they have not even
a single word to express

THAT FEELING

in their language.

I DO NOT BELIEVE

this to be truthful and
that it serves only as
a means to justify the
cruelty the Raj imposes."

"The Hindus say that
the caves are the
WORKS OF DEMONS
Above the entrances
to many of them are
long inscriptions in
A FORGOTTEN TONGUE
Several of the letters
appear to resemble
the Greek; but most
of them are different
from any known
language…"

"The Hindus look for a
TENTH INCARNATION
when they shall unite all
the world in one religion,
and themselves
REIGN OVER THEM
I believe I am correct
in giving these as points
of faith amongst the
Elitists and Brahmins..."

"No European

FOREIGN DEVIL

nor any low-caste Hindu has been allowed, have not admitted into the temple complex or the surrounding caves; we can, therefore, only

SPEAK ON HEARSAY

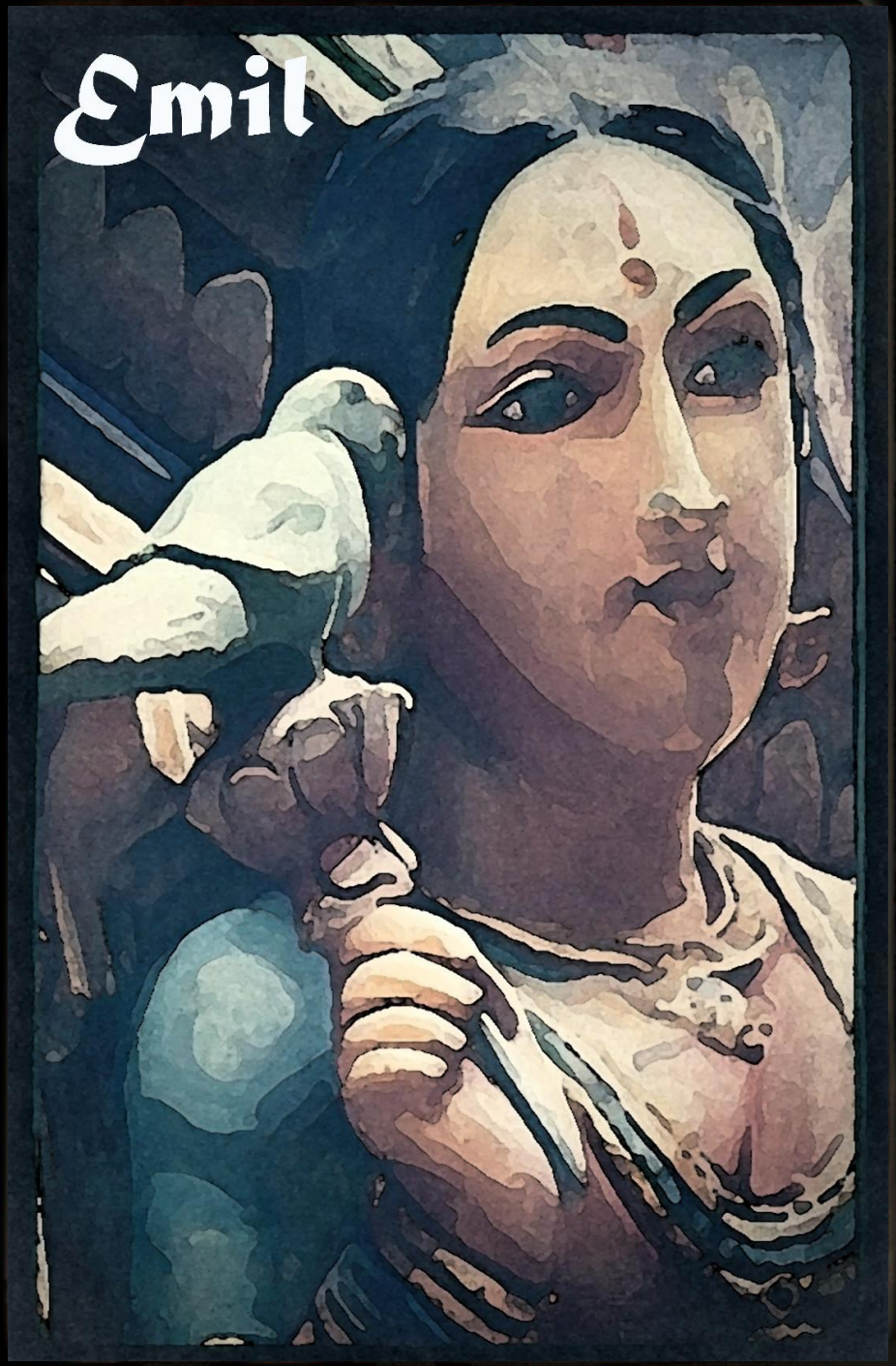
of what goes on inside. The idol itself is renewed every twelve years...”

The King responded to a defeated general as he sat in judgement of said general for crimes against the King/State. “Wherever we go, we give sound laws, And the people find peace and comparative

HAPPINESS

Under the native rajahs all is anarchy, bloodshed, and oppression. Would that the whole of India were under our sway...”

She was truly a string
of the finest pearls to be
hung round the neck of
all human intelligence;
A FRAGRANT FLOWER
to be bore up on the vision
of our mental wisdom;
a jewel of yet the
PUREST GOLD
upon on which sadly,
becomes jaded and
frail with time...



She was ever so careful
in keeping at bay

HER SUBJECTION

to lust, anger, avarice,
folly, drunkenness,
and pride; preserving
herself from being
seduced by the

LOVE OF GAMING

and of the chase;
restraining her desire for
dancing, singing, and
playing on musical
instruments...

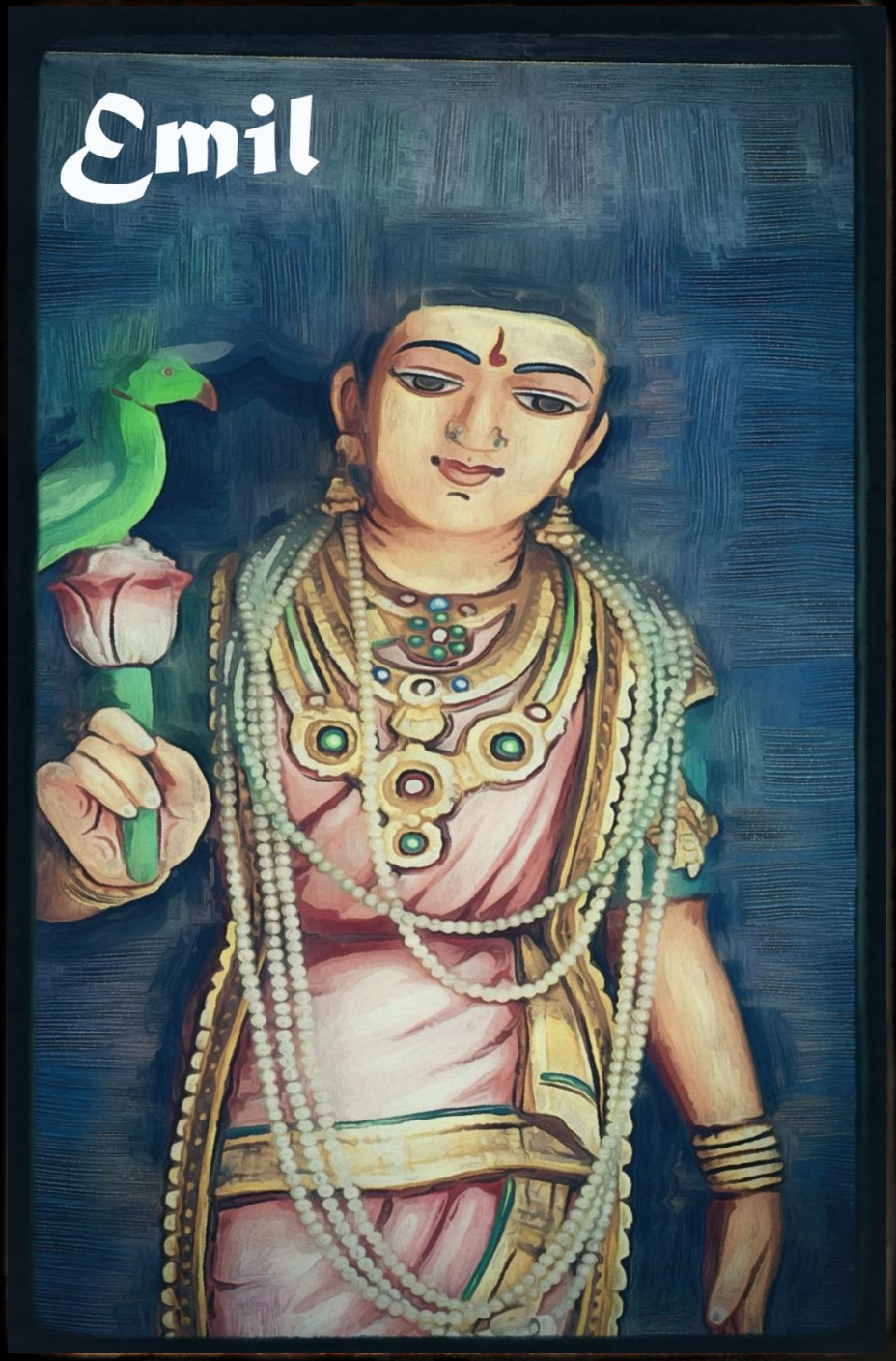
In a most steadily increasing torpidity to her

NATURAL SPIRIT

she actually was able to trace the germs of that quietude which forms the

HIGHEST HAPPINESS

of womankind in this storm of matter called the world…



They said that she exceeded in beauty,

HER FACE

was that of a full moon shining in the clearest night sky; her hair was that of the purple

CLOUD OF AUTUMN

when, gravid with rain, it hangs low over earth; and her complexion mocked the pale waxen hue of the large-flowered jasmine.

Those who saw her,
would say that

HER EYES

were like those of a timid antelope; her lips were as red as those of the pomegranate's bud, and when they opened, from them distilled a fountain

OF AMBROSIA

She was a person of

NOBLE BIRTH

endowed with shining abilities, popular, dexterous in business, acquainted with foreign parts, famed for

HER ELOQUENCE

and intrepidity...rare for a woman in her age...a remarkably handsome woman, indeed!

He placed an intimate
of his own in the high
position of being
a confidential councilor,
the ambassador who
sought the powers of
the state to regulate

WAR AND PEACE

He fancied himself a

GOD OF WAR

but, secretly he was
riddled by doubts...

IN WAR

he was highly praised
as he never slew
a suppliant, a spectator,
a person asleep or in
the disarray of undress,

ANYONE

that showed fear
to the rightfulness of
his cause or that
sought redemption...

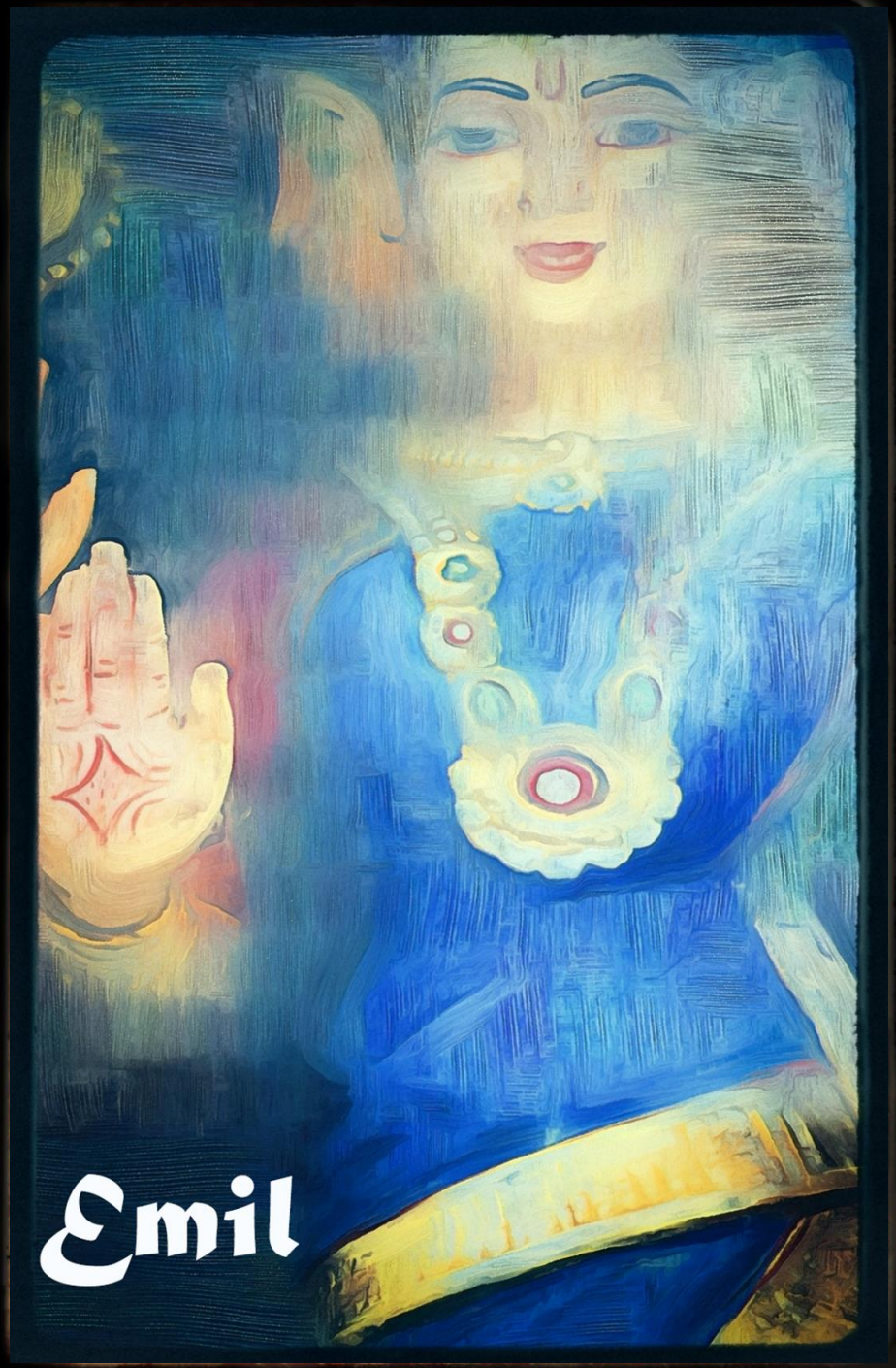
While she still remained subject to the

LAWS OF DEATH

she concealed the motives from the depths of her inner thoughts, enlarging

THE CONVERSATION

as women are apt to do, upon everything but the truth as she spoke to her husband about the rumors of other men from the village...



She concluded the bitter argument by forcibly impressing upon her

UNWORLDLY

husband the necessity of securing a rather large

SUM OF MONEY

as a return **for the priest's** inestimable gift of freedom by allowing them sanctuary in the temple.

What is life but
a restless vision of
imaginary pleasures
and of real pains, from
which the only waking
is the terrible

DAY OF DEATH?

The affection of this world
is of no use, since, in
consequence of it, we
FALL AT LAST INTO HELL

She explained the luxuries
she possessed by the
nature of her vow,
WHICH BOUND HER
to indulge in costly
apparel, in food with
six flavors, and in every
KIND OF INDULGENCE
So it was written before
long she was born or
so she said to all who
challenged her
selected lifestyle...

BE NOT TOO PROUD!

I will save you from a
nearly impending death.
Only hearken to the tale
which I have to tell you,
and use your judgment,
and act upon it as
the king seeks your

UNTIMELY DEMISE

a most ugly death with
no pity offered.

In order to save them,
if such be the will of

OLD LADY LUCK

to escape from their
impending destruction.
Therefore

LISTEN UP

and focus on my
ever single word!
Put distrust in all those
who wish to dwell with
and commune amongst
the dead...

As they fled the city,
out into the wilds of
the frontiers, the

HAPLESS LOVERS

could not help thinking
that on this occasion
it came a little

TOO LATE

However, after a pause
they returned to the
subject of marriage and
a long life together free
from the bondage of the
Raj...family...society...

SAGES SPOKE OF

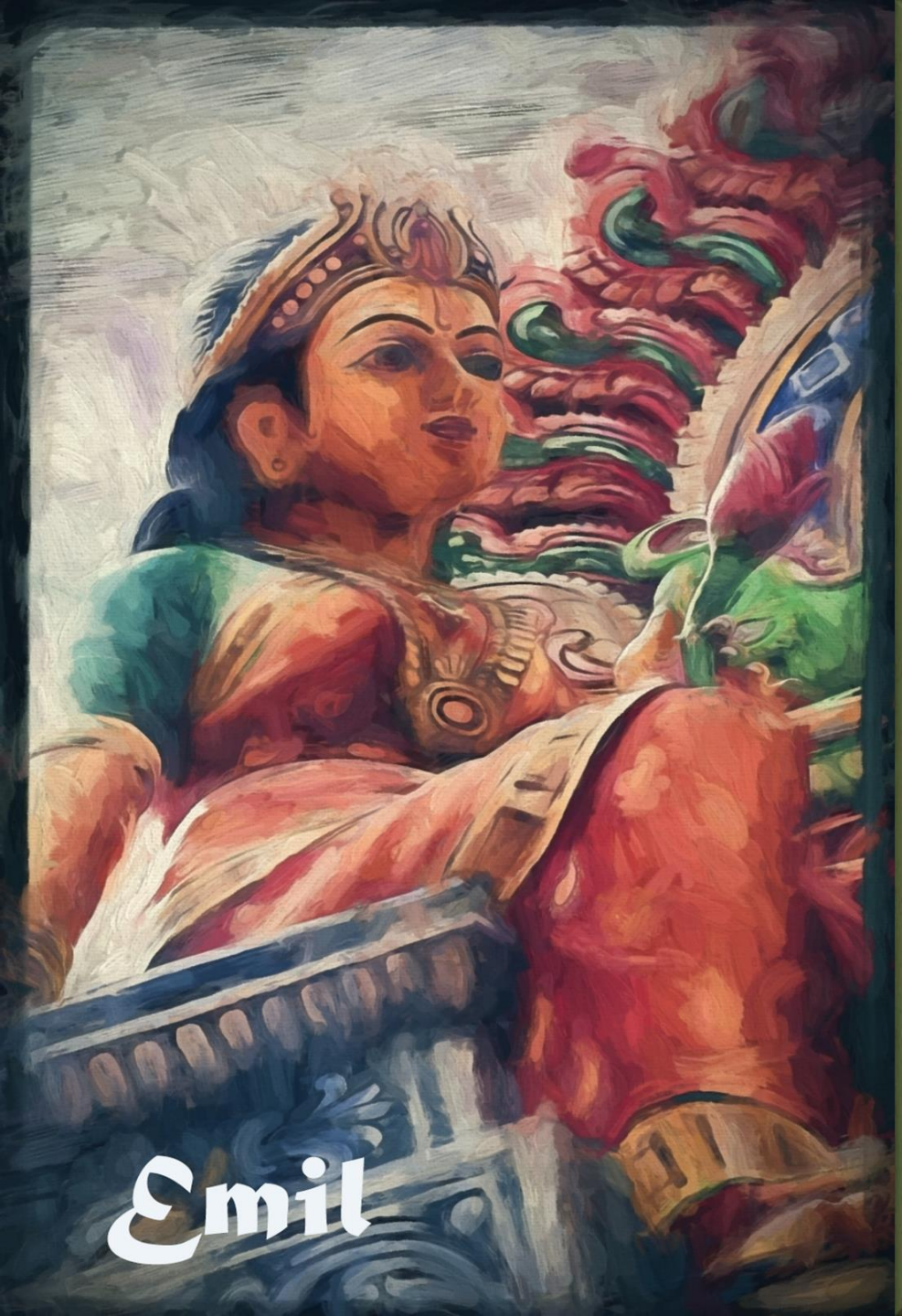
a time when a worthy king was like fire and air; he was both sun and moon; he was the god of

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

he was the genius of wealth; he was the

REGENT OF WATER

he was the lord of the firmament; he was a powerful divinity who in human shape...was sent to steward his people...



She determined to prove

HERSELF A HERO

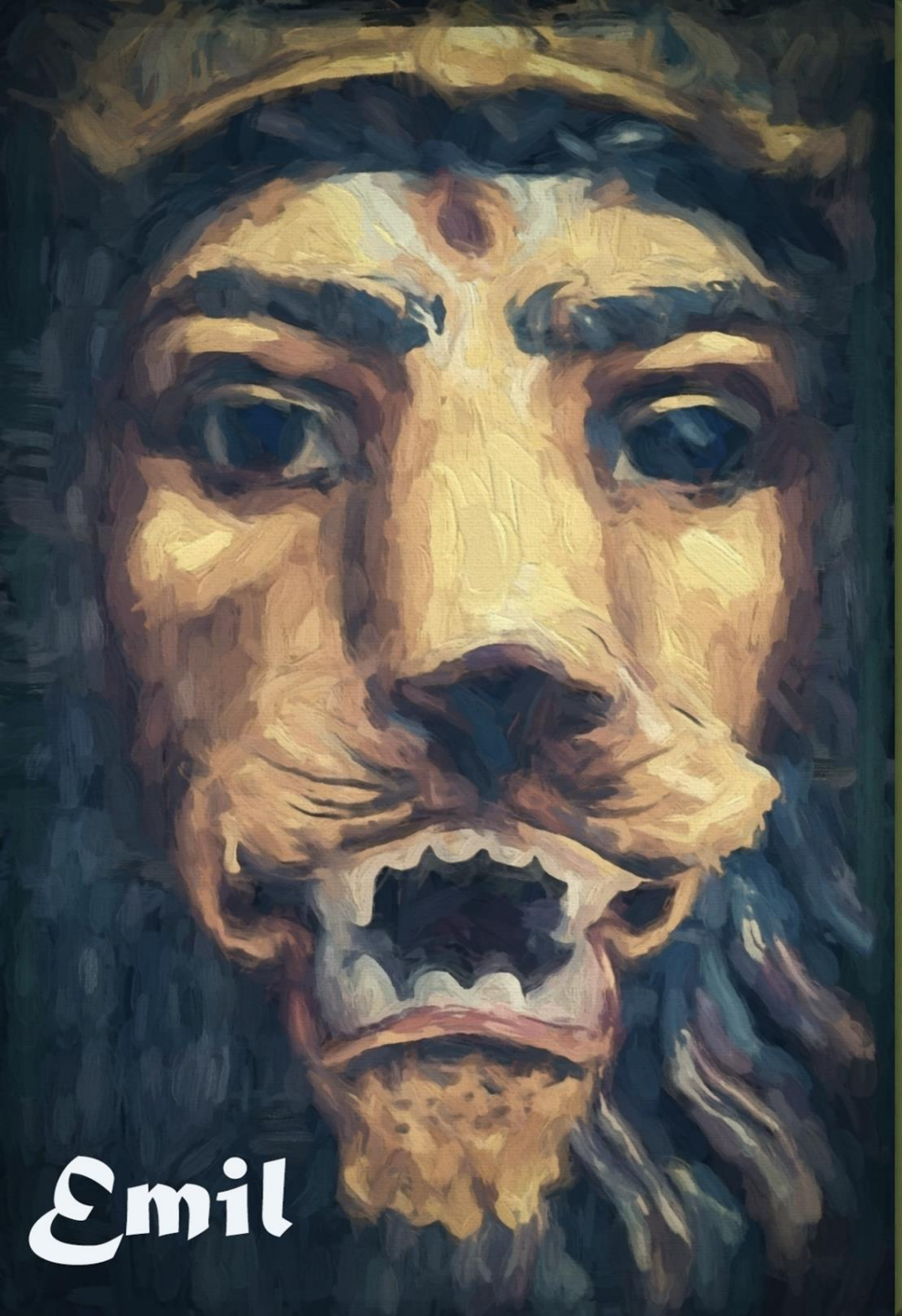
and feeling that the critical moment had now come like a most strange

SUMMER SNOW

from out of the far north; to which she hoped to rid herself and her house forever of the

FAMILY CURSE

that hovered over them.

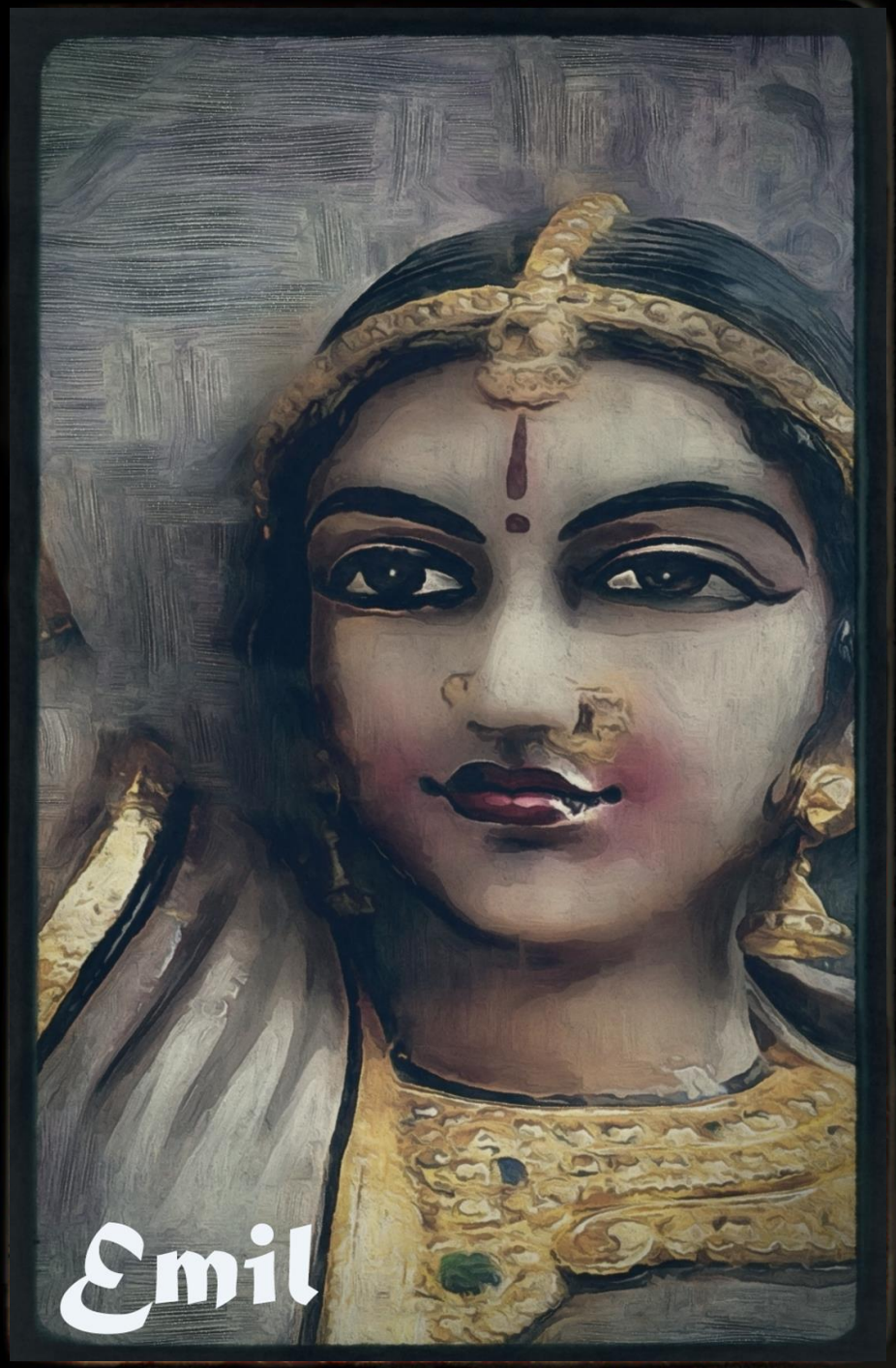


It was his normal practice every morning to eat some tough fibered food as a reflection of his privileges and he chewed upon the cud of it in

HIS MIND

While the times conspired to make the strong weak and the full go hungry….
It was in such meditations, which employed his wits to make the changes that should have come a

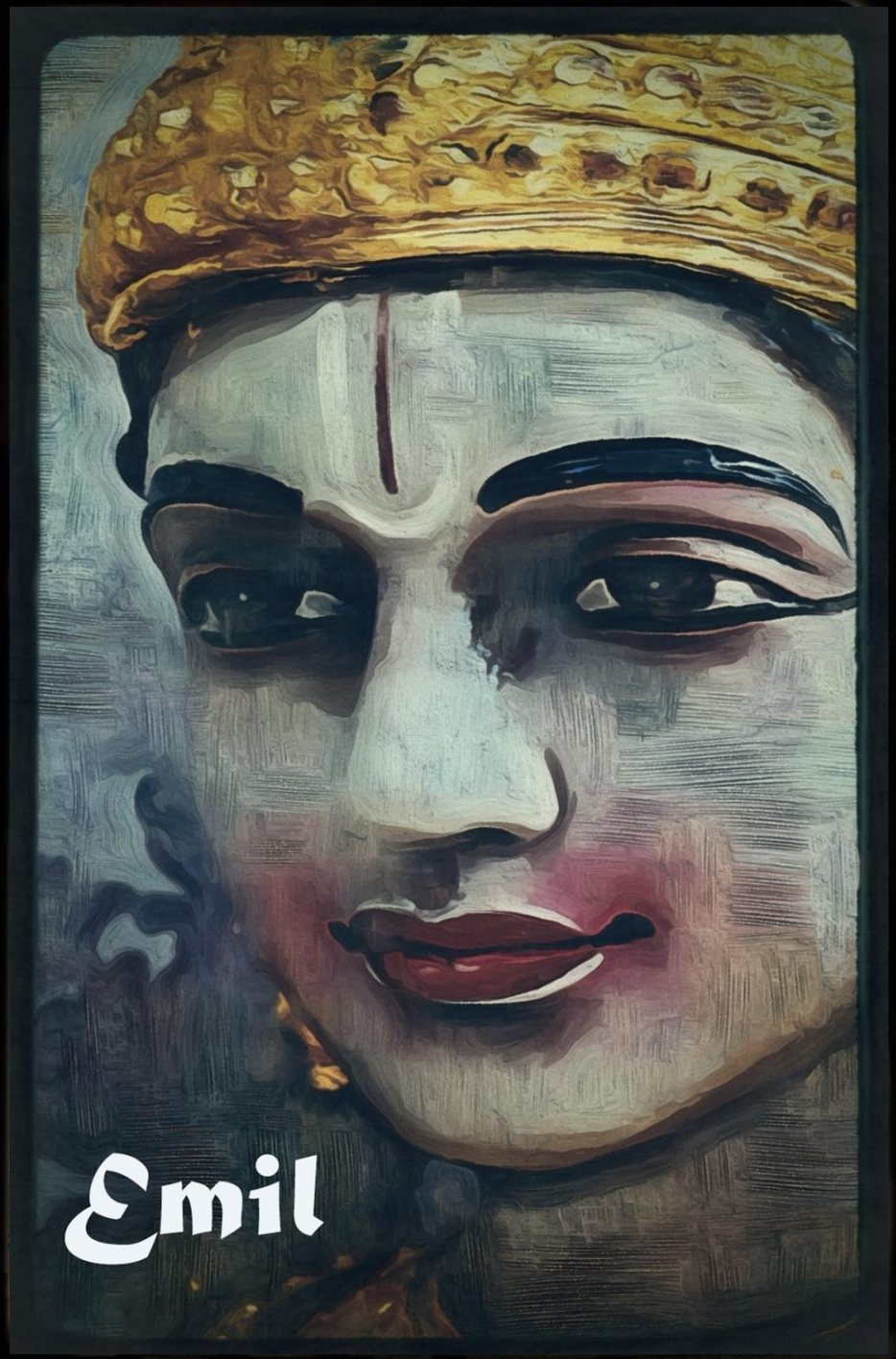
LIFETIME AGO…



He used to constantly
PAINT THE PORTRAIT
of the beautiful lotus
gatherer, and lie gazing
upon it with tearful eyes;
then, he would

IN ANGRY

tear it to pieces and beat
his forehead, and begin
to draw yet another
picture of a her
beautiful face.



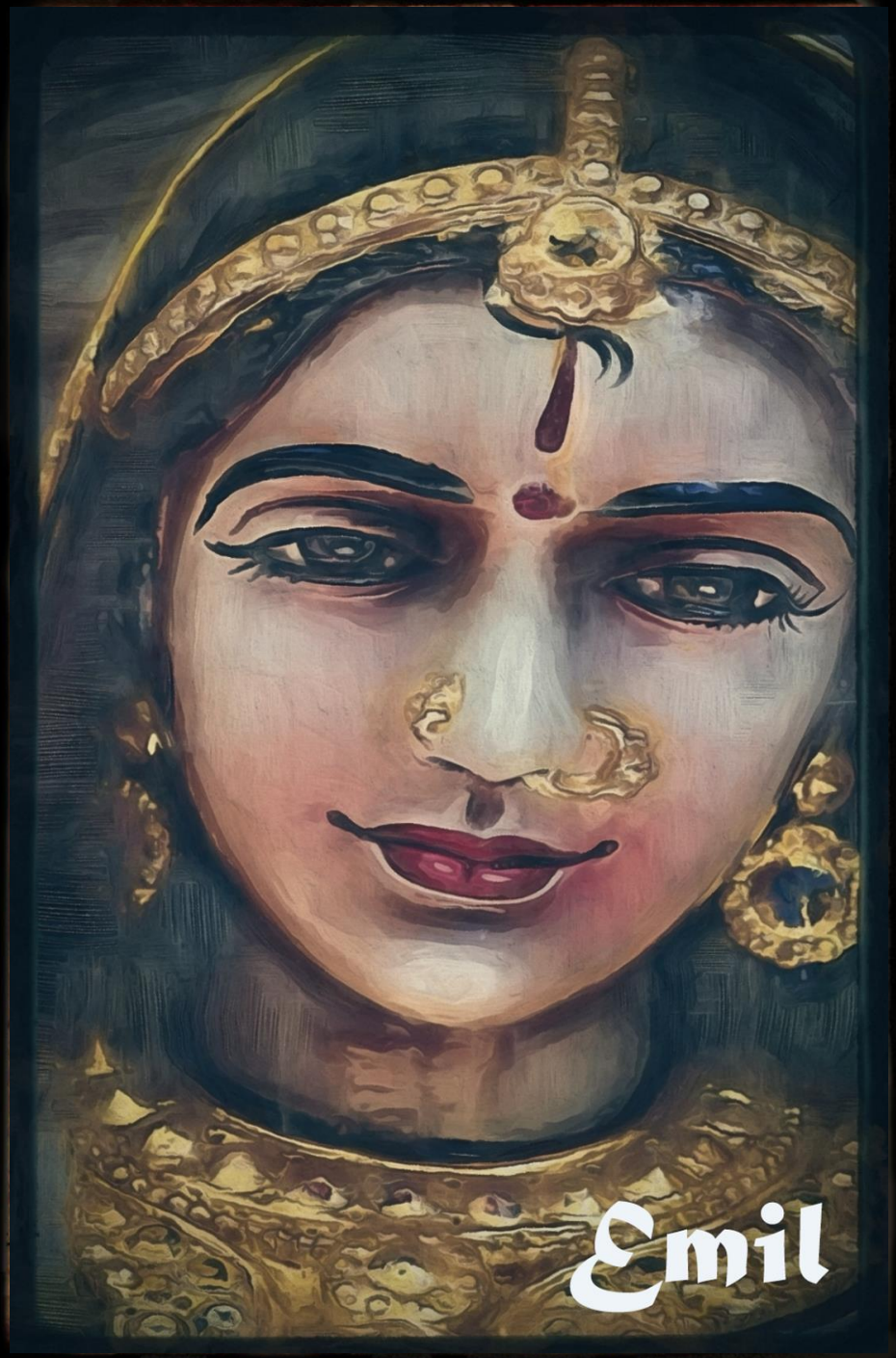
She whispered into his

AWAITING EAR

That the legends declared that whoever dares to enter upon the

PATH OF LOVE

cannot survive it and if by even sheer chance they should live to tell the tale; what life had once meant to them would be forever gone and replaced with only a prolongation of utter misery?



She hung down her head
and sighed from the
bottom of her heart:

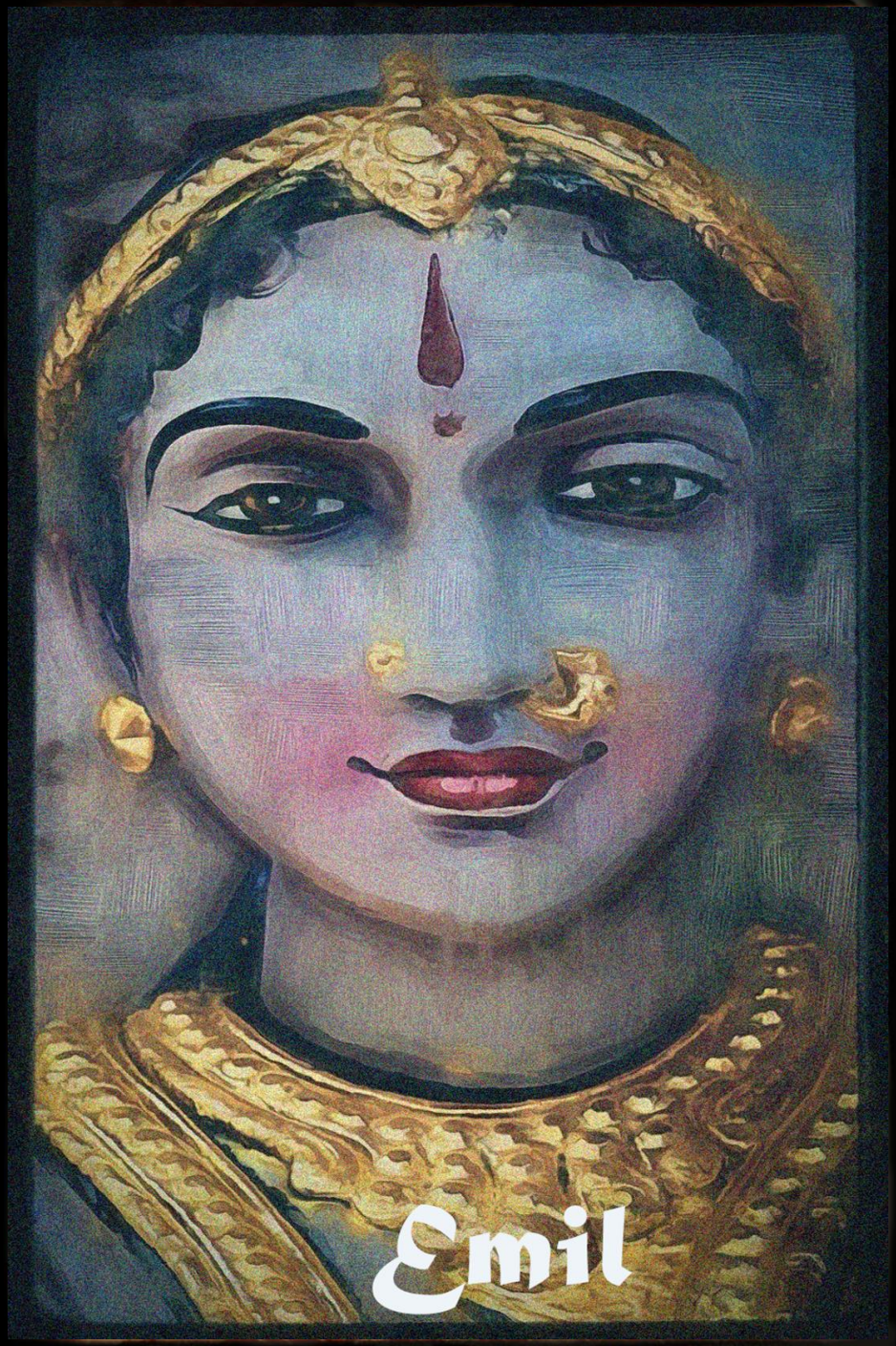
“I have ventured to tread
in a most dangerous

WAYS OF LOVE

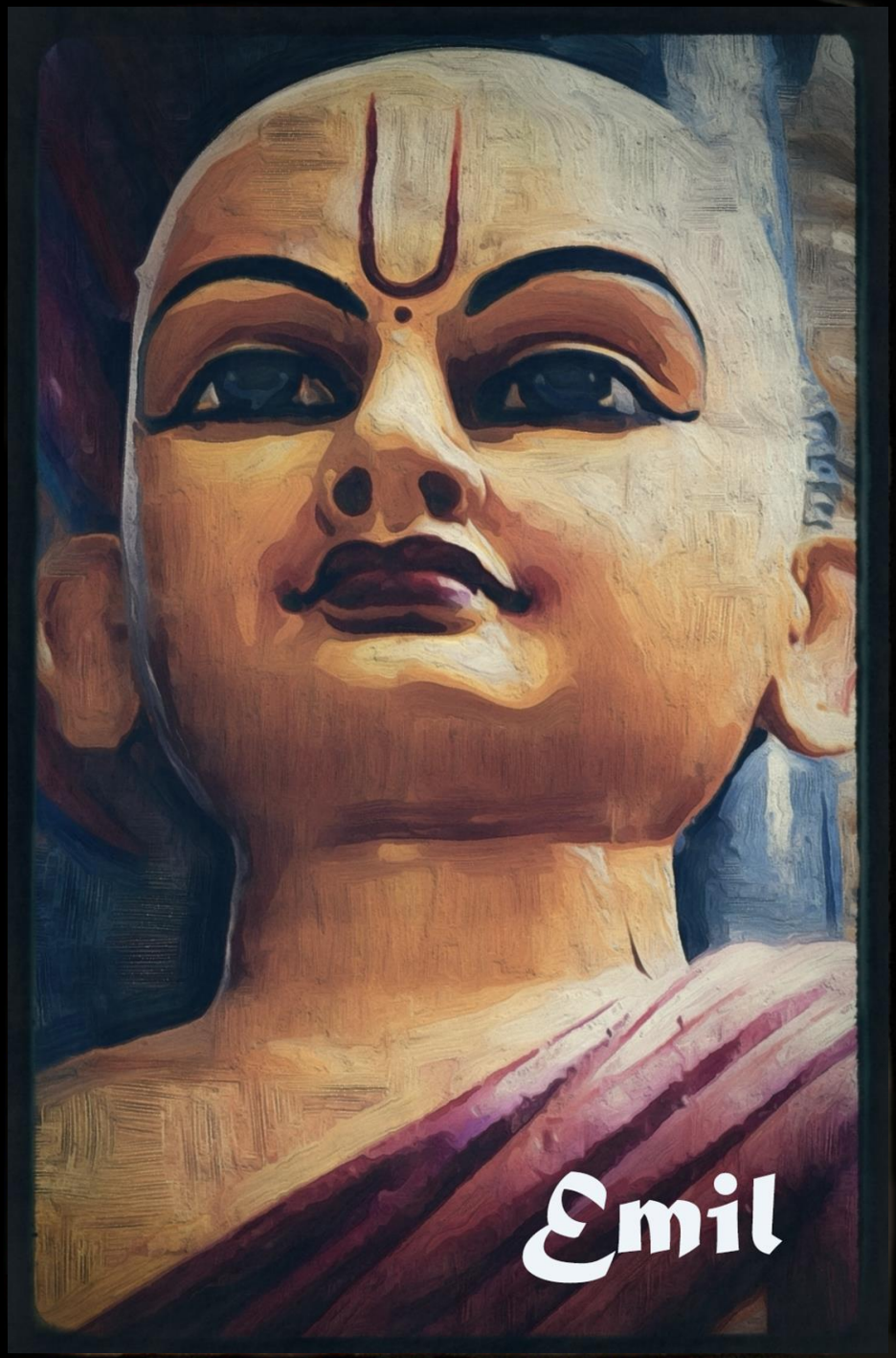
if its end will be lost in

PAIN OR PLEASURE

happiness or destruction,
that I do not care
to speculate upon."



Love is but a
LOST OPPORTUNITY
which is seldom if ever
recovered.
The time to woo me is the
VERY MOMENT
you meet me, before
I have had time to think
or reflect ; now, please
allow me the use of this
very moment of reflection
so I may escape this
net that you cast..



Barely was he but a mere

SCORE OF YEARS

old, and he had been strictly brought up by serious parents. He therefore resolved to

RESIGNED HIMSELF

entirely to the siren for whom he would so willingly forget the world, and he wondered as to his good fortune...

BEING FATE...

She was rather naturally

MORE SMITTEN

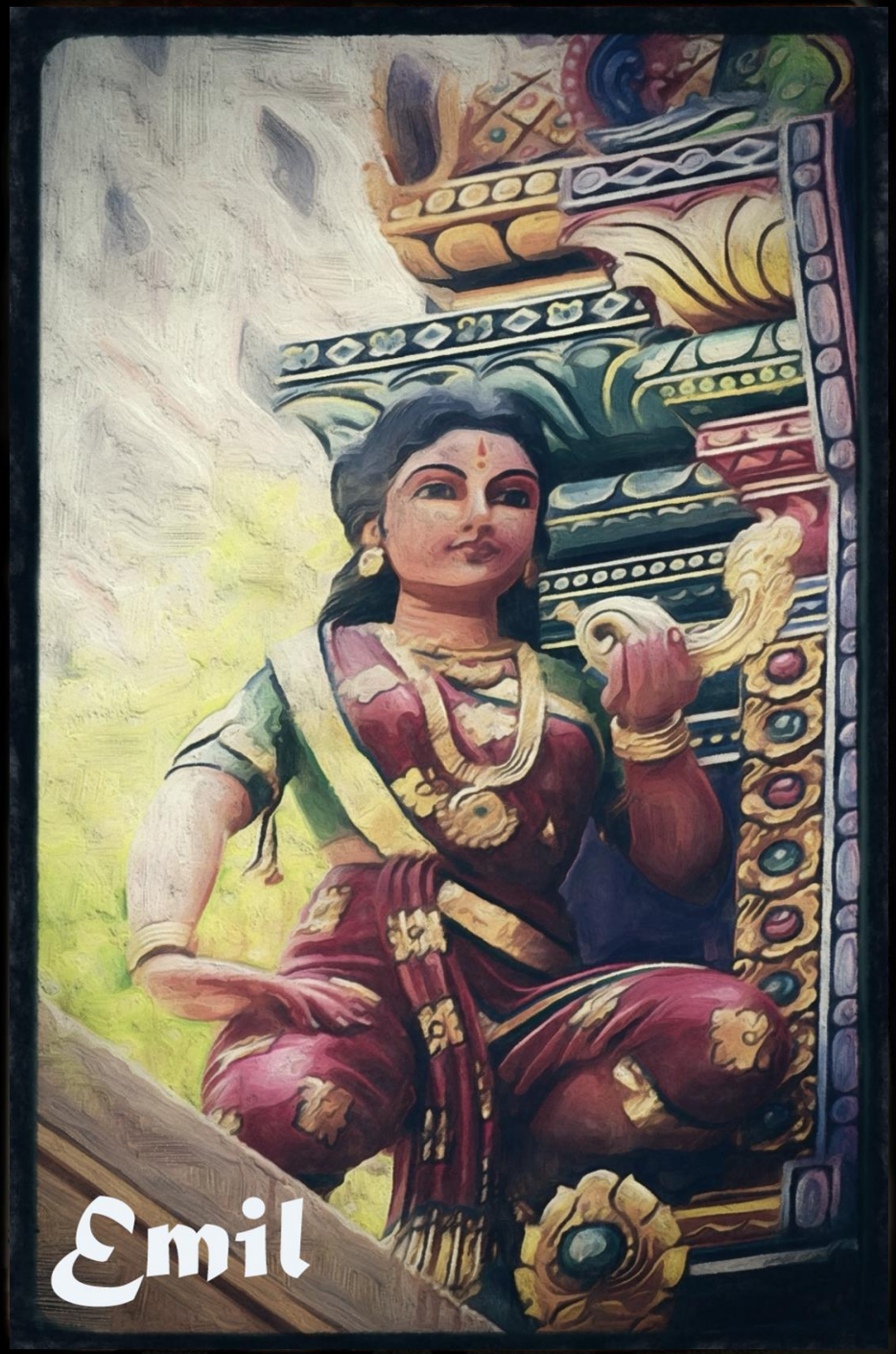
by her lover's dullness than by any other of his qualities; she adored it. There was such a

NOBLE CONTRAST

to her independent spirit of spontaneity but, over time, this trait grew ever more ultimately,

FRUSTRATING...

and she left...



Her mother noted that her daughter cannot be kept in check or in

DUE SUBJECTION

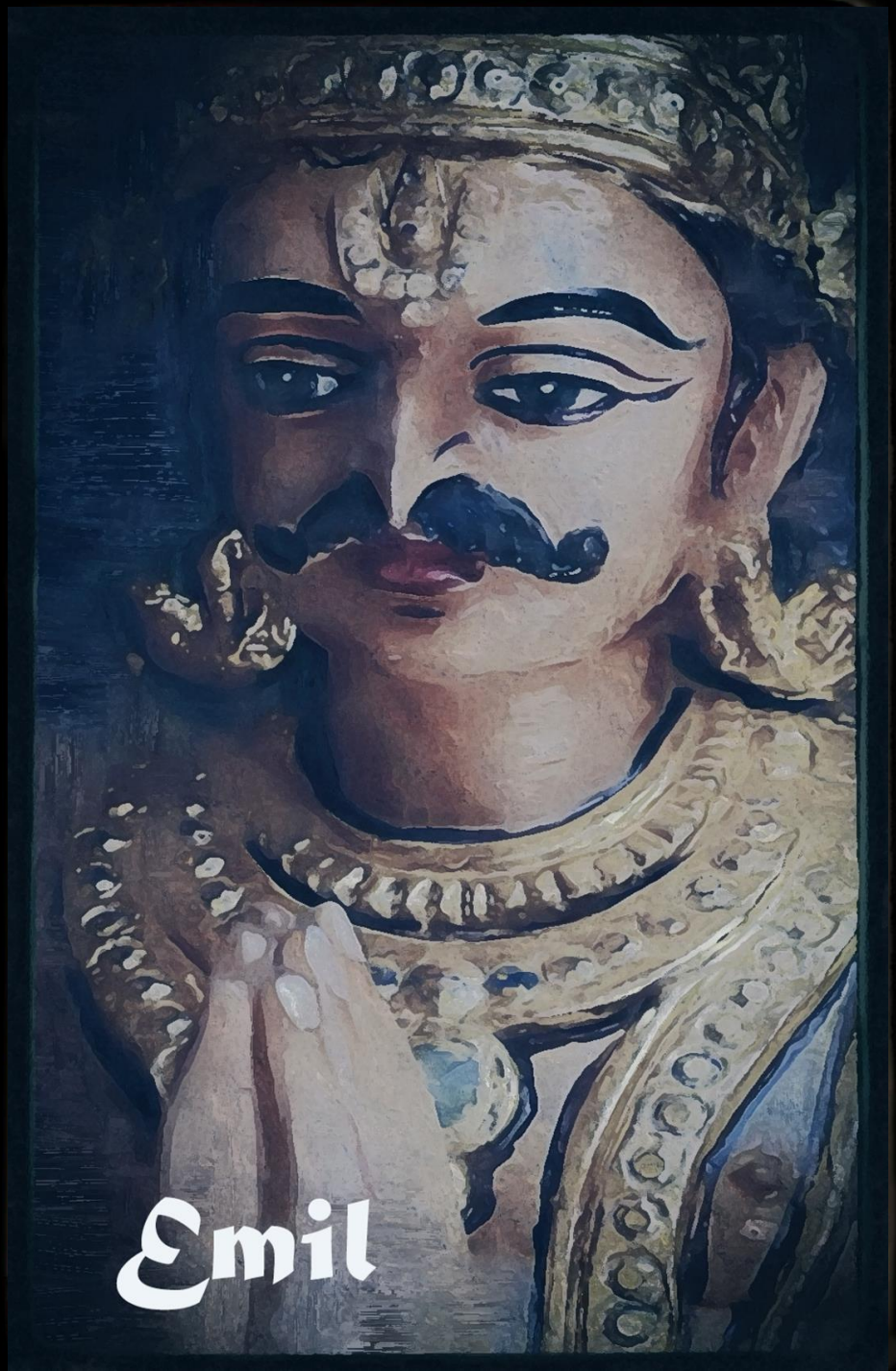
either by gifts of

KINDNESS

or correct conduct, or greatest services, or the laws of morality, nor by the sheer terror of

PUNISHMENT

for the gods specifically made her both brave and bold...Independent!



Courage is justly tried

IN WAR

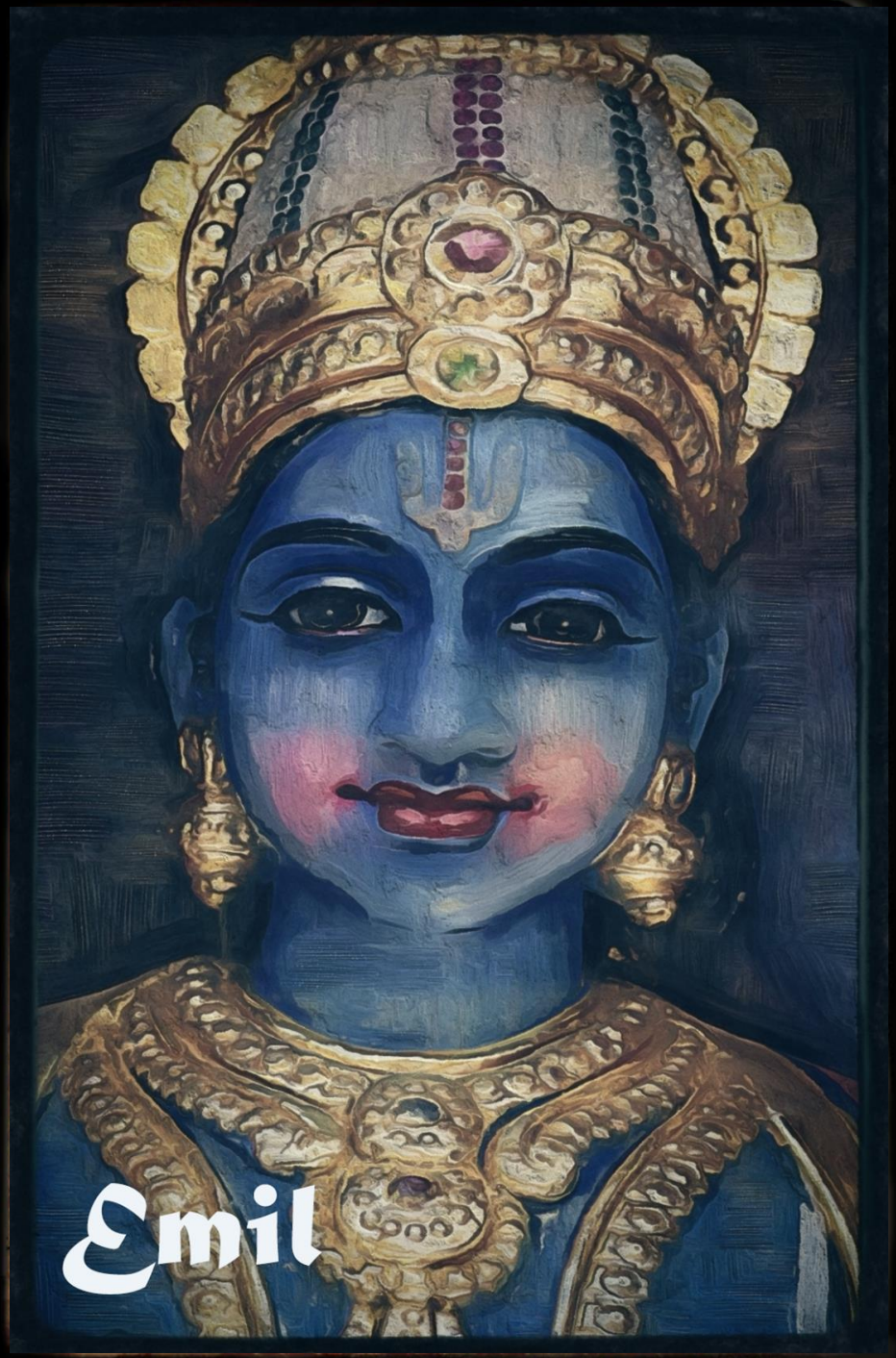
integrity in the
payment of debt
and interest; friendship
in distress; and the

FAITHFULNESS

of a wife in the day of

POVERTY

This was the wise council
that his father once gave
him...



SURELY IT WAS

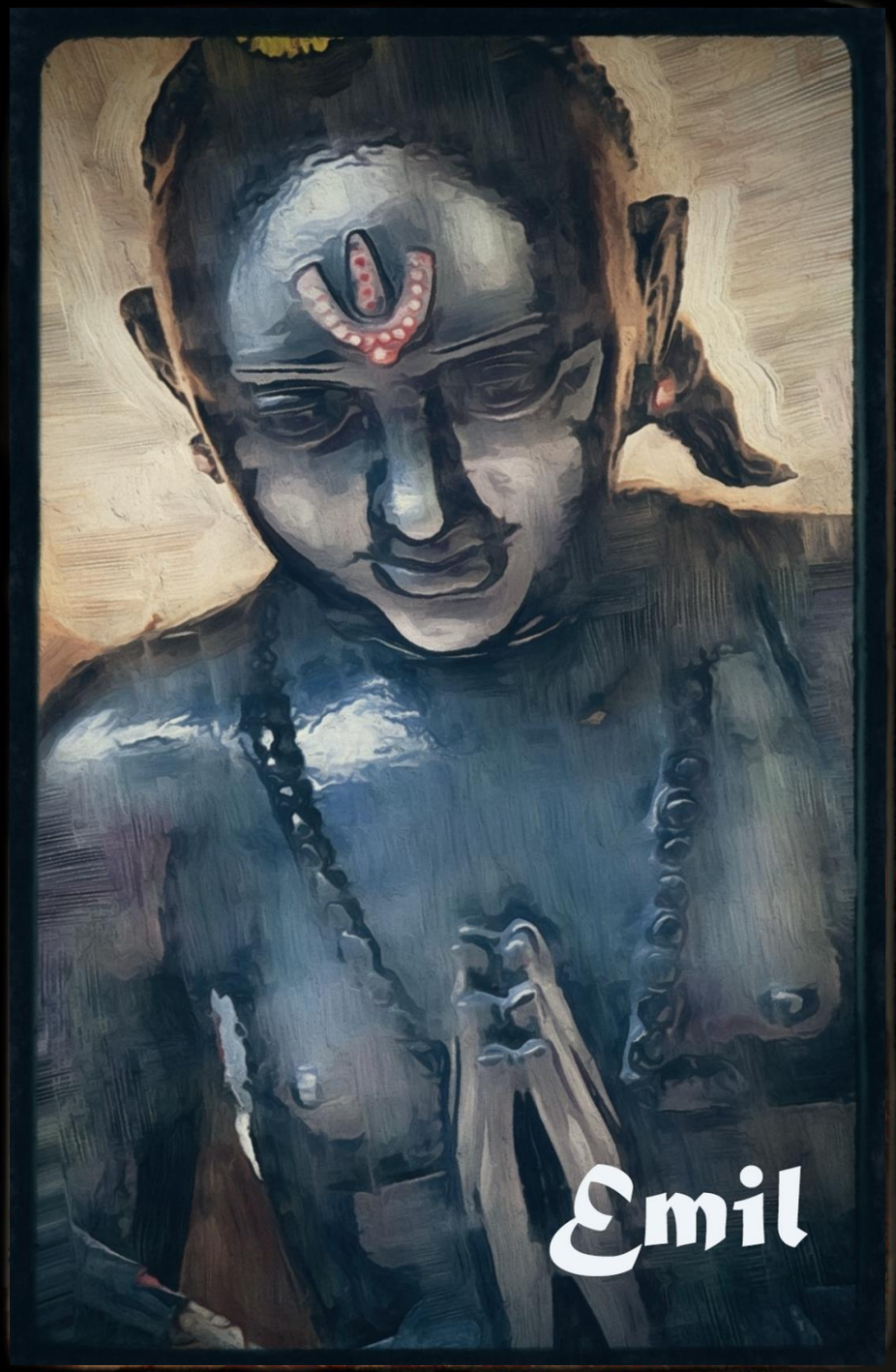
owing only to my foolish pride and the emptiness of my deep selfishness that I could ever

LOOK UPON

a man as being capable of bringing me, to give me affording happiness or even true security

IN A TIME

when our nation lays enslaved and broken...
ARISE!



REMEMBER

science without
understanding is of

LITTLE USE

indeed, understanding
is far superior to science,
and those devoid of this

UNDERSTANDING

They shall surely perish as
does the persons who
revivified the tiger's roar..

"Either hold

YOUR TONGUE

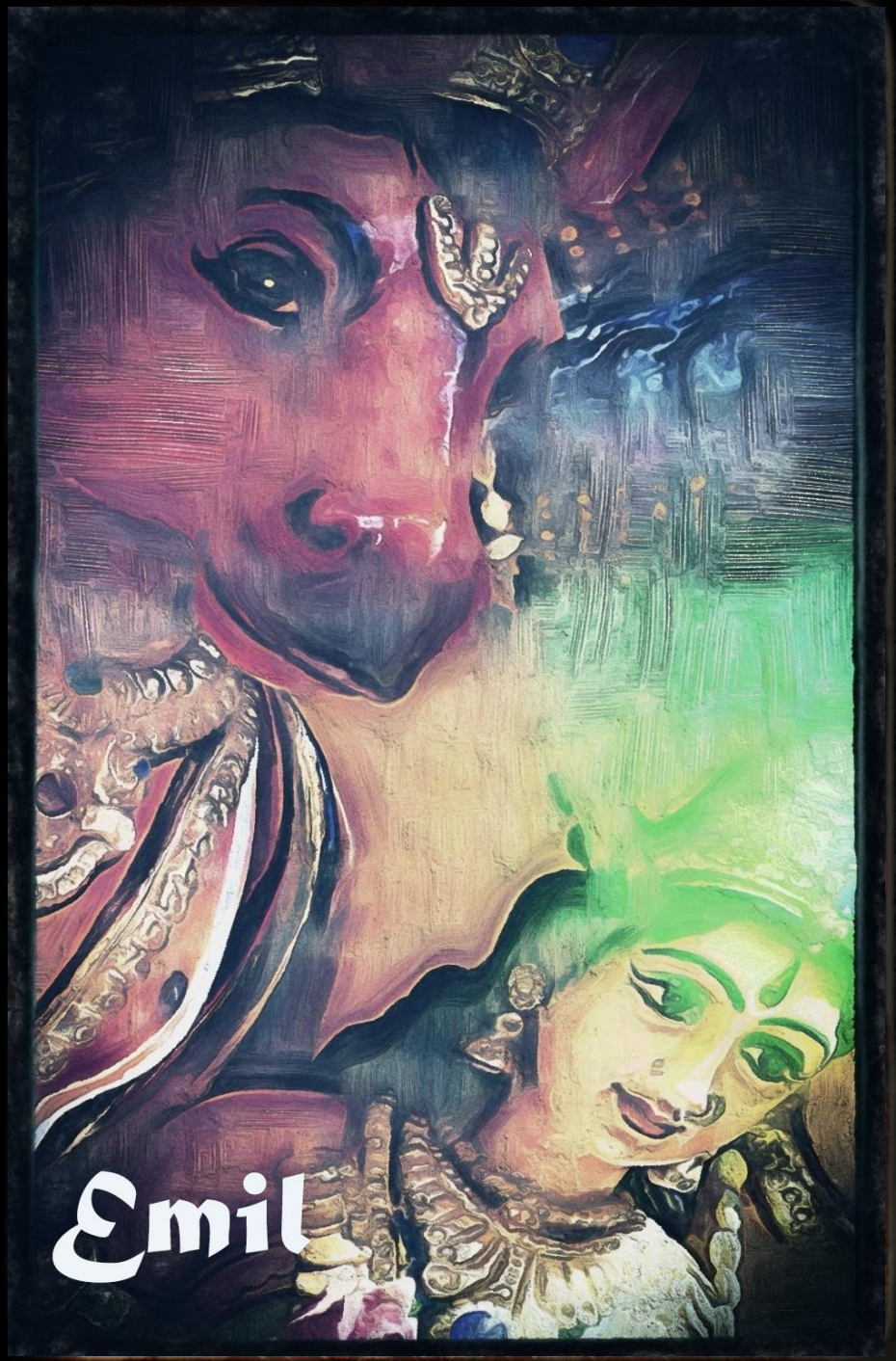
fellow, or go on with your story," she openly cried out to the utterly

SURPRISED

and offended Raja, after she gained his attention, she then continued: "...I am but

WORN OUT

by so many of your words that have no manner or make much sense."



DOUBTLESSLY

some damsel has shot forth the

DEADLY ARROWS

of her glances from the bow of her eyebrows, thence, he has become

INSENSIBLE

and vowed to never be more than inches from her side!

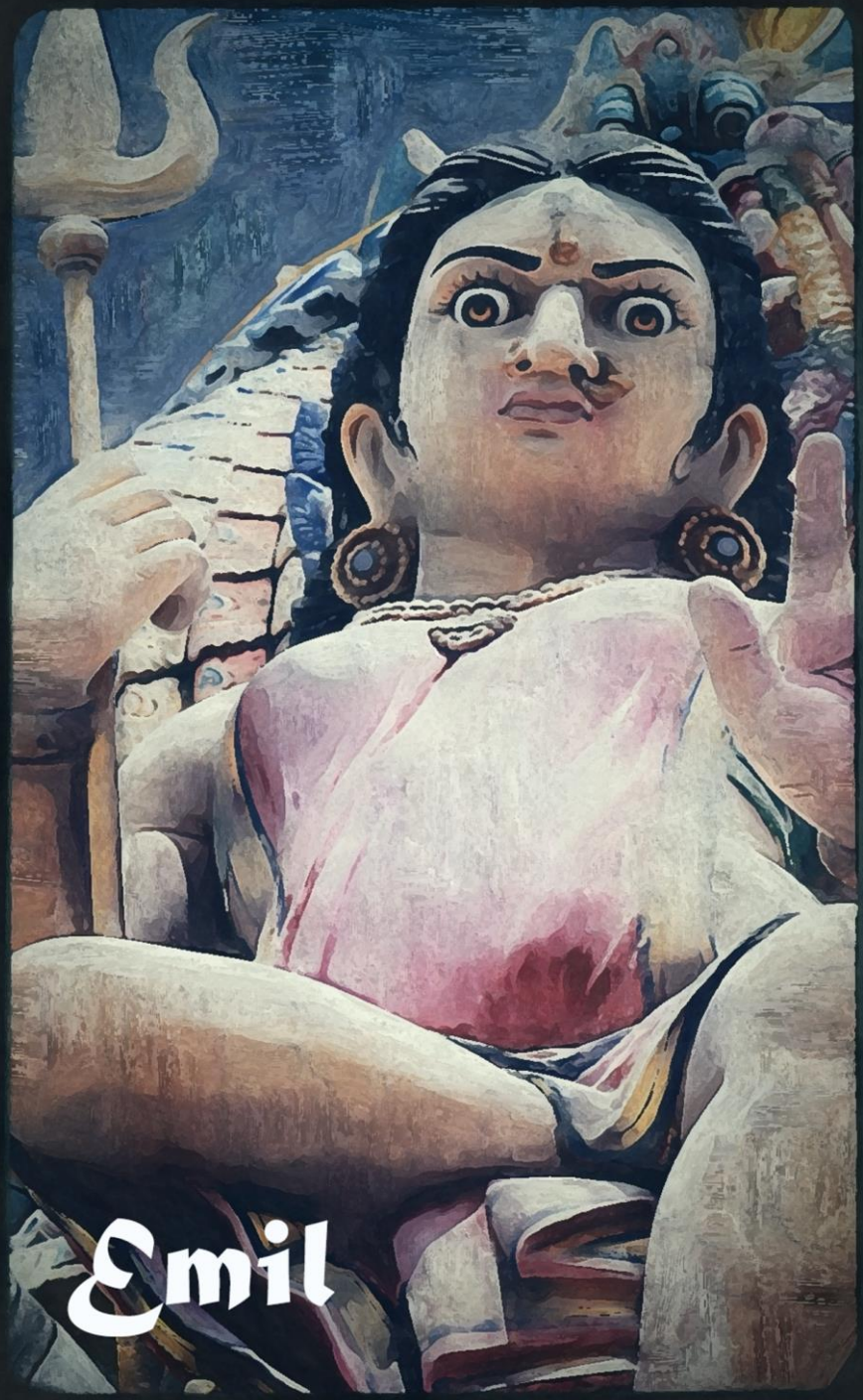
The Sage stood at the door
and he openingly declared
that the Revolution, it's

TIME HAS COME

and that if you

LOVED INDIA

you must stand tall and
as he parted he said
*"Revolution starts with
one man standing up
and saying NO!"*
All words we took to
heart and thus, the seed
was planted...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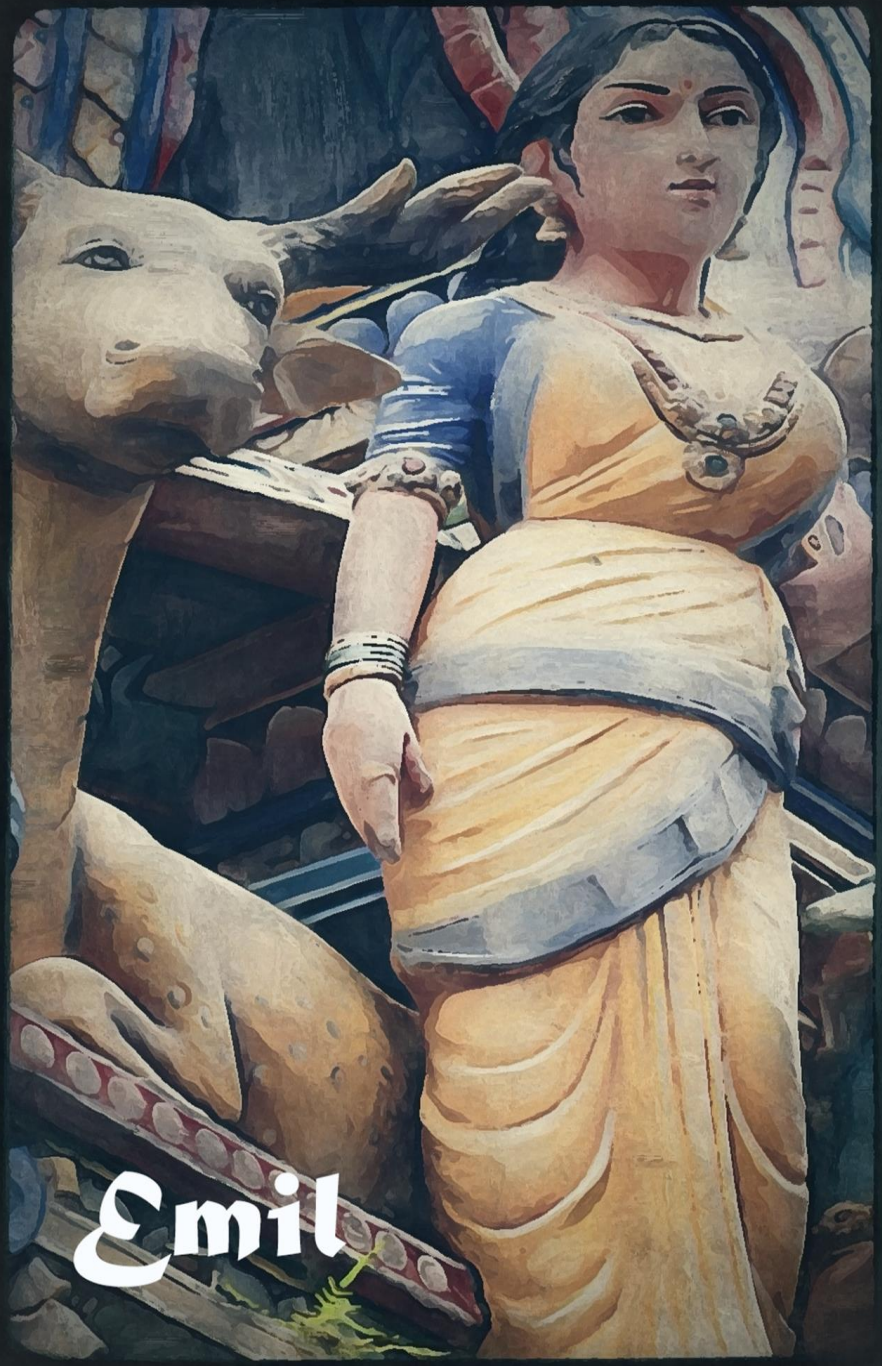
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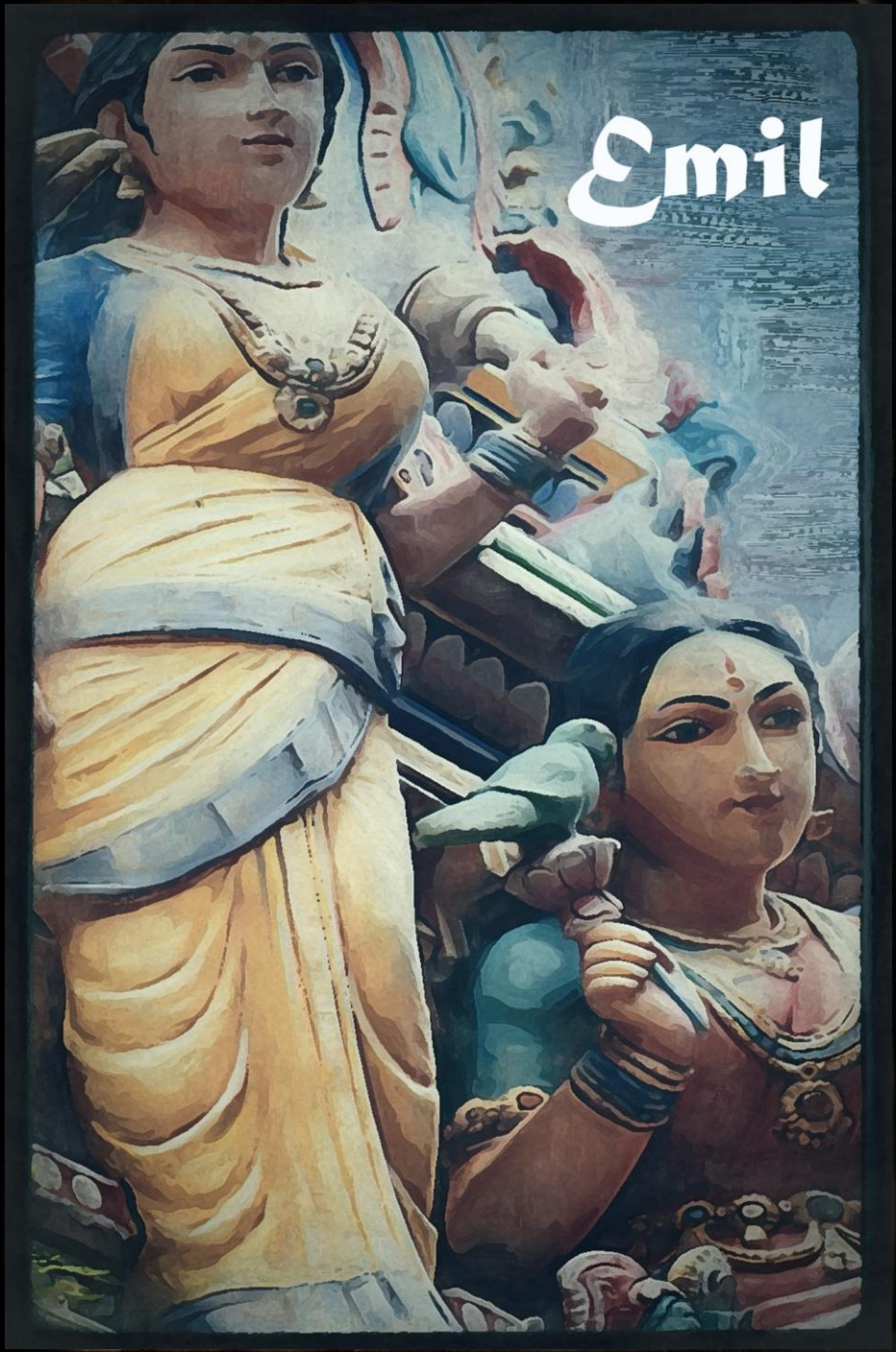
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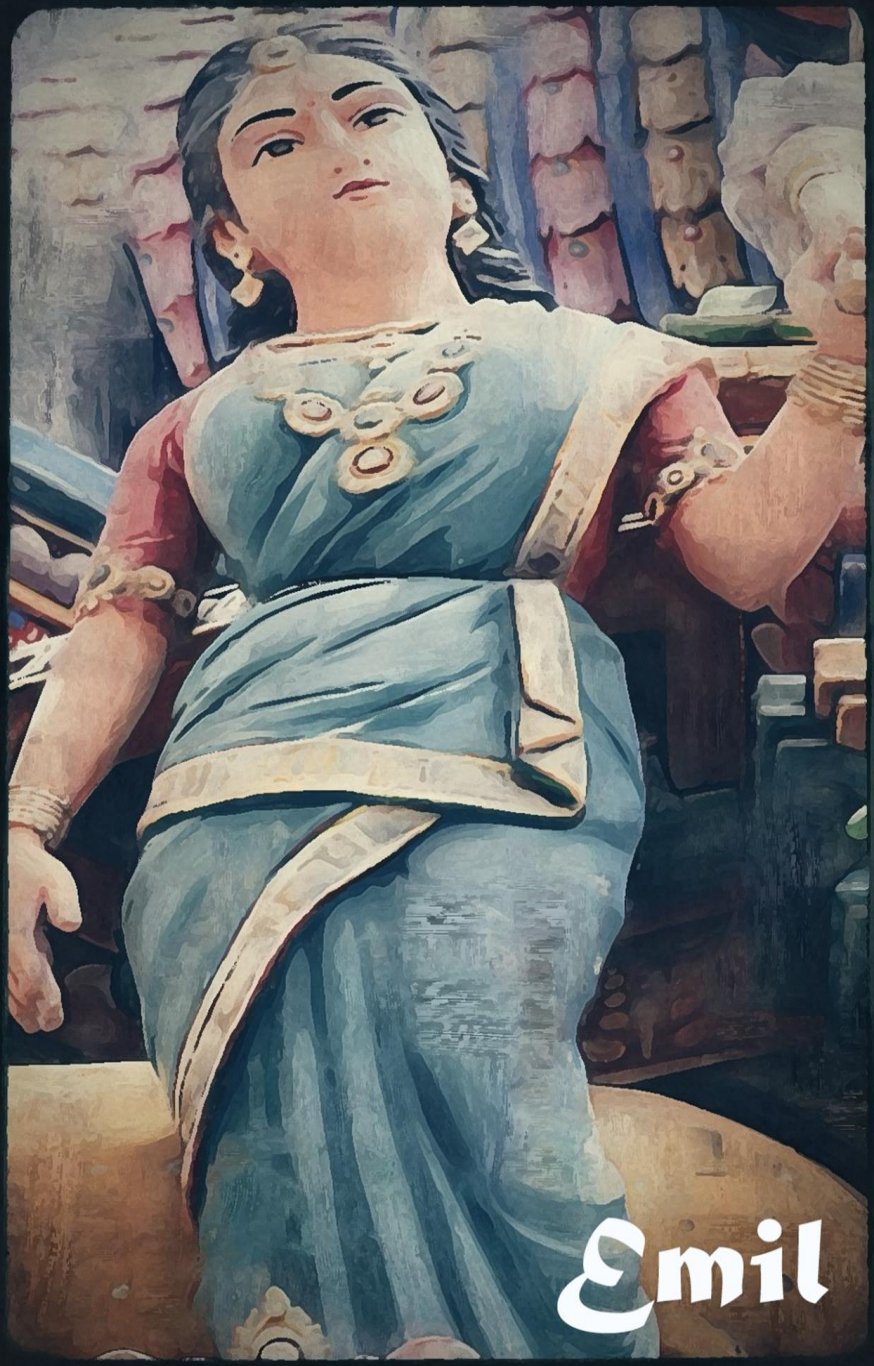
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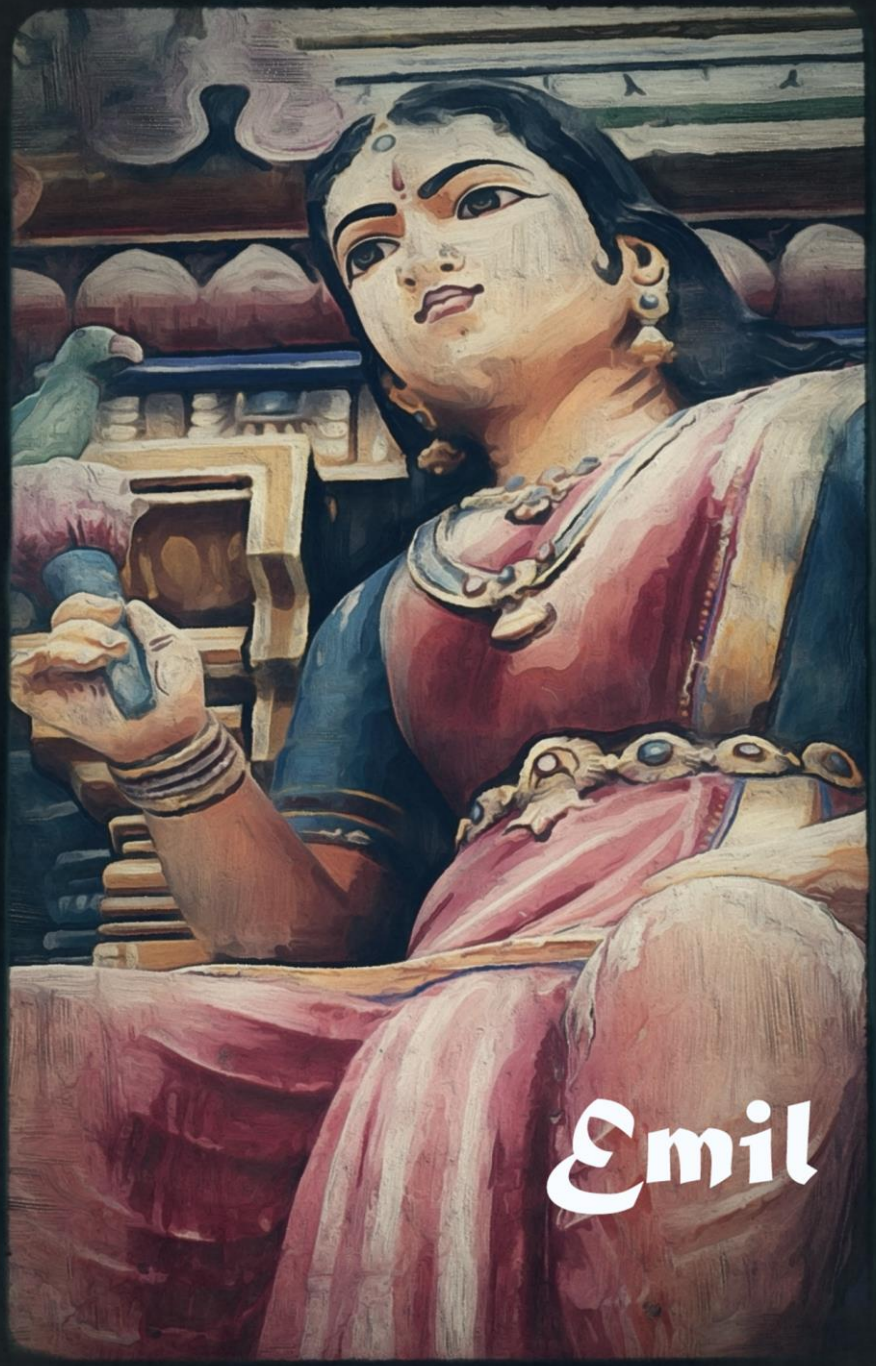
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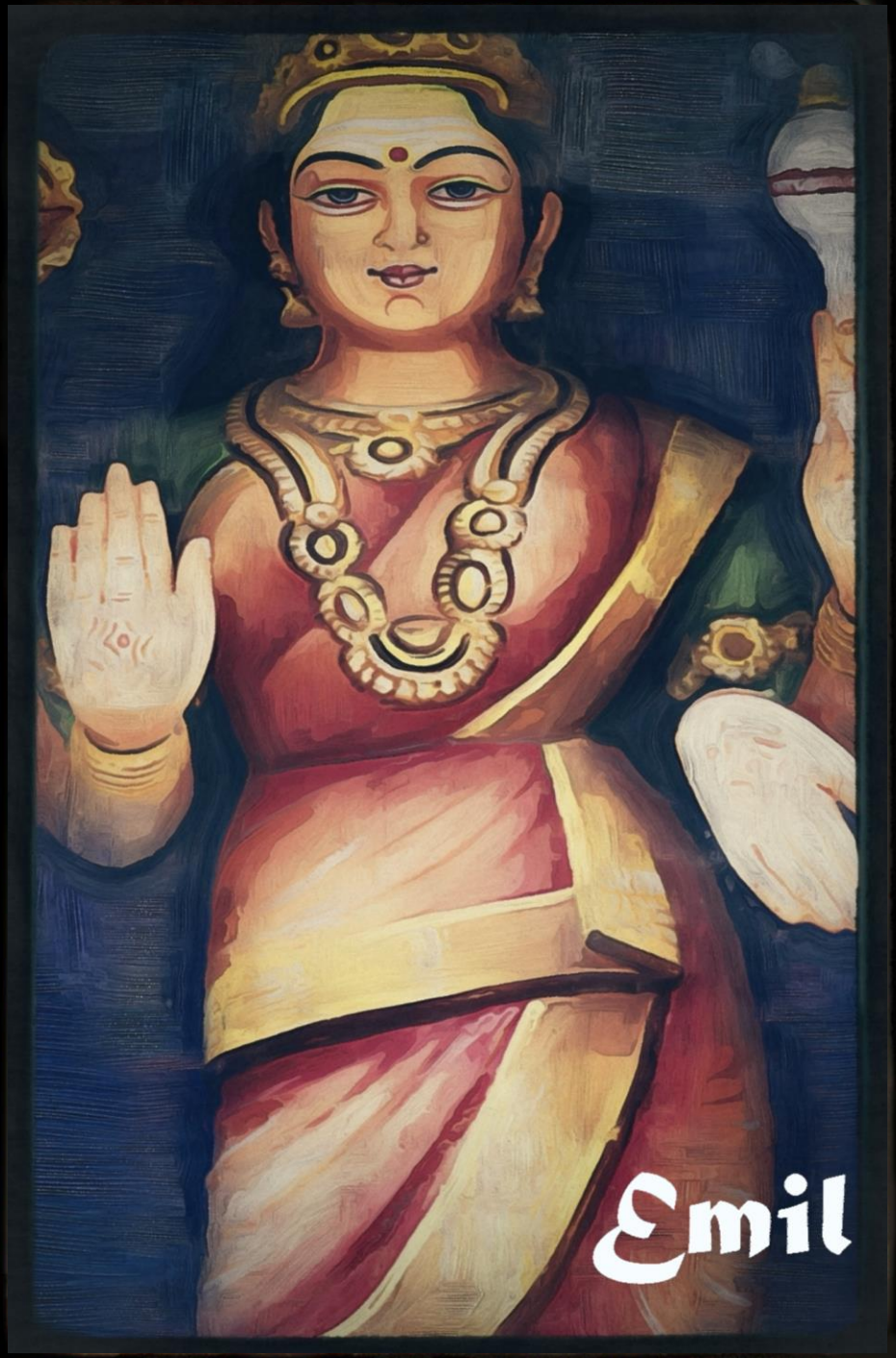
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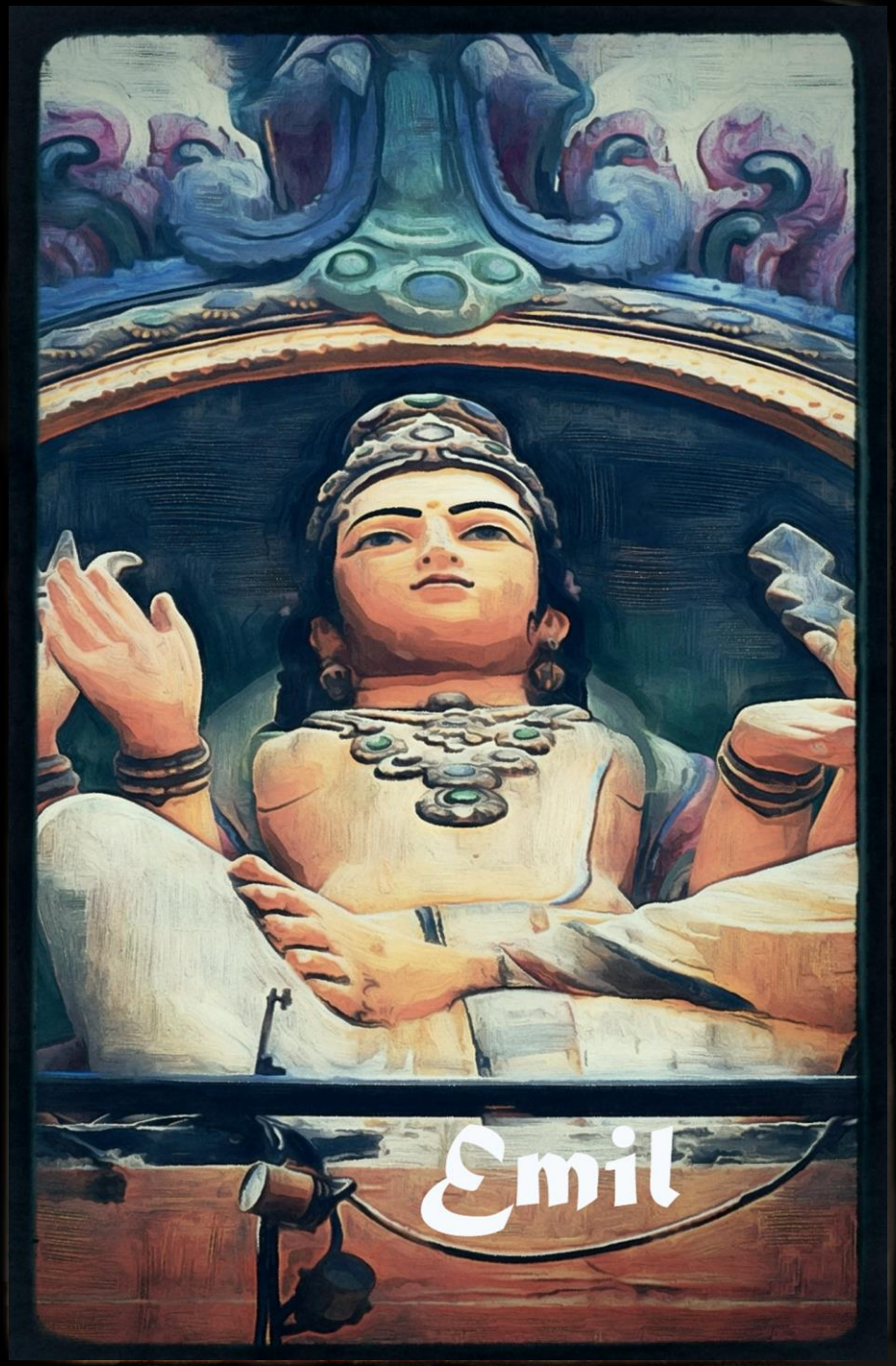
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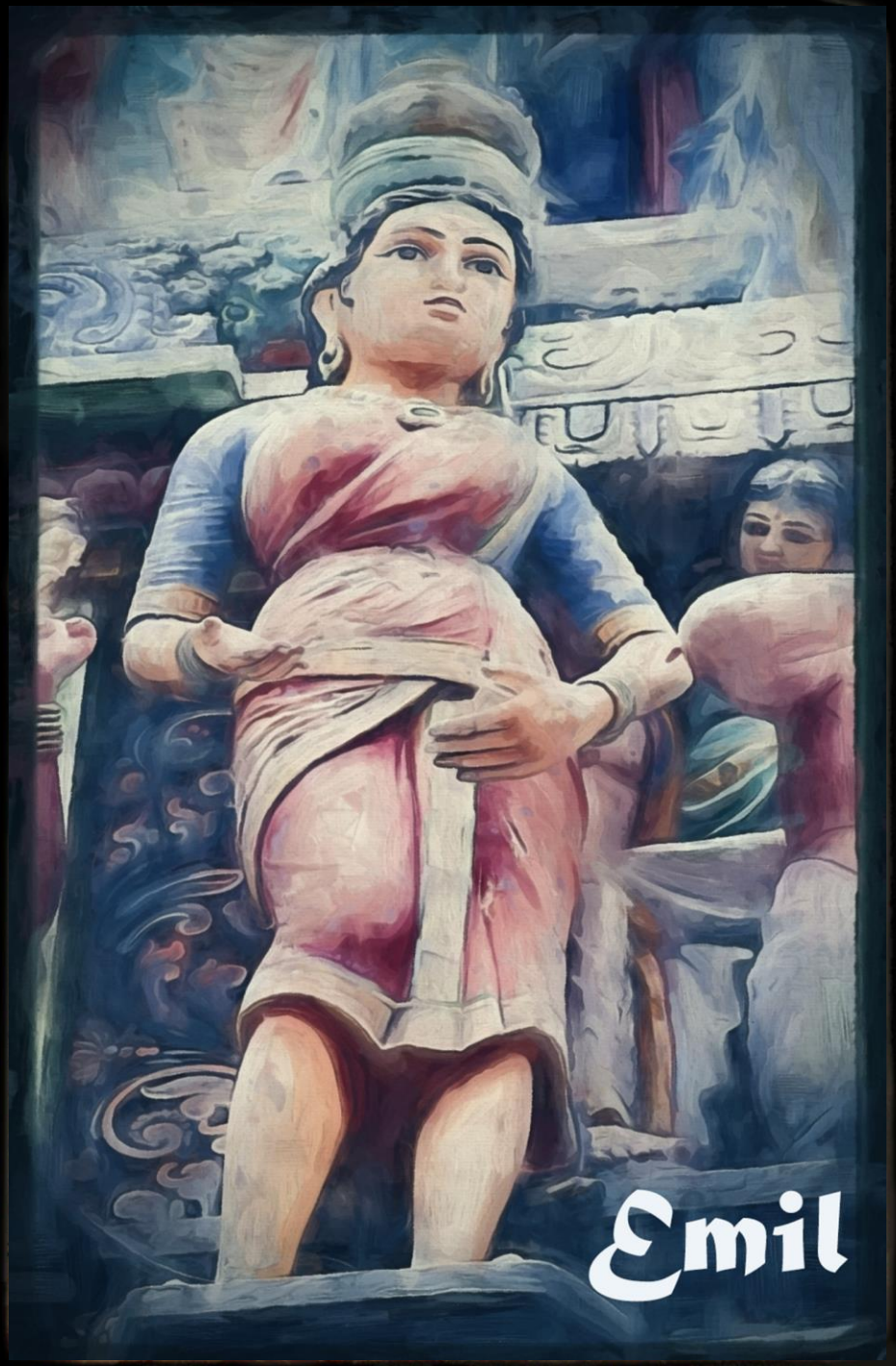
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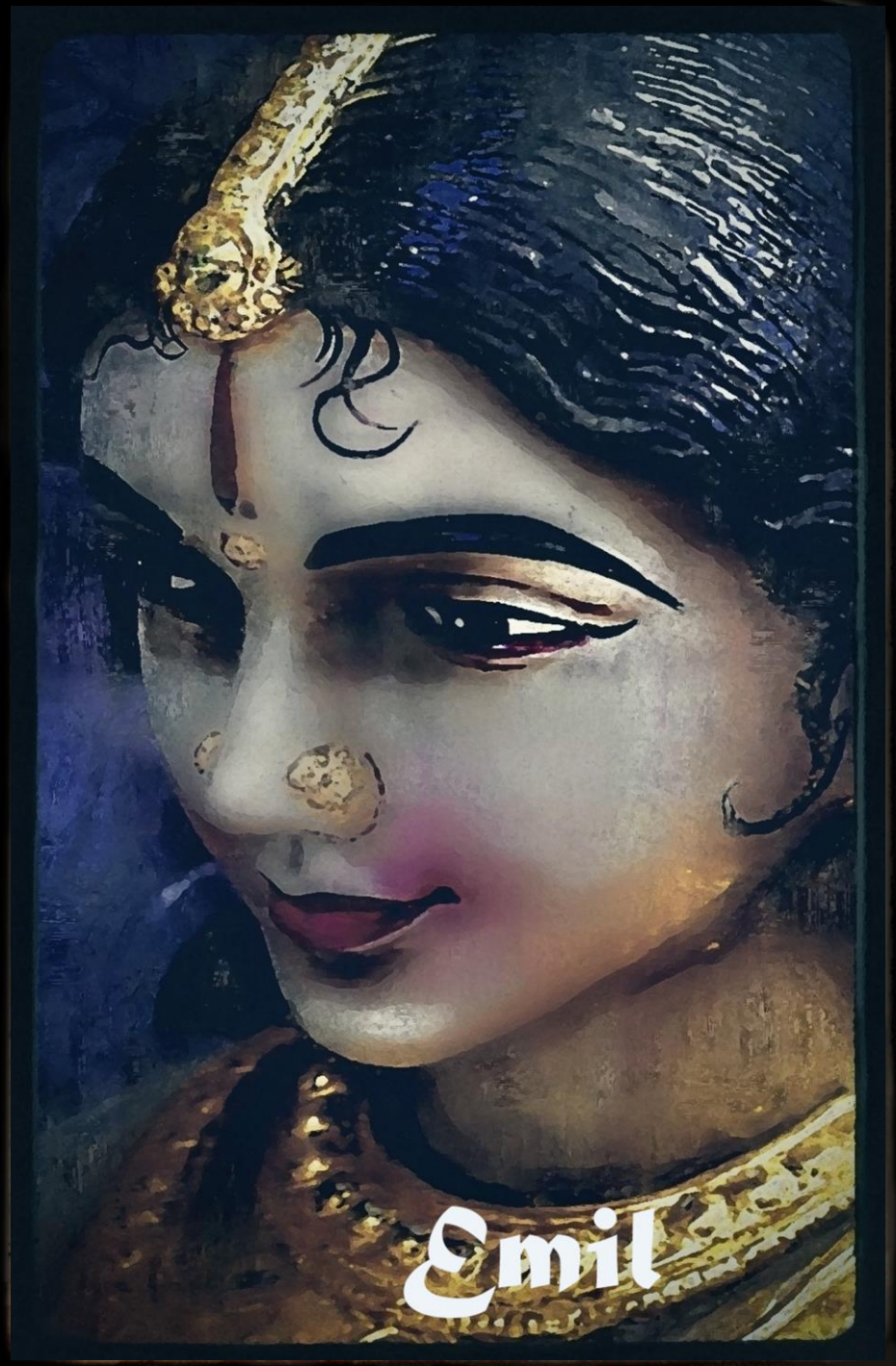
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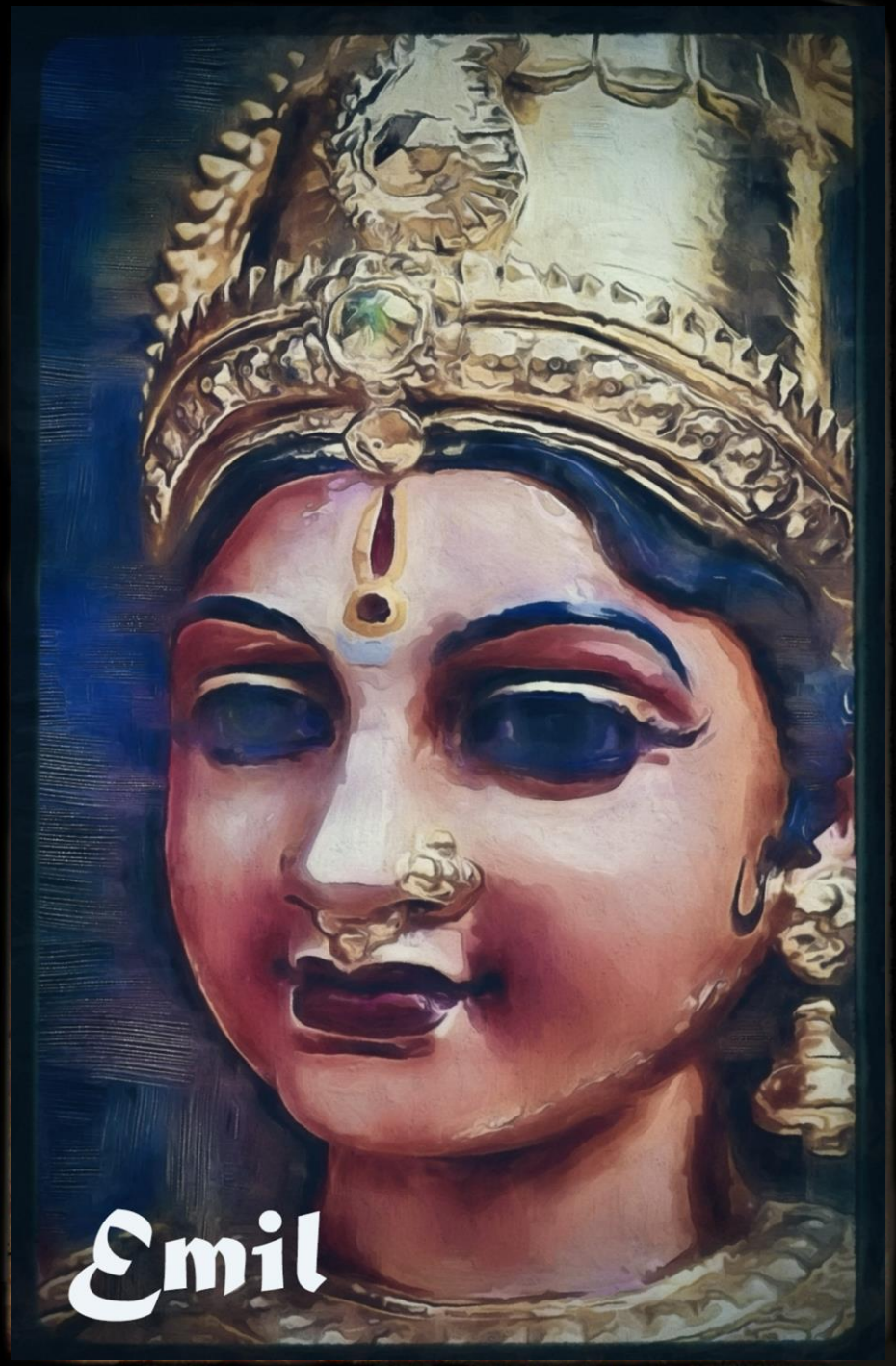
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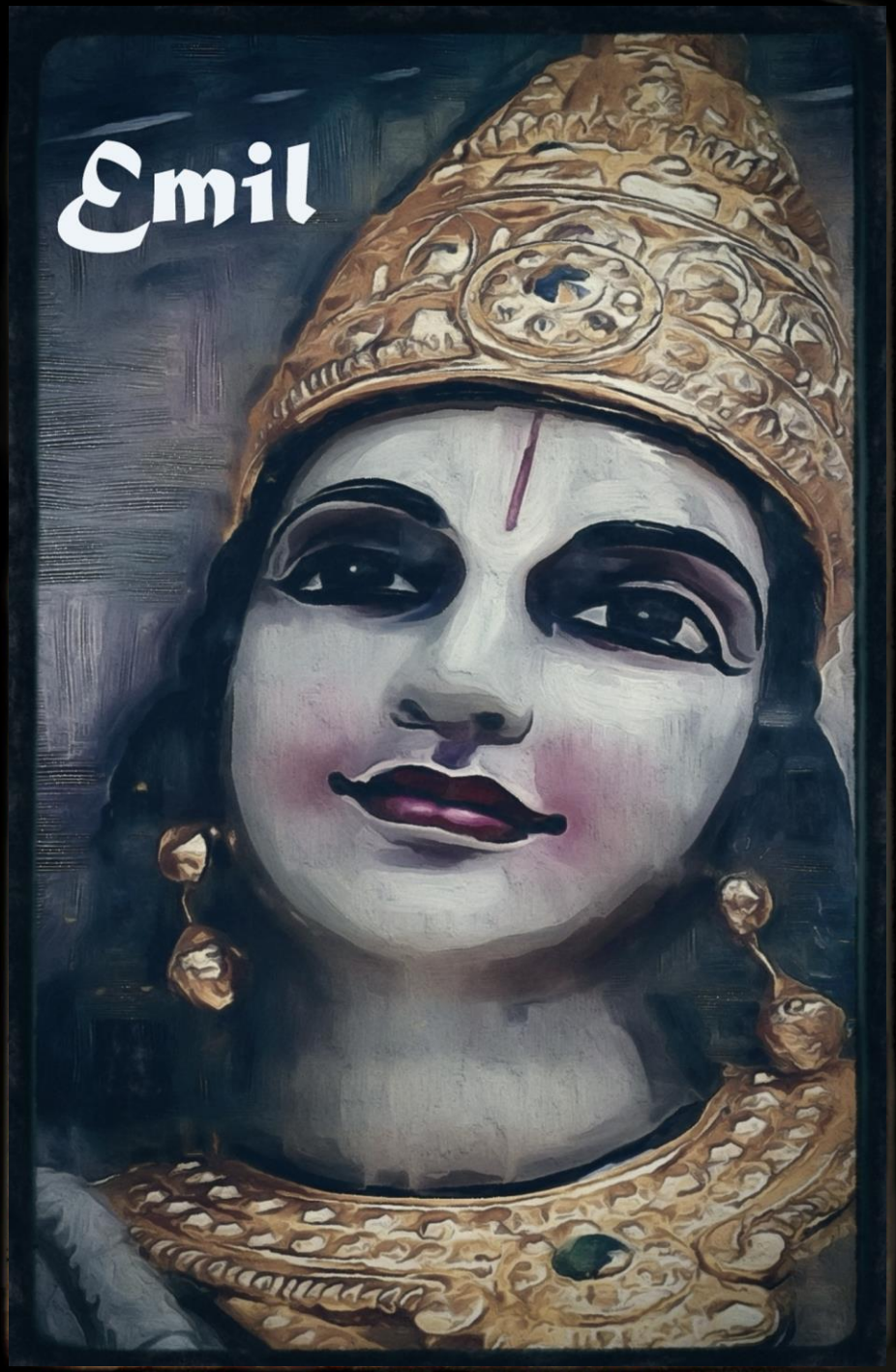
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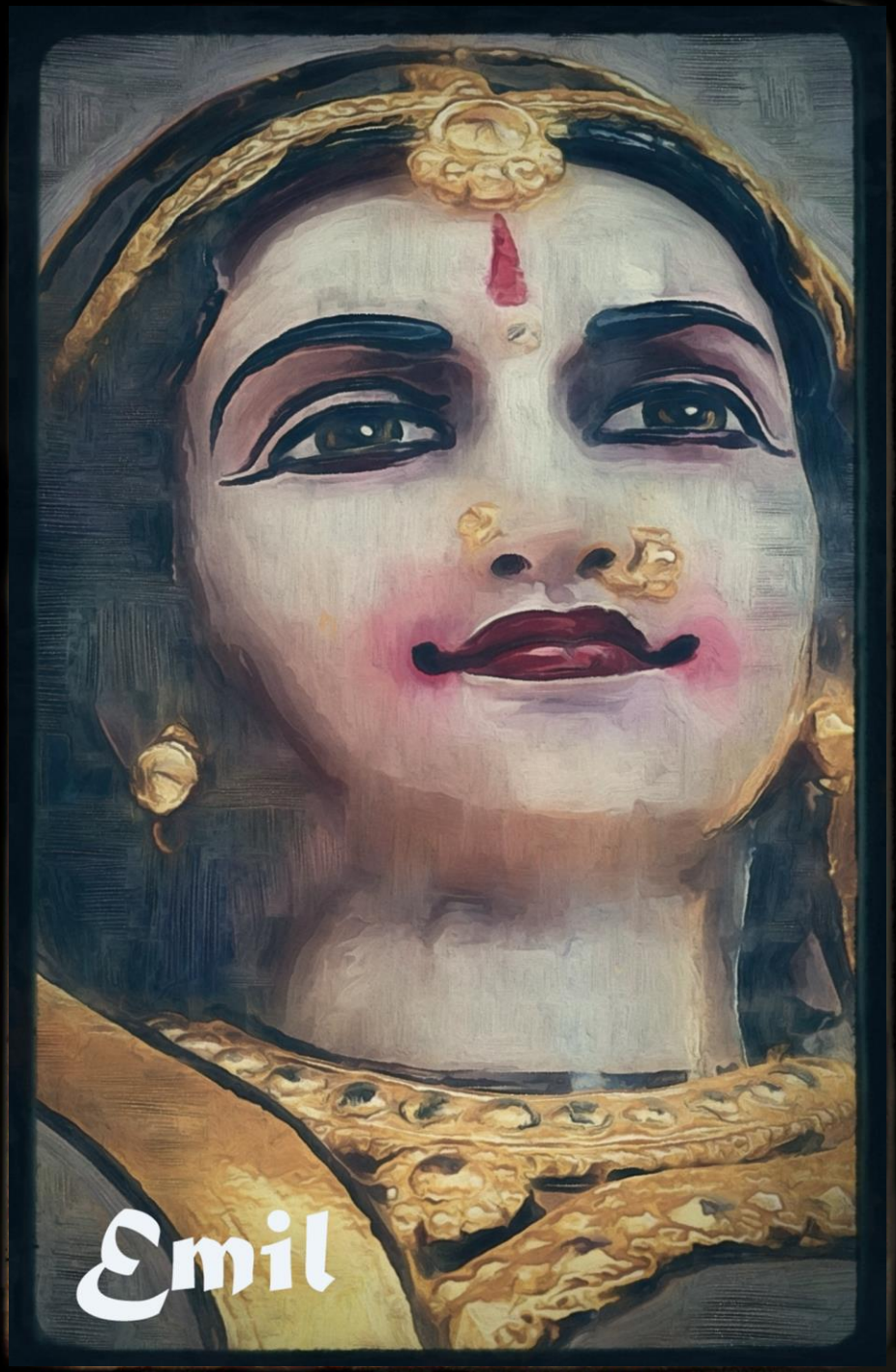
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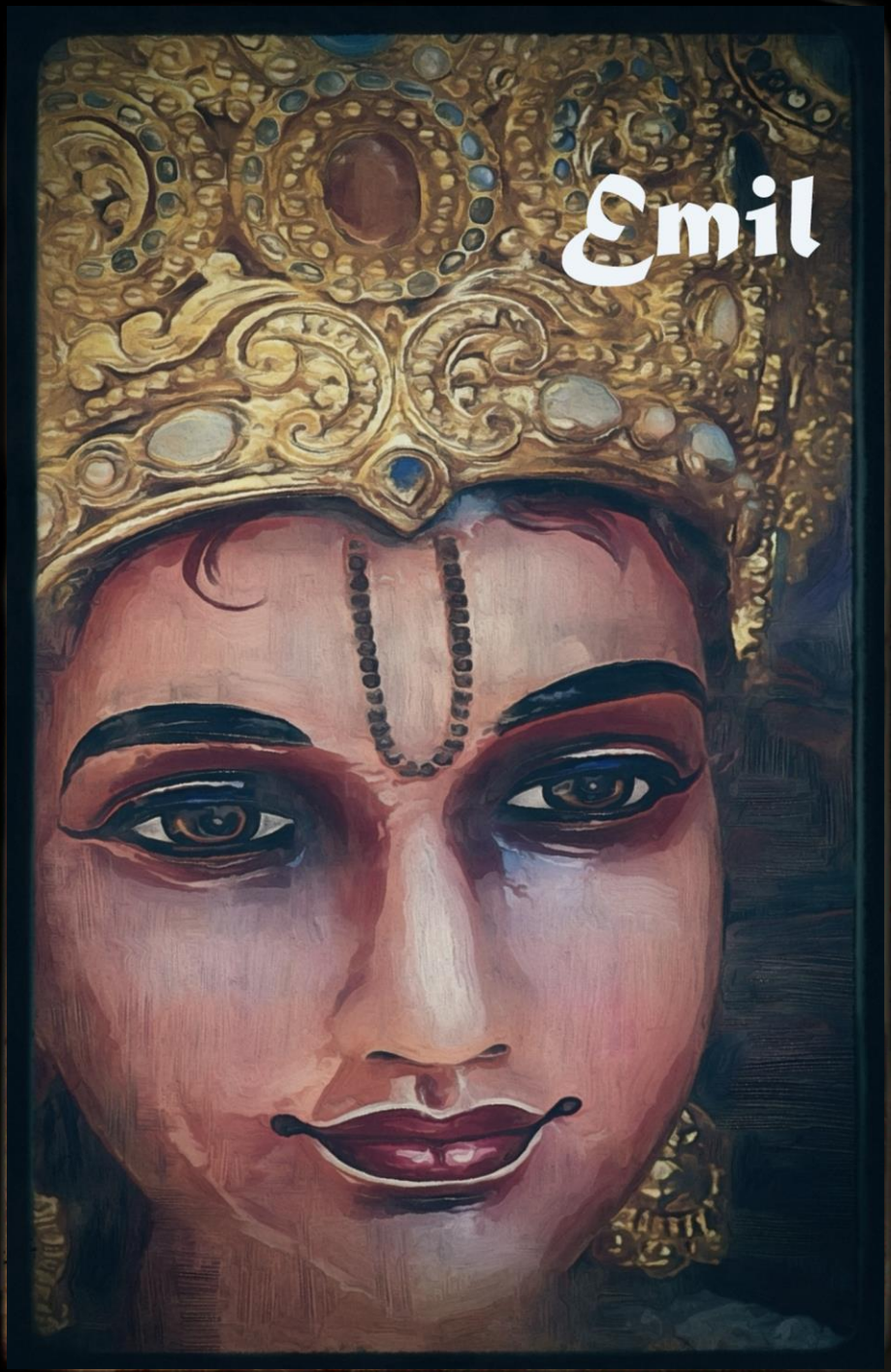
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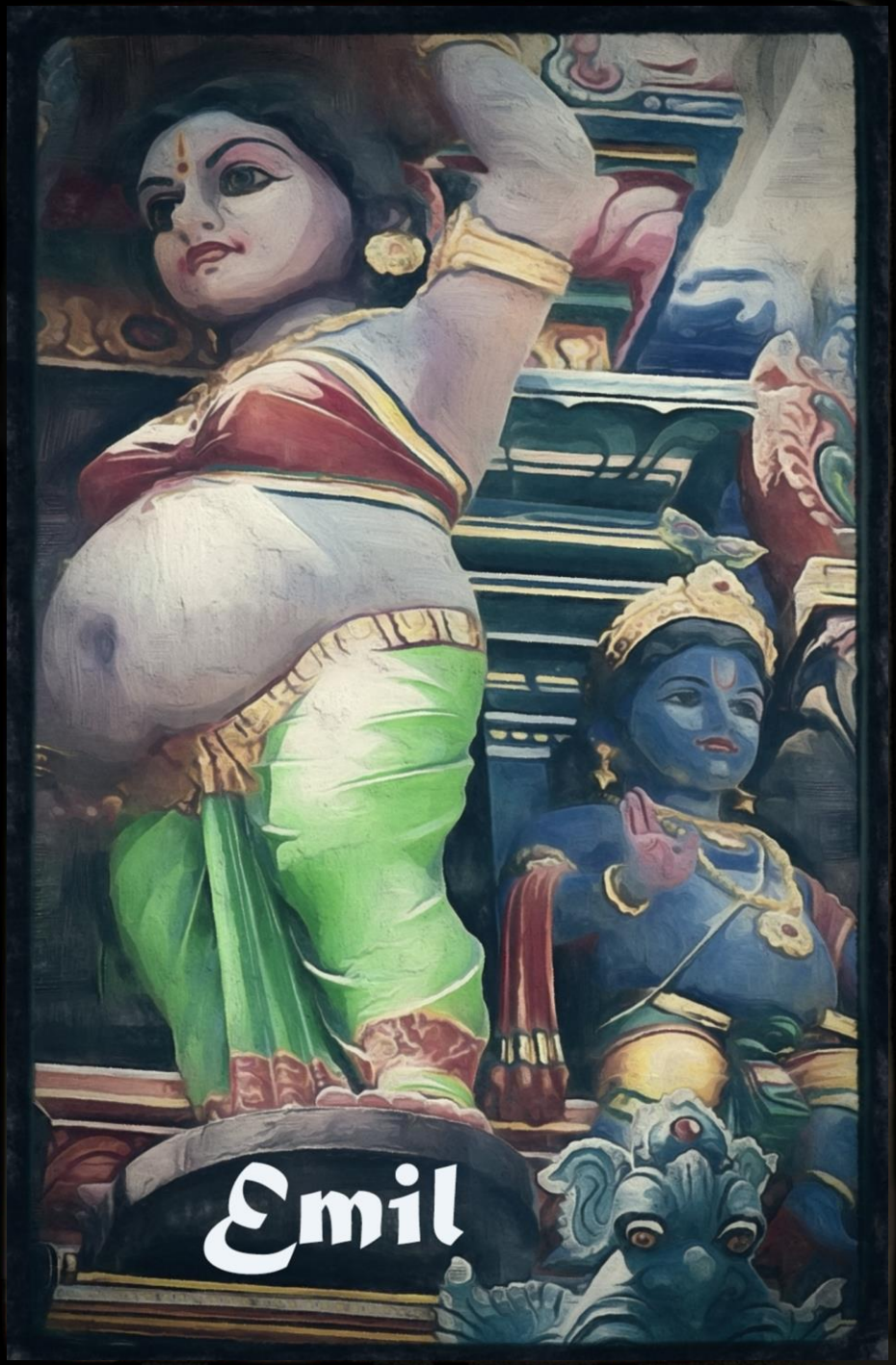
Emil

Seeking FREE Passage to

Nirvana

Emil

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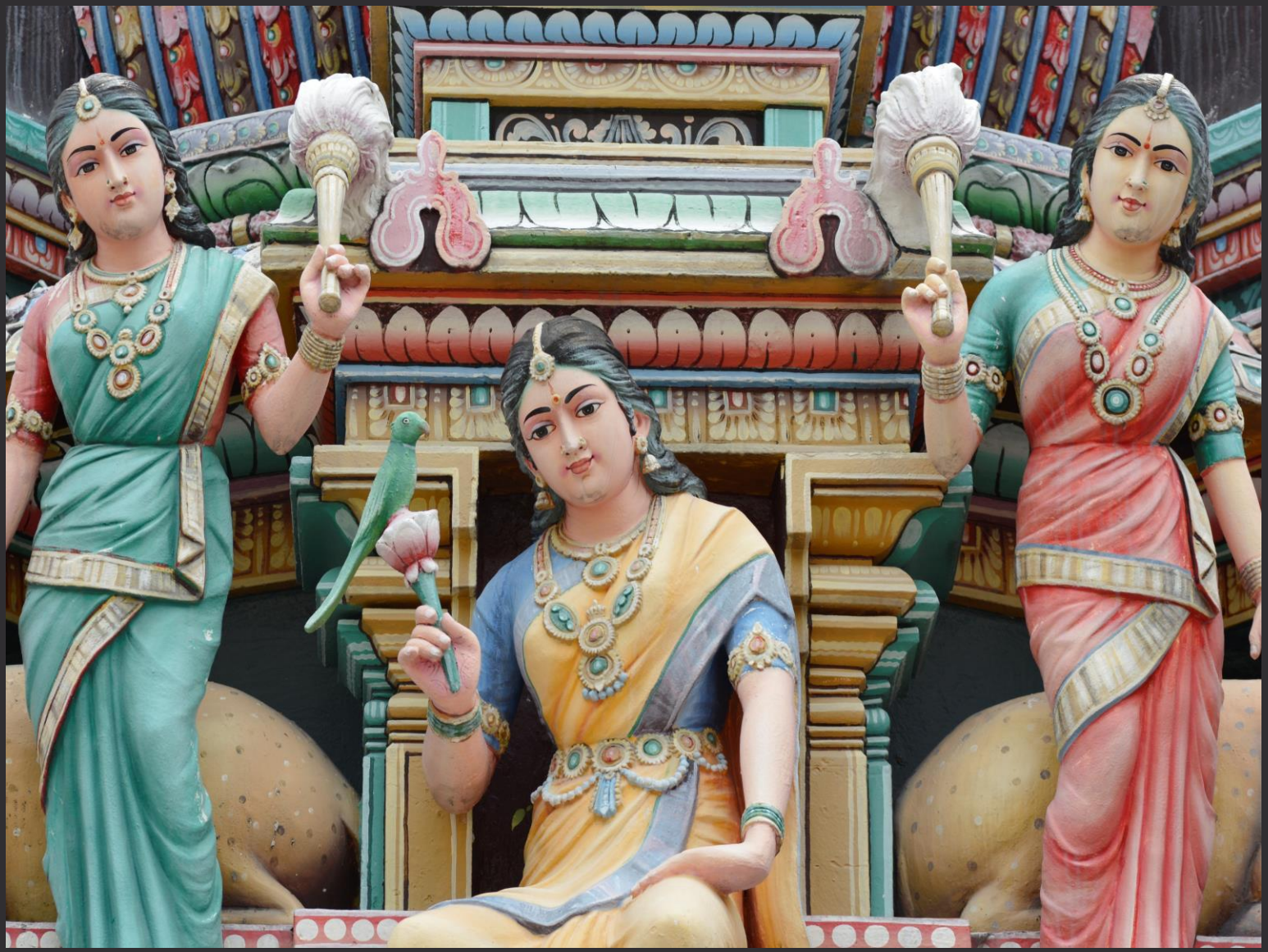


EDITOR'S NOTE:

We were delighted to receive this new edition to Emil's latest work. Last we saw (heard from) Emil, there was the issue of the lawsuits and the actual restraining order to prevent Emil's return to hell. Then there was the nasty issue of demons and angels picketing the adjoining book signing at the

TUCSON 5 AND DINNER…

Given this turn of events, it was fitting that Emil would have to entertain other alternatives for eternal retirement and it was only a matter of time before Emil showed up in

SOUTHERN INDIA

In order to curry favor, Emil has taken 99 steps toward Nirvana (or in this case,

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Nirvanana as the actual name is copyrighted and we couldn't secure the proper licensing rights…) and has respectfully, declined to

OVERTHROW NIRVANA

We hope that you will enjoy this new collection and buy multiple copies because as Charlie (our accountant) reminds me, Emil does owe us an extensive

AMOUNT OF MONEY

Due to this fact, we are happy to receive, publish and promote anything from Emil that might help us recoup some of our lost. If you are reading this Emil… keep them coming!

SEINE

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

I was totally like bummed out when Seine telexed me to say I didn't have the right to use the term

NIRVANA

It isn't a religious thing but the word…the term…is copyrighted by the former grunge, a 1990's band by the same name…and for some reason (actually their representatives faxed me an itemized list of…well…let's just say it was multiple pages…times or occasions that I had pestered Courtney Love…OK! Yes, they may have used the word "stocking" but,

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

what can I say…I am a fan!)

NEEDLESS TO SAY

I seem to be hitting the bad luck top ten recently (with a bullet) but, this really hurt…I have been a big supporter of Courtney and I am rather sad that she would see it for anything other than what it was…I am a fan…I am not shy to say that

"PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY"

is the greatest song ever pinned. Anyway! Back to the intro…

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

Saturday, January 15, 2016 at 11:40am
(Central Asia Telex Cable Service)

It was early in yet another dawn somewhere out in the extreme wilds of the ancient Caravan Routes that crisscrossed the Former Soviet Domains of

CENTRAL ASIA

another boring day of book signings (organized by Charlie at WWWG Productions) and yet another picture of me with all the local, grunge youths and an occasional picture of me riding with them on their father's yak.

Every day starts at the ungodly

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

hour of the break of day, with cross-gender chickens crowing like they were roasters, an occasional passing tank, always

ANGRY STORE OWNERS

scolding me in some, god only knows, unknown dialect (but always translated by the local bandit that WWWG had hired to take care of the money here locally) always something about I am lazy for getting to their market stand so late (6:30 AM)…

BLAW…BLAW…

always something about they were not gonna pay because half their

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

customers have already left the market and then, having to read the latest in a series of telexes from Seine or Charlie's (that evil accountant thug!) saying that I (personally) owe them

MORE MONEY

than Michael Jackson did his creditors before he died… while he instructing me not so kindly that I better get on the ball and get out to these

MARKET STANDS EARLY

The days virtually end even more quickly as the surrounding cliffs start blotting out the last rays of

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

a retreating sun by somewhere
more suitable for a talented
artist (if starving artist) as myself…
say…somewhere around

(LIKE) NOON

With the sun's departure and
the lack of anything that could
be mistaken to be electricity,
the heat of the day fades into
a ripping, nip of the freezing
northerly winds that come

WHIPPED DOWN

into the canyons from out
of the distant, snow-capped
mountains…bringing a shudder
and chill to even the hardiest of

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

bones due mostly to lack of
blankets or many times walls
to shelter us from the winds ...
Hunkering down is strongly
recommended by the local mostly
because the night belong to the

BANDITS AND THIEVES

much as in the times of Alexander...
nothing seems to change in this
part of the world...the last,

GREAT OPEN FRONTIER

It is really rather a grand place of
how thing were and one of the few
remaining places where men still
live free and stay alive based upon
their wits…right!?!
To be truthful it totally sucks…

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

Give me a Holiday Inn or even
a Hotel Six…

ANY TIME!

Is the mini-bar covered by WWWG?

DATELINE:

The Middle of Nowhere…
The winds here seem to be
constantly blowing and the
monstrous tonnage of dust it
continually kicks up forms a not
so fine layer of dust that coats
and covers everything
and everyone.

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

In a way, it is a great equalizer as it reduces everyone, regardless of their status or wealth, to the same gritty mess here in what my old geography teacher…

MR. SMITH

(no…really! That was his name…he did look a little like Jimmy Steward…but…he had never made to Washington D.C. I really would be surprised if he had every traveled any more than a couple hundred miles away from his birthplace and home in Southern Arizona…)

USE TO CALL CENTRAL ASIA.

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

The how's and whys of my sad, current state of affairs, I would rather not dwell on it any great detail other than to curse old Chucky Boy (the evil accountant from WWWG Productions and his daily telex to explain how much money I still owe WWWG)

WHO SAID…

"Boy…this will be fun!"

YA…AND

I wish he was here to share it!!!
As we have talked in the past…

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

everything looks beautiful in fotos,
from behind air conditioned rooms
on the seventh floor and
(what I discovered much earlier
in what now seems a
previous lifetime)
is most impressive when viewed
from the back seat of a

MERCEDES TOWN CAR

Things only lose their appeal and get unpleasant once you are cast out and down into the nitty gritty of the real world. From a seventh floor vantage point, Katmandu beckoned and oozed character and charm…once down at street level, out-n-about in the vast sea of taxis and…

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

roaring motor scooters out pressing the flesh with the millions of people huddled in the ruined remains of a city that most people wish to only remember …

TRIES TO RECALL

dreams of that charming little mountain town overrun with hippies, spiritual gurus and a maze of alleys leading to a secret garden or temple mound or they elect to remember a personal experience or two down on Freak Street,

BACK IN THE 1960’S

The reality is that city no long exists, it has been replaced by a large,

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

gritty industrial city with no roads and a helpless political situation with over of a 1001 political parties…if only they were

DALMATIANS

Almost every place that I have traveled in the past year has helped to re-enforce this stark image of the world and not being on the

GOLD CARD TOUR

has forced me into the realness of how the common man scrapes by in a world where what little pleasure and resources are being snapped up the elite…

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

what American refer to the one-percenters…what little that they couldn't sweep up and waste…anything not tied down or worth something

IS LONG GONE

like the Old Chinese Republic Tai Pans running from Mao way back when…after the revolution and

MR. MARCOS

when he fled to Hawaii after being overthrown…they only thing that got left behind was his wife's massive shoe collection – which the new Pilipino Government turned

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

into a museum…it is well worth the 20 pesos admission price…a good way to kill an afternoon…

YEA! IT IS THAT BIG

You get the point…????

I HOPE…CAMPERS!

There ain't much being left for us and our brothers and sisters (although most would go out of their way to explain that they have no kinship to me).
Nothing but scraps,

BAD WATER OR NO WATER

(the fat cats bottle it and sell it back to the people they stole it from at a

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

price that is up to three times higher than petrol…)
and I would love to say that the list was long but, in reality, it isn't…there is not that much left.

EVERYWHERE,

I see massive amounts of idle people standing on street corners…trying desperately to scrap together enough pesos to bring bottled water home as their well water tastes like

OIL AND CHEMICALS

I truly don't know how much longer, we can hold this mess together…

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

One final gripe before I get off my soap box and return to the narrative of this story…
I promise, at least for now!

IN THE FEW PLACES

that I have been where humanity has not overrun and set up squatter camps, strip-mined or set up a local franchise of Seven-Eleven, in these places of postcard beauty, I have discovered that God booby-trapped it with an army of

POISONOUS BUGS

and other angry animals with serious attitude issues and an endless array of other things to

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

make you think twice about moving into the neighborhood.

ANYWAY! NEVER MIND

as you are a true believer and have actually read this far along…

I AM AMAZED

if that's true…if not, you quit reading back at Katmandu.
Let me be polite…

POLITICAL OR OTHERWISE…

and say, Central Asia sucks the big one and if anyone ever tells you any different they either have not been here or are trying to sell you a timeshare, somewhere

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

in this God-Forsaken land.

I MEAN…I AM SORRY

but, if you have actually seen one yak and…truthfully…you have

SEEN THEM ALL

Again, if any one tells you otherwise they have spent way too much time with yaks and I would seriously keep them far away from any small children or animals in the neighborhood…just a word

TO THE WISE!

Thirty days into this endless series of book signing events at what seems every market crossroads here in

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

Central Asia and they all blur…
it all comes down to old women
selling prettified vegetables, yak

MILK AND CHEESE

along with the billions of other
products that they make out
of these poor yaks…
There are always a small group
of mustached, older guys sitting
around with nothing more to do
other that drink yak sweeten,

ALMOST COFFEE (TEAS)

while trying to look all badass with
their fake rhino-horned daggers
For the real rhinos are almost gone
and only those rich yahoos in the

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

backseat of those Mercedes with the black-tinted windows that parade and cruse up and down the three or four miles of paved roads in the capital…

ONLY THEY CAN

now afford such a luxury, the pleasure out of hanging their daggers from their Russian Army Surplus web belts and occasionally spitting on the ground to emphasis a point that was lost on me with my limited knowledge of their

LOCAL DIALECTS

Then there are all of your grunged out, rebellious youngster …

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

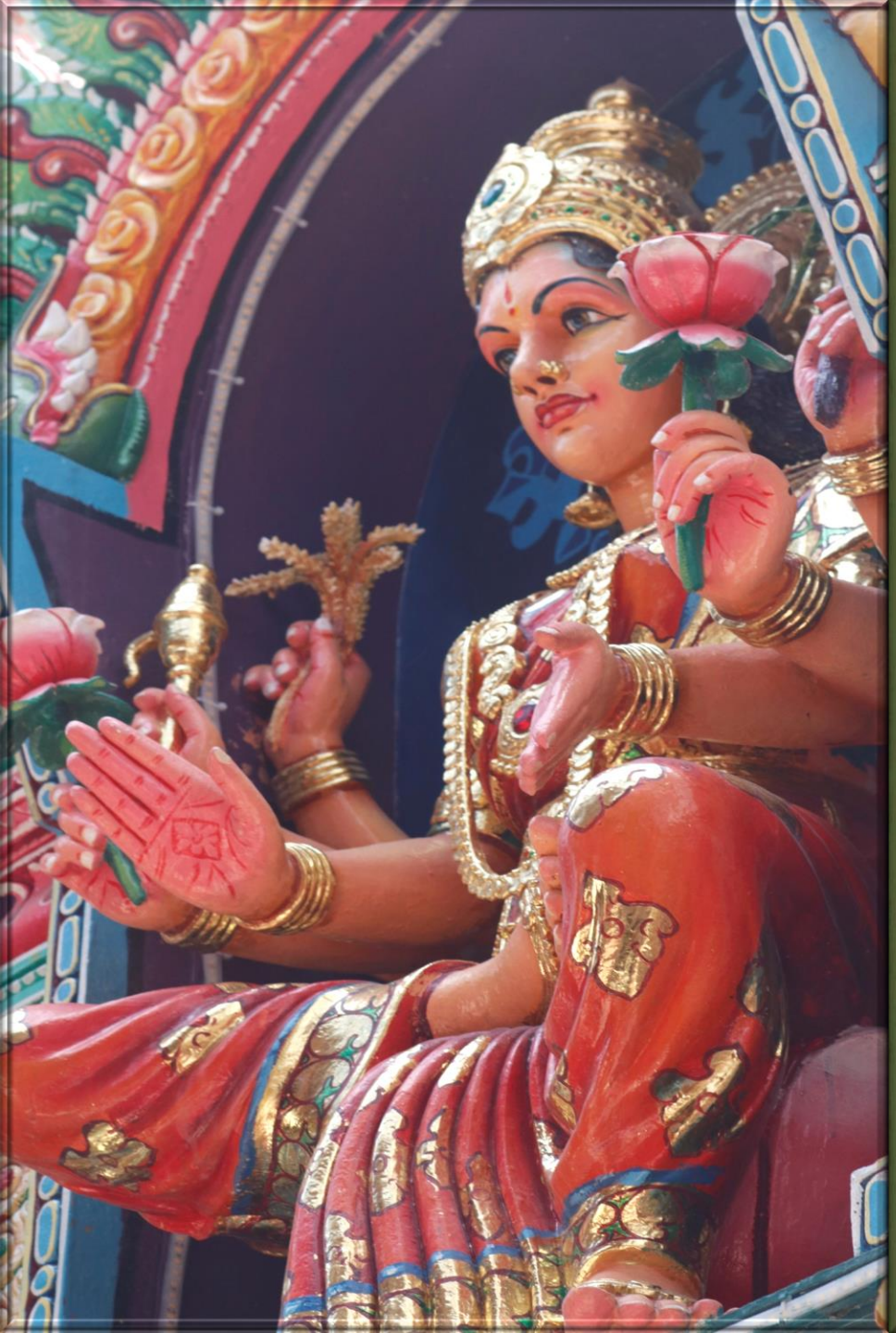
out, rebellious youngster…each of them wearing cheap, imitation blue jeans imported from India or China now and this extremely

BIZZARRO FASHION

they wear a rather strange selection of American (thrift store collection) 1970-90's tee-shirts sold to them by some real and true local entrepreneurs who seem to have a cousin who moved to Cleveland (legal or not? It ain't my call!) and discovered the

GOODWILL STORES INC.

The new American Cousins are stripping the thrift stores across



SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

America and are shipping them
back home by cheap,

BOAT MAIL PARCELS

(a proud shout out to USPS!)
to feed this growth market of
dressing the upcoming revolutionary
elite of this or that local area.
They all can be

A SIGHT TO SEE

coming into that market and the
grunge youth are parading around
in their Sunday best…their

"BOYS TO MEN"

or "Metallica" tee-shirts. It would

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

have brought a sad tear to

MICHAEL JACKSON'S EYES

(sorry…but, I got that joke from
a local gay guy…they have…go
figure…as being gay here is not
any kind of correct…they kill you!)
They don't know who I am…

MOST DON'T CARE

The old guys mumble something
about CIA and the youngsters dig
this old fart in a tied-dyed tee-shirt
with the funny picture books…
Well…it must be near sunrise…Omar
(the local thug…sorry…he prefers
to be referred to as a bandit…
thank God, no one ever taught
him about Zorro)

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

is loudly pounding on the tent door
(funny…the door part…you have
to be here…it is an insider's joke)
and is yelling out in broken English
(I think it's English)
that Mr. Charlie and Mr. Seine will
be very upset if I am not down
in the market in just ten minutes…
Then…those damn,

CROSS GENDER CHICKENS

start up crowing like they were
rosters…I tried to talk to them about
this…I must admit that I did bring

THE CONCEPT OF "KFC"

into the conversation about their
toning down this morning

SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

racket…now they crow all day long!

THIS IS MY LIFE…

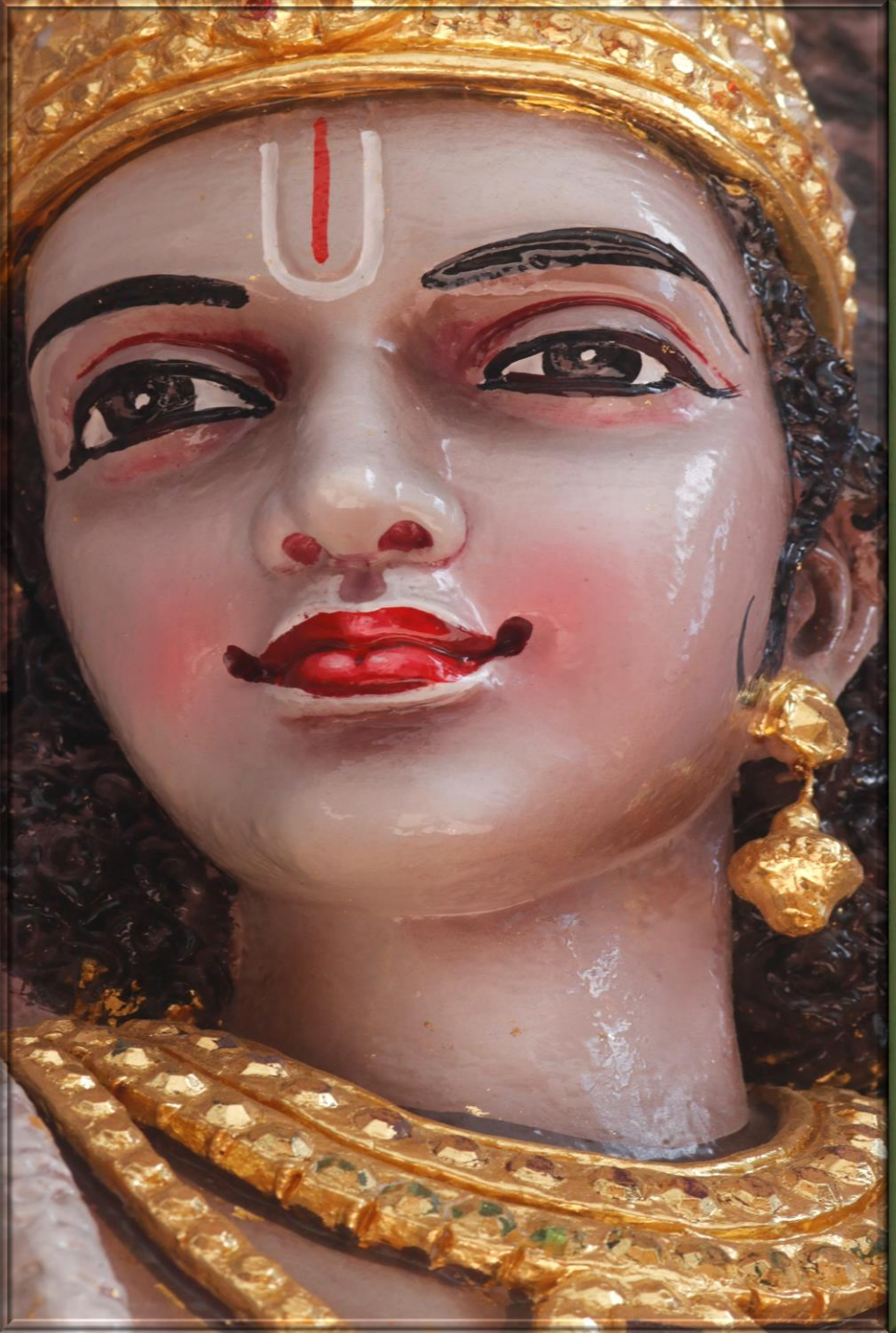
I need to find a way out of here… there is got to be a way… funds remain an issue…it is really hard to

HUSTLE A FEW PESO

dinars, whatever…especially with Omar as WGGG's bagman.
I would jump a yak in the middle of the night but, these guys take to strangers doing this much as they did in the old

AMERICAN WEST

with horse thieves…except they don't hang you…they still use the



SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

ancient Mongolian methodology
of crime suppression…they tie each
hand and leg to a horse and the
four riders ride off in separate
directions…yes, at the same time…
if they were more western…
they would drag me

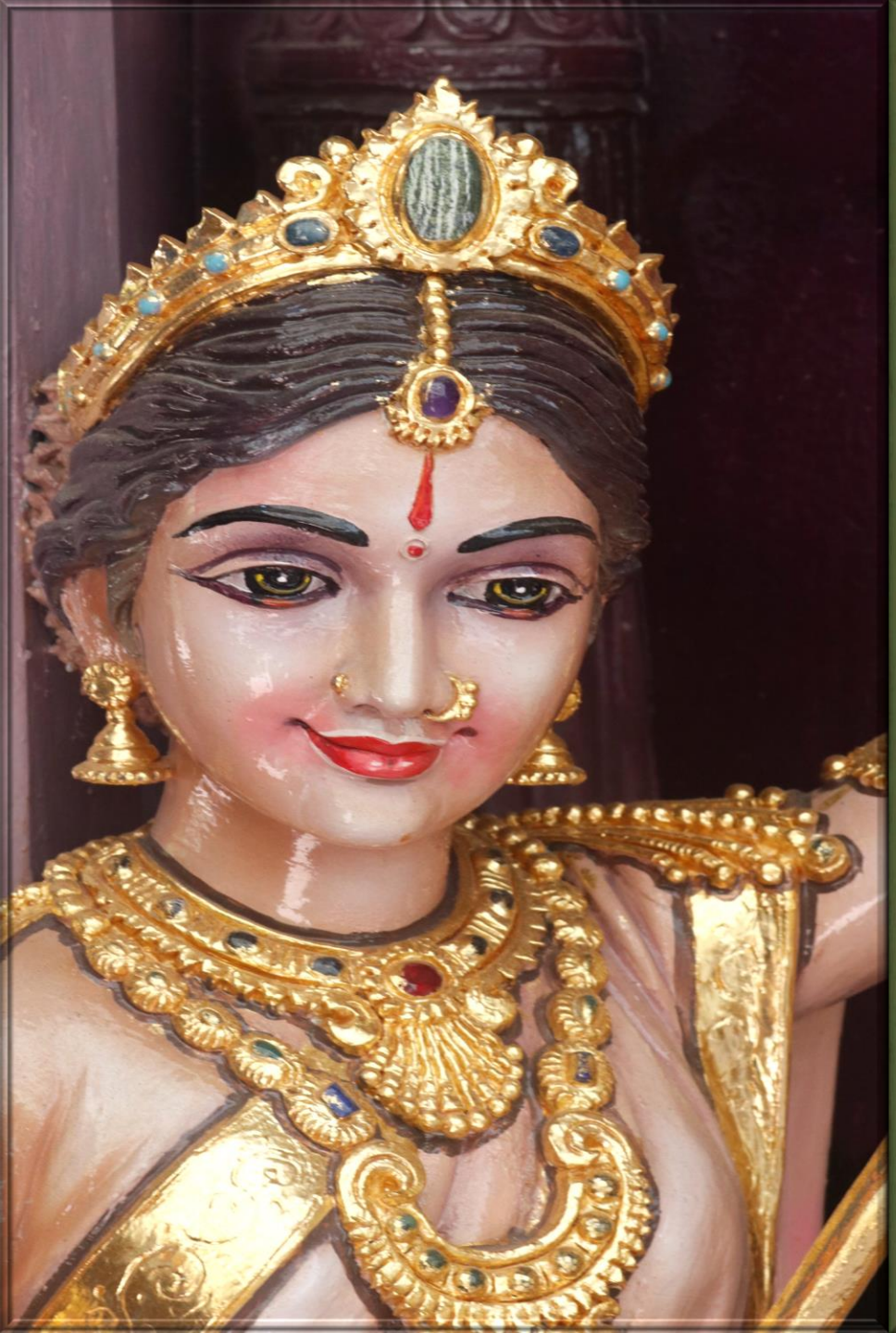
BEHIND A YAK

for a couple of miles first…
none of them have cousins whom

THANK GOODNESS

settled out in West Texas.
So, as I started this report…it ends
the same…light a candle,

SAY A PRAYER



SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

that I will be able to fold my tent
and fade off into the sunset…
maybe to a nice Holiday Inn…

ELECTRICITY, HOT WATER

and a mini bar!

SADNESS IS THE DEAL

Sadness comes with the deal…

LIFE ALWAYS SUCKS!

Sadness is the price that we pay for being human and as our great guru James used to teach us, is that sadness does prove that we are. I thought about what I just wrote and it seems fake or like a greeting card slogan rather a real thought

SADNESS IS THE DEAL

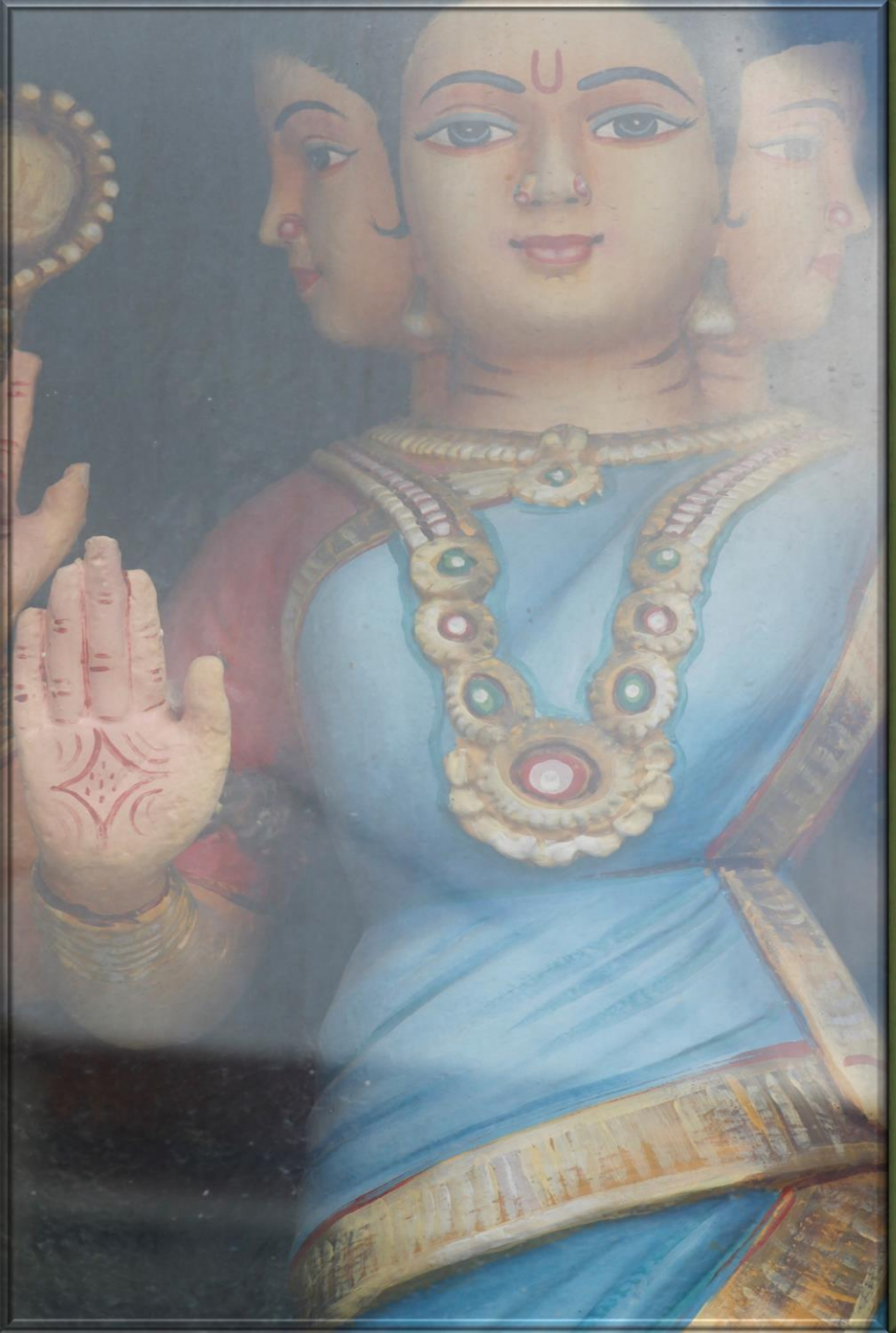
but, sadness is a part of who we are and for the most part...

IT DOES SUCK

Consider the truth that anyone who says otherwise is in a serious case; they have deep sense of denial. Maybe, I am just tired and wasted for the ravages of the past weeks but, there is a deep, inner core that wants to just leave it all behind and start anew...

EVEN AT 67+?

"Live as if your life depends on it!"
Alan Cohen once sang that if "your



SADNESS IS THE DEAL

life is not joyful; you're missing your purpose... Perhaps, now is the time to look at what you have created, are you living your dream? What would you rather have or would that bring you joy...?“

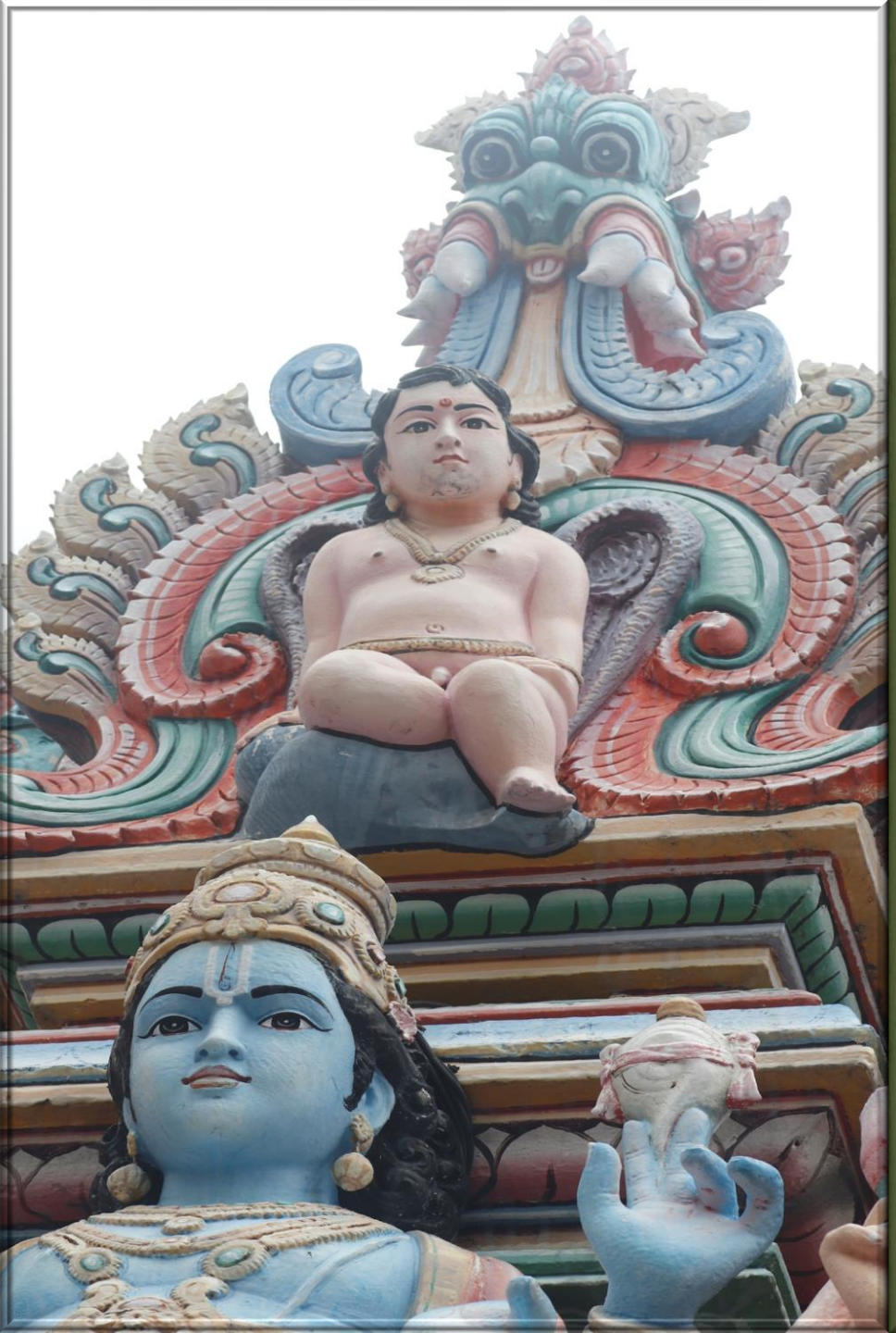
The sad part is that we all know the cryptic, answer(s) and

THE SADDER TRUTH

is that (except for a handful) we lack the courage to take action...we fear

ROCKING THE BOAT...

While Alan is praise-worthy for the advice, it rings as hallow as the endless rows of greeting cards that lay scattered about,



SADNESS IS THE DEAL

long forgotten in your memory
chest. Faded fotos and lost,
sweet dreams of

SEA DRAGONS

and wishes...each never meant to
be any more than Poky-bears and
five-cent Cuban Cigars.

"WAITRESS!"

another Hemmingway for my friend,
it would have been his birthday
today...why yes!

THE WITCH

The witch’s incantation drove her

THE WITCH

soul into the stone and for
a thousand years she has hung
in between worlds and the

TERRIBLE COST

of living in this state of limbo had
slowly eaten away at her, shredded
her of what little remained of her

ANCIENT HUMANITY

for a thousand years she has
awaited rescue from her khan and
the dream of the arising of the
prophesized guru who would
vanquish the witch and her
gathering, evil hoards that had once

THE WITCH

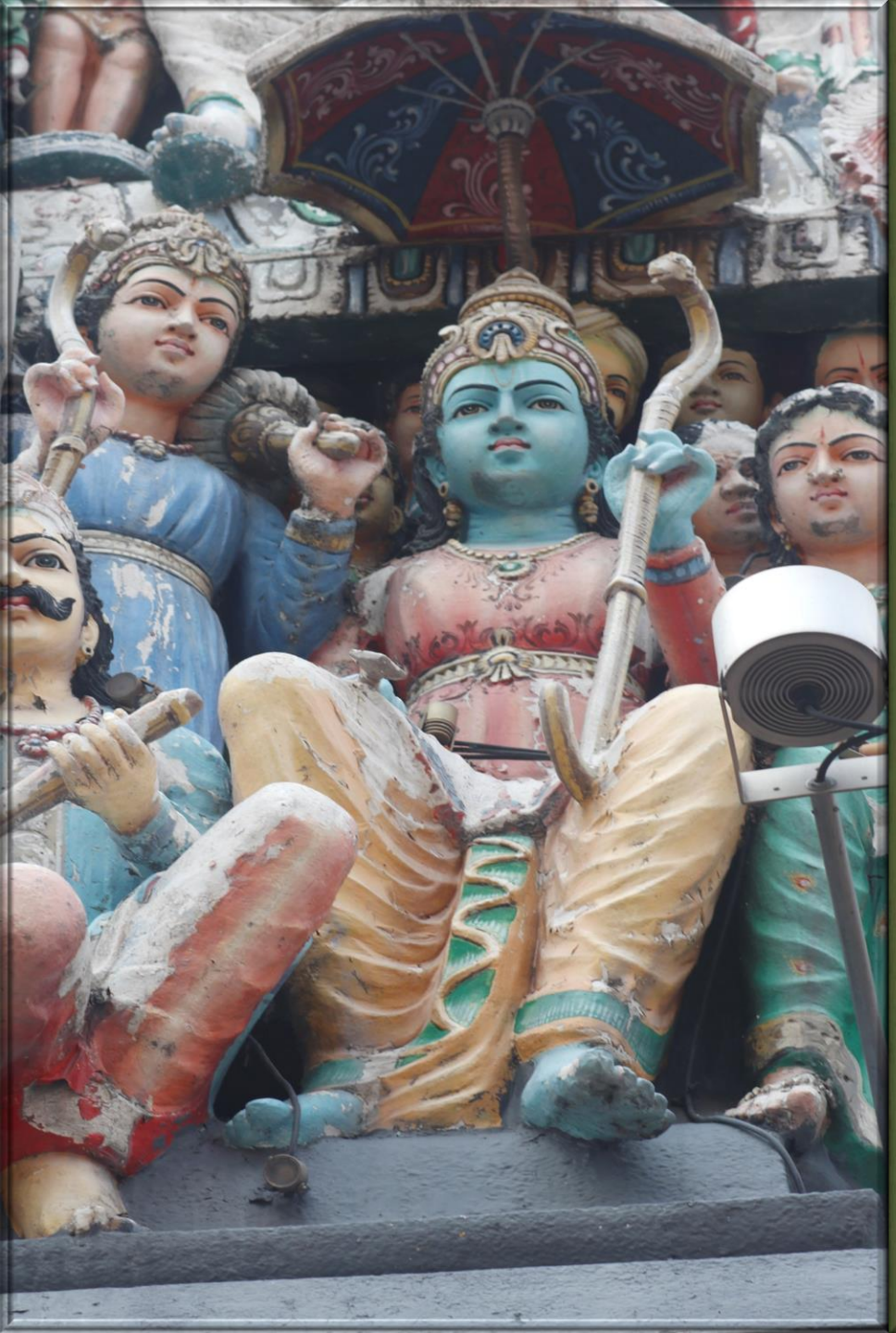
rode with her out the forests from the East of what had been in olden times, Eden.. and her hoard have ruled this world for the

PAST 1000 YEARS

It is a true thought that I pounder here daily...and as such...I seriously

DON'T KNOW

the answer - I would be stupid to think otherwise…yet, I fail to have the strength to admit that alas...that we dare not speak as words like "truth" ... never do these words, ever, will they pass my lips...



THE WITCH

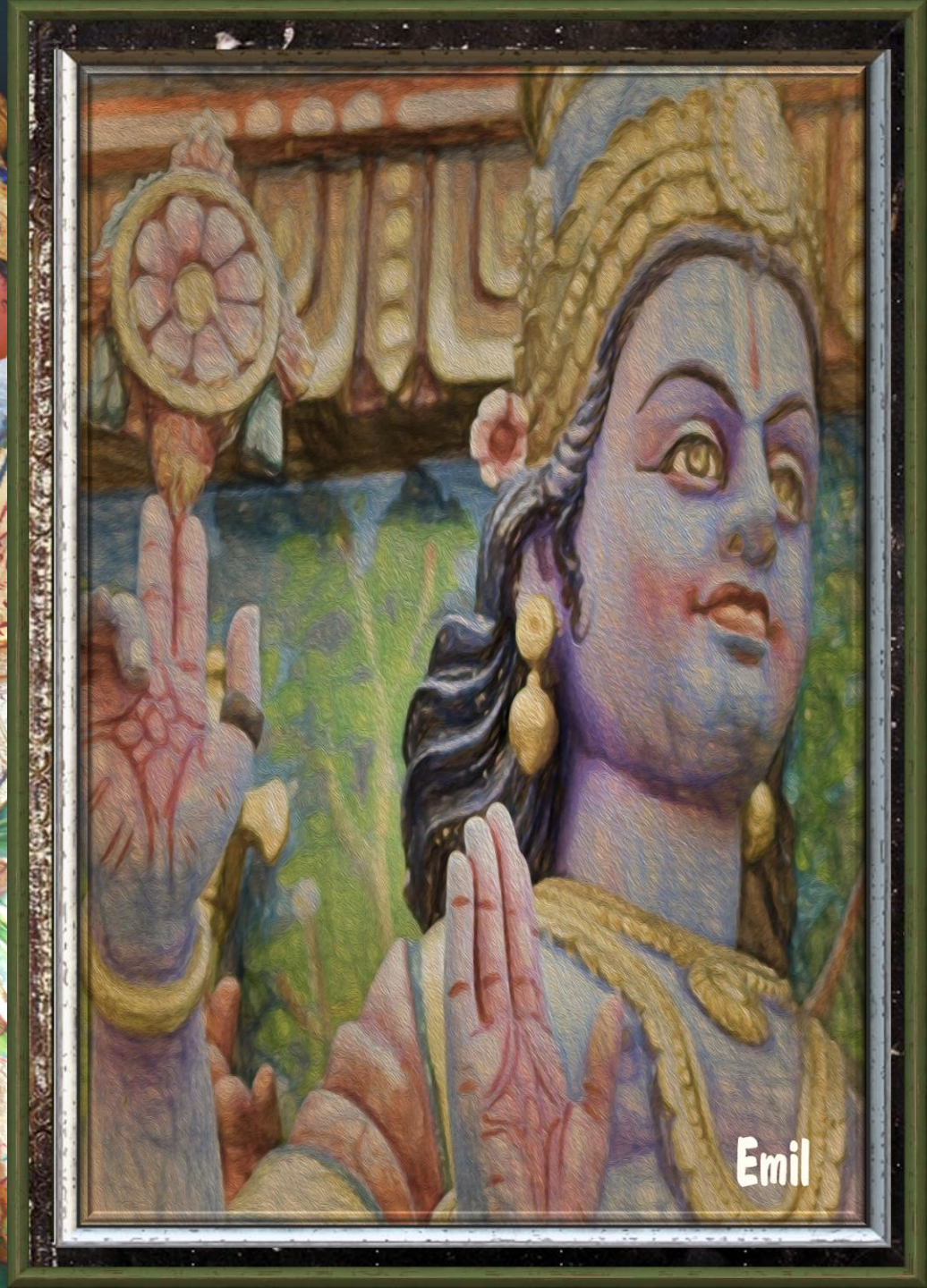
I merely smile and move forward,
focusing solely one step at
a time…silently, repeating a pray
to her who is encased in stone…

"…Can mercy be found in the heart
of her who was born of the stone?
Where she not merciless, would she
kick the breast of her lord?
Men call you merciful, but there is
no trace of mercy in you, Mother.
You have cut off the heads of the
children of others, and these you
wear as a garland around your neck.
It matters not how much I call you

MOTHER MOTHER

You hear me, but you will not listen"

Emil


Emil

Emil

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

To all my loyal and dedicated fans,

ALL THREE OF YOU

in Japan, that consistently buy my weird picture books…on the surface, this might be one to test even your patience but, hang in there and let me explain how this edition.

Yes! I did need

THE MONEY

but, there is a deeper and more meaningful explanation that just might make you pony up (have waited years to use this term…cool?) the buck that those crooks at

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

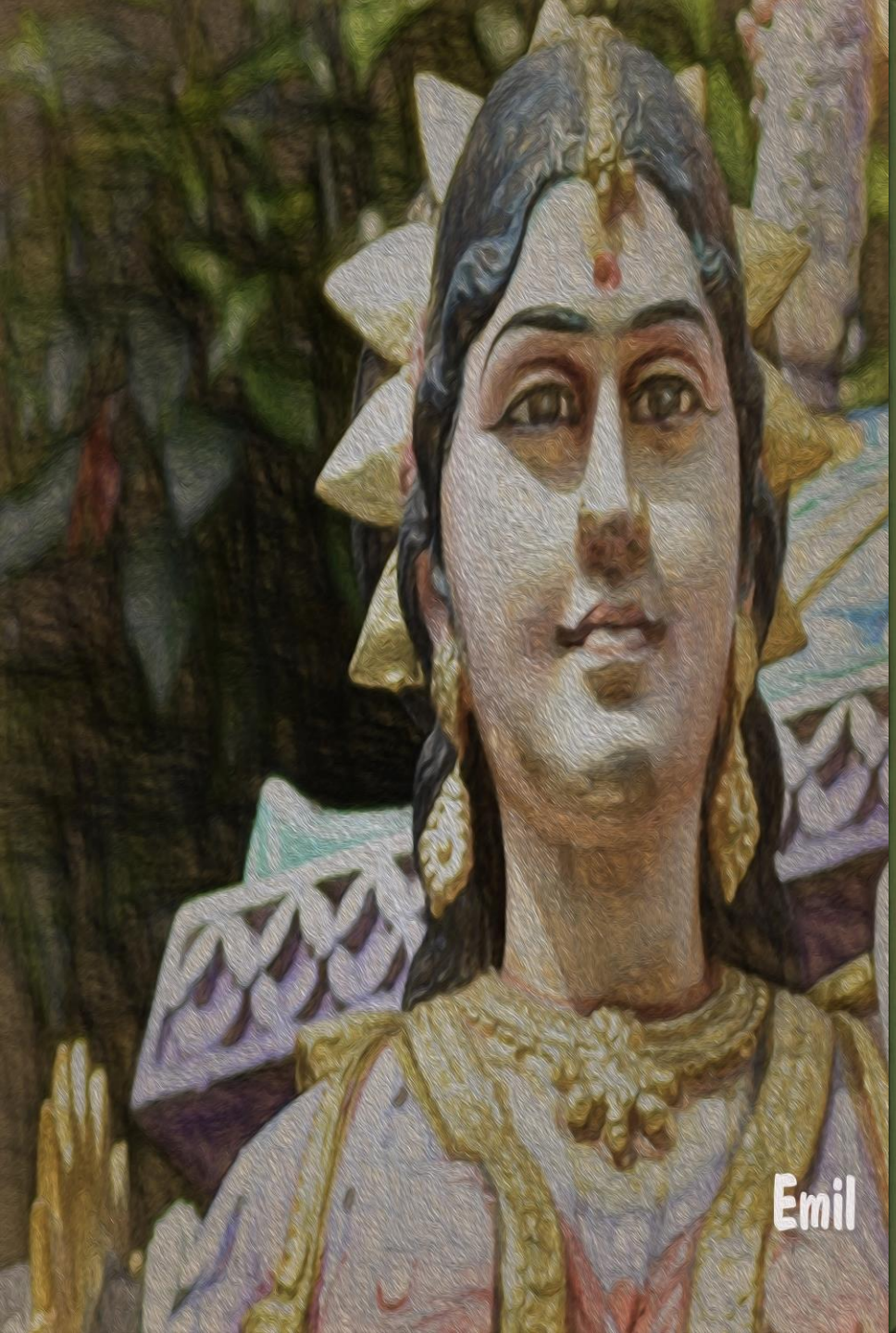
WWWG pirate my art at.
This all started with being down
to less than pocket change in
a foreign land and having to deal
with the reality that my

REAL BLOCKBUSTER

(that WWWG refuses to publish)
was deeply inspired by the fact
that I had some free time to
hang around with the

LOCAL BULLY BOYS

over at the local temple mound and
compare notes on how we aced
(old carnie term for con)
our favorite rubes and I started



WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

to the statues and I saw (at once) why they charge you 20 rubies to come in.

WOW OR W00T!

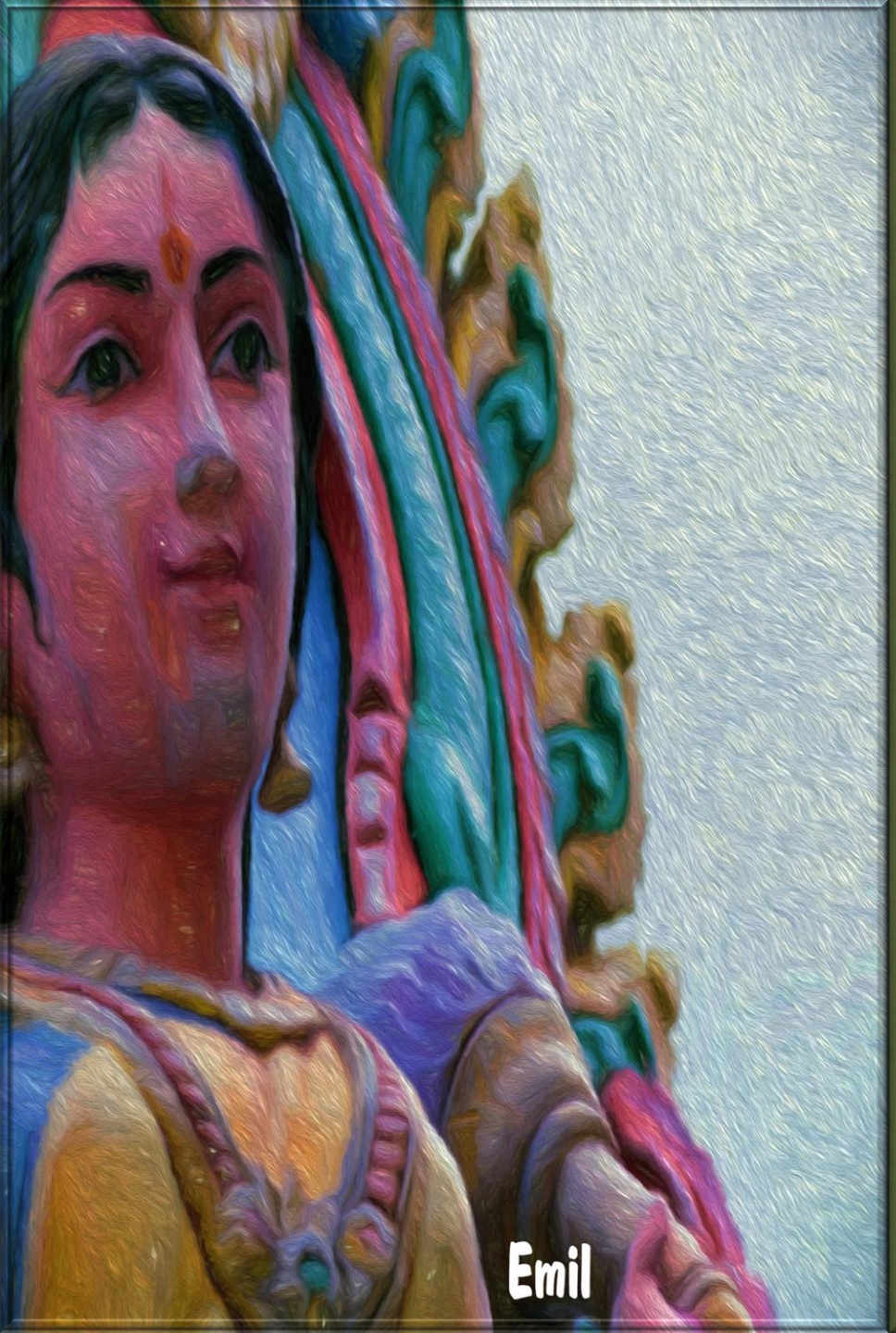
as my old friend Dinar Sally use to say (no not about “X” rated statues but “W00t” in general).

IF I HAD THE 20 RUBIES

I would have gladly paid to see the show…granted, it does not compare to those in Tijuana that I saw as a young man but, those involved mules and shooting ping-pong balls…

OPPS!!! SORRY!

to



WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

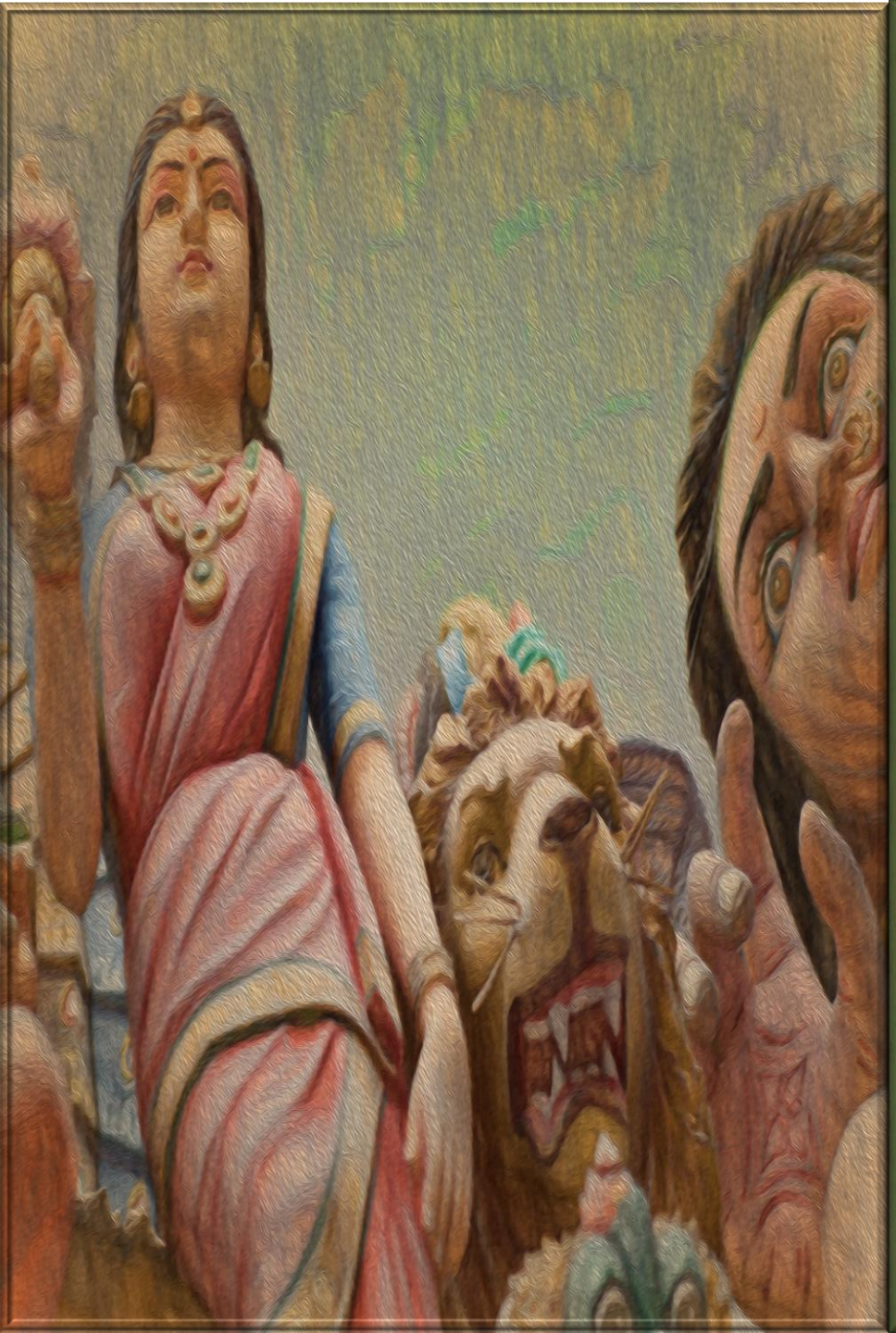
I may have lost (at least) one of those loyal fans in Japan with that last comment.

IT IS MY FAULT!

I have been told that I verbalize without thinking about what I am saying and this is true to an extend but, for a totally different reason than you might think.
I don’t listen to myself and I have always used the real disclaimer that anyone with half-a-brain would never listen to a damn thing

THAT I SAID…

I had to add that as I had an old



WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

friend “Little Joe” who after me purposely starting every conversation with him with this disclosure, he would not only listen but, he would take notes and then go out and do whatever nonsense we had be jibber-jabbering about and each time,

HE GOT CAUGHT

and it went sidewayz…
he would tell them that

“EMIL TOLD ME!”

and he would have notes
to back it up!

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

Anyway, the most important reason that I quit talking to myself…little alone listening to what every gribble that came out of my mouth was because…

TALKING TO MYSELF

would always end up in a fight as that fool is an opinionated, unreasonable sort of guy who never listened to a damn thing

I WAS TRYING TO

tell him and after I tried to punch myself, I decided that I needed to

STOP TALKING…

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

I explained this to our Great Guru James and he assured me that there were

12 STEP PROGRAMS

which might be able to help. Now, you assume that you understand me and that this collection must be some form of therapy but…

NAW! IT AIN'T!

As I said, I had some free time since those evil swines at WWWG (no offence Seine!) had prevented me from obtaining my rightful

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

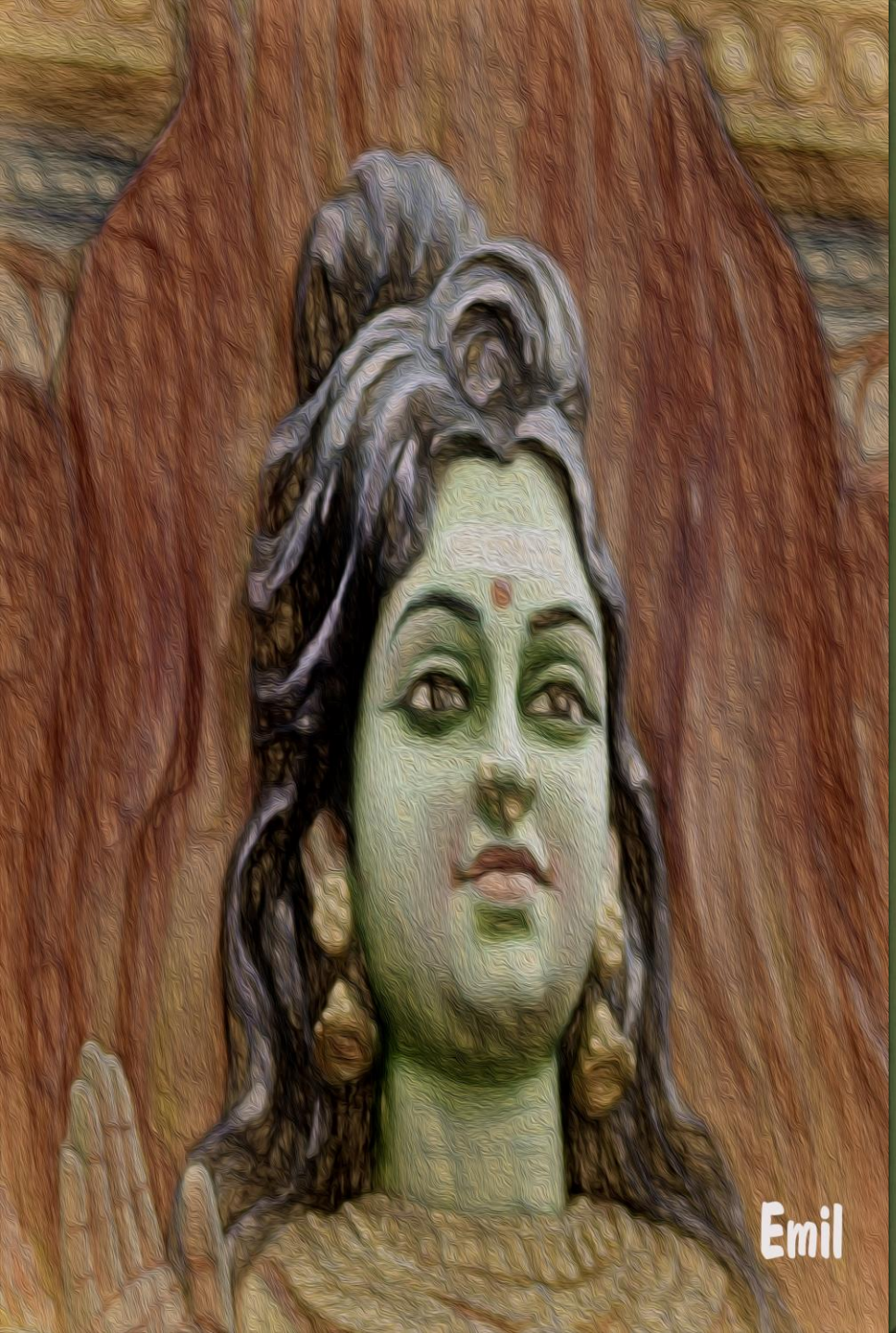
stardom, best-seller hero status
by refusing to publish my
(very tasteful and redeeming social
grace) artsy book of Hindu Statues.
I understand that Singapore does
have very strong laws about this
sort of thing but, this is artsy
and done in the Emil

STYLE OF CLASS

that at least three people in Japan
tend to like and patronize me for.
This was going to be

MY BREAKTHROUGH

the vehicle that would propel me



WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

out of this bottom basement,
endless book tours in Central Asia…
Lifestyles of the extremely poor
and lame…I could foresee myself
doing an entire series of these…
I could see myself becoming the

HUGH HEFFNER

(spelling wrong on purpose so
I don't get sued by Playboy)
of Hundi Statue Porn and Lust…

JUST THEN MAYBE

(later on in the run of events)
I can see myself selling the movie
rights to the movie or maybe,

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

a short run series on HBO, Showtime or even Netflix.

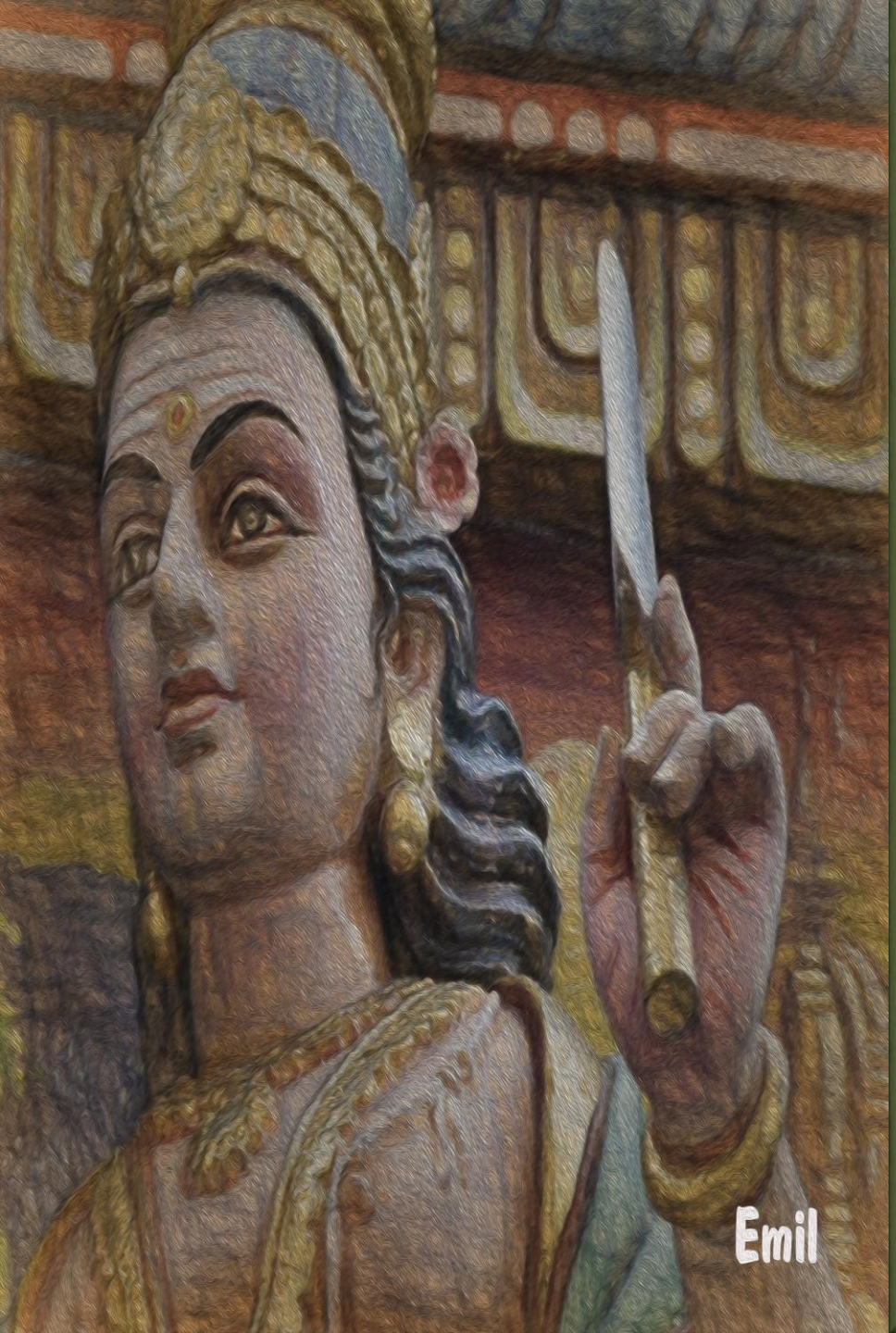
(HINT…HINT!)

I could have it all…I could after all these years…I could have made it…been able to walk into my local Albertson's and have the cashier give me…you know….

THE WINK

The secret wink to let you know that he recognized who I was…

THAT'S RIGHT!



WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

I would be the Hugh Heffner of those “X” rated Hindi statues!!!!

“YES…I AM!”

Could have had the dream… it was there! I could literally reach out and touch it kind of real and this is what I tried to explain to Seine and he, merely, looked at it and called it

STATUE PORN

Then, he went on with some nonsense about the laws in Singapore…

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

that he was a responsible editor
and publisher…

BLAW…BLAW…BLAW…

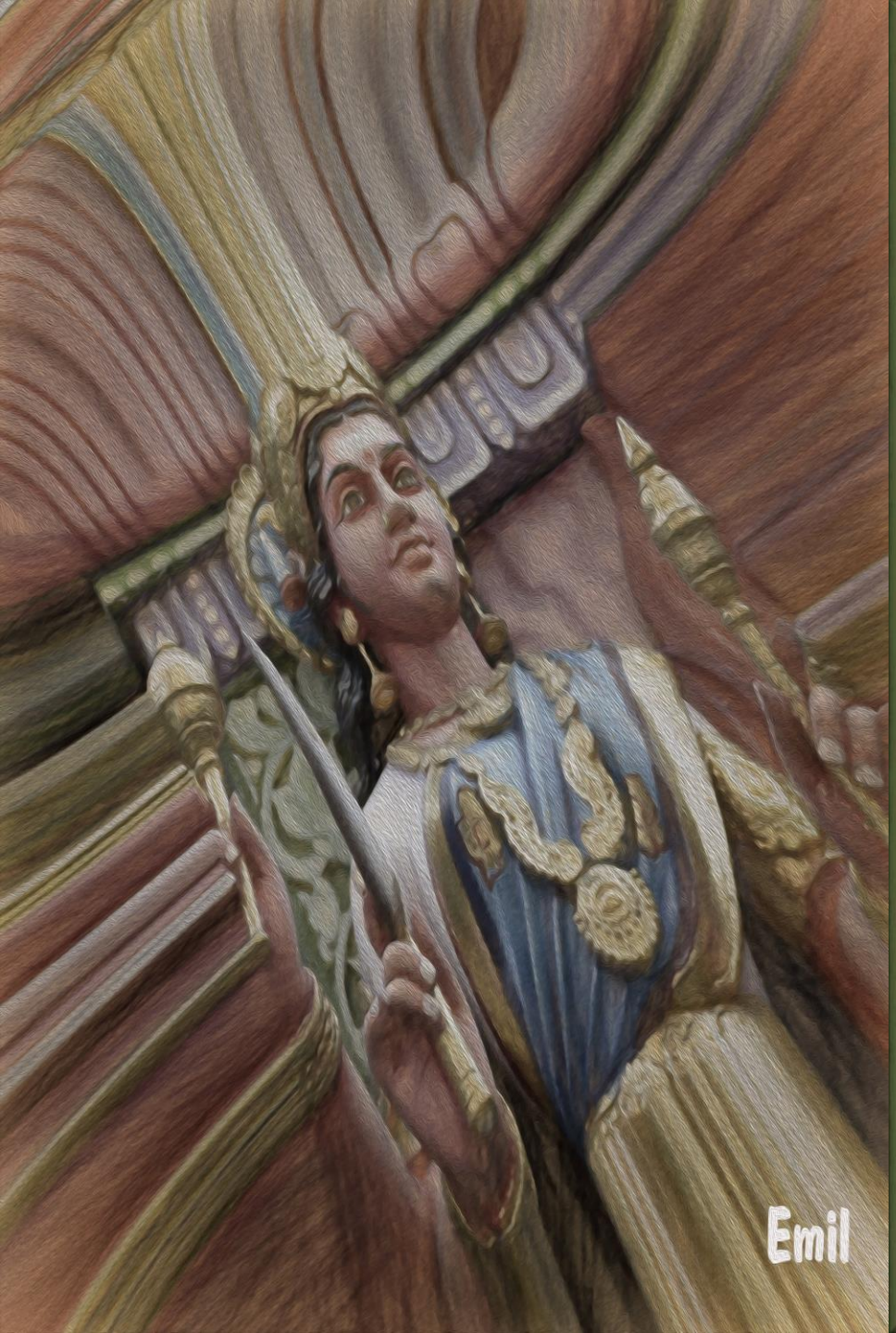
I must admit that I didn't get
much of the conversation after
he reduce my dream(s) of making
it big with a single term

"STATUE PORN!"

Seriously!

It is times like this that I regret
selling Seine my controlling interest
in WWWG and even more so
in signing that exclusive

"RIGHTS TO PUBLISH"



WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

contract with him and the evil

SWINE AT WWWG!

So now you have the setting and can taste some of the depression that had cascaded down in a roaring deluge…down into the tragedy of my happy little life of

DESTITUTION & POVERTY

Then, add to this that I am like totally stuck somewhere here in India and the only friends that I could muster were

THE BULLY BOYS

over by the temple…who were

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

trying to hustle me before I could likewise, I could hustle them.

SAD! PAINFUL!

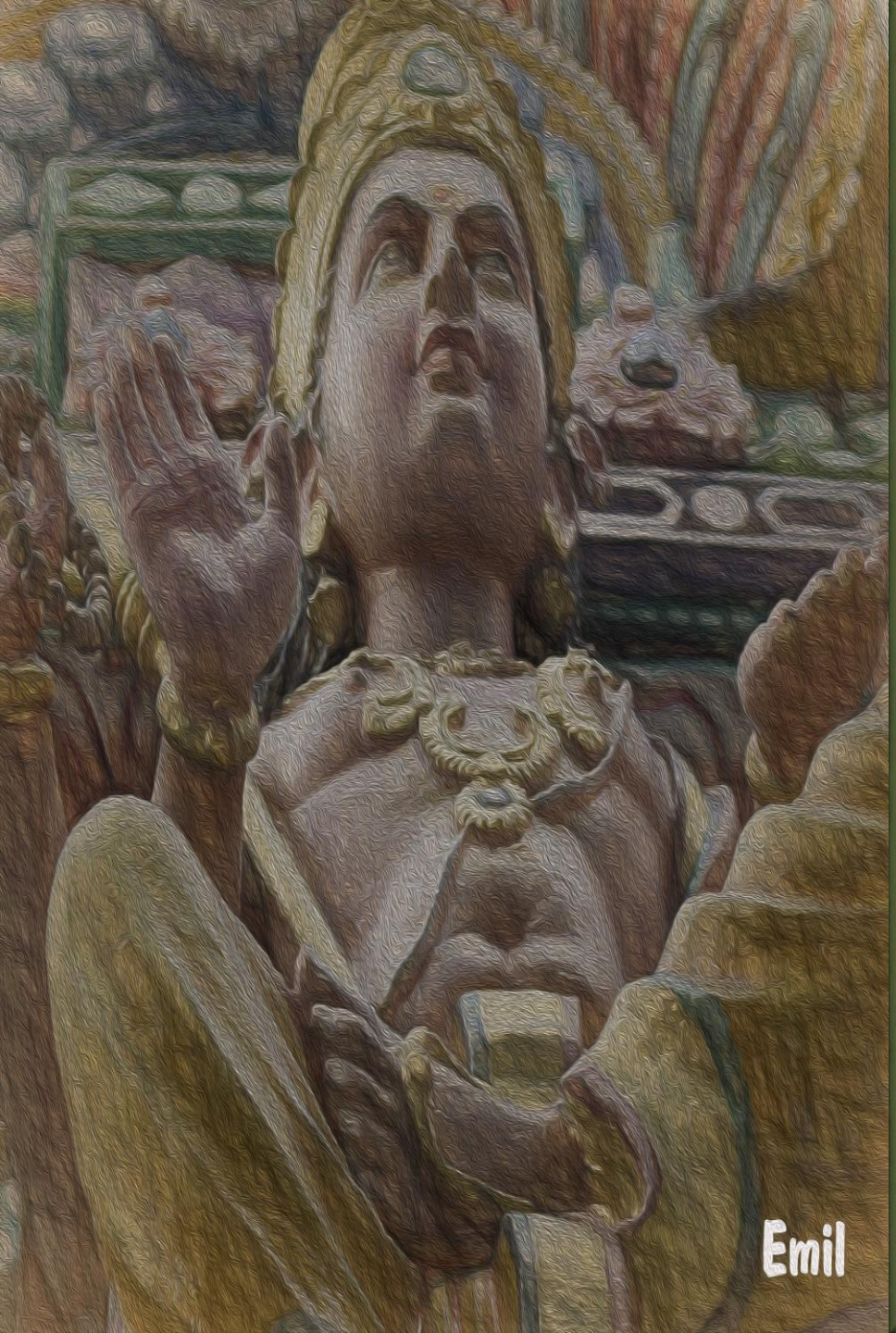
When in this situation…share a drink with these new found friends…in fact…anyone with

FREE BOOZE

(of any kind) was my new BFF…Don't start on me!

LOOK BUBBA!

I was down to below pocket change…one step away from finding



WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

out, first hand, what being homeless in India was all about…anyone with a couple rubies, a smoke or a drink…by the gods!

THAT WAS MY BFF!

So, they were drinking this industrial strength, homemade, bathtub whiskey that would make Thunderbird look like fruit punch

IN STRENGTH AND TASTE

Man! This was a powerful mixture with more than a little too much rubbing alcohol, paint thinner and God only knows what else!
Hey! Like I always used to tell the

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

homeless when I had that gig to help them get a job…
"Sometimes, you got to go with what you have…"
This is what I had…

BULLY BOYS

and a drink that the fishermen used to take paint off their boats but, this might have been the proper time to not be taking

MY OWN ADVICE?

An older saying that I use to use, further back in time when I was hanging out in those Parrot Bars

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

down in Panama, I warned
all newcomers to the FACT…

*"Never get sloppy
(have too much to drink)
in these establishment as the
locals will roll you in a heartbeat
and leave you in the back alley,
bruised, beaten, with an empty
wallet and you would wake up
with bus fare pinned to your
shirt and a short note to use
the money to get out of town…"*

AND…HERE I WAS IN INDIA

about to ignore the most valuable
piece of advice to ever come out of
my mouth and the end result
was similar to what I just explained

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

minus the wallet being empty
(sadly, it was before I started
drinking and I think that that
pissed them off even more…
I don't know as I was long
passed out by the time they
got to my wallet)
and it would have been a

DREAM COME TRUE…

if they had left me bus fare out
of this town…
I am not sure what true effect(s)
that this whiskey had on my mind
but, I did start to remember that
"Damn! I did have a good time
back in the 1960's and I had

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

a vision of amazing, tie-dyed propositions and this book is my attempted to piece together the last four days and to record all that I saw when I was away

VISITING THE 1960'S

…minus…all the stuff that WWWG wouldn't publish any more than

MY STATUE PORN!

While this isn't the breakthrough opportunity that I originally planned on…it will have to do… as Seine said he would publish this…if for no other reason than, every copy he sells will help

WELCOME BACK CAMPERS!

him recover his investment (according to Mister Chucky…the evil accountant swill…who claims that I owe this unimaginable sum of pesos to them on

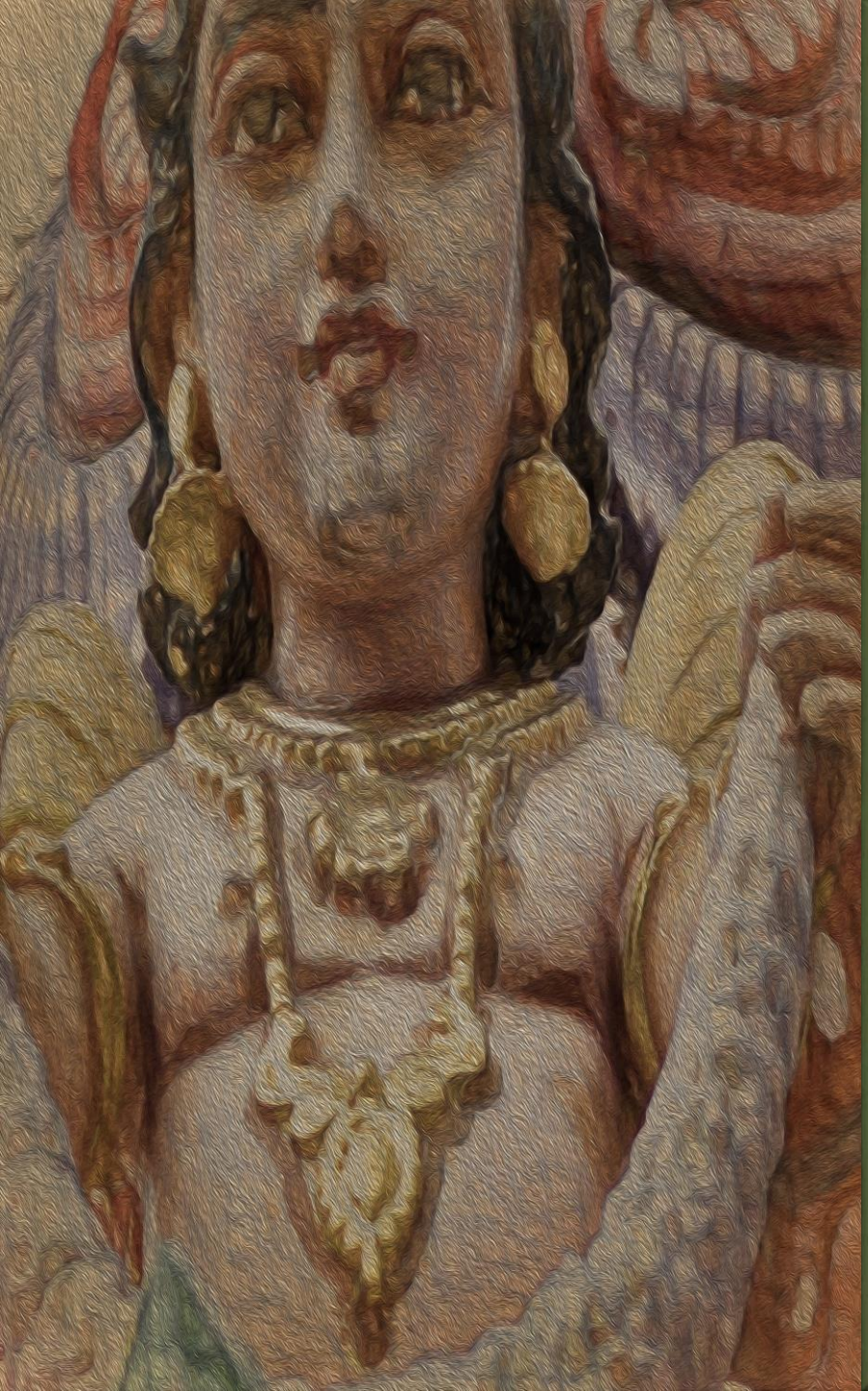
"EXPENSES PAID"

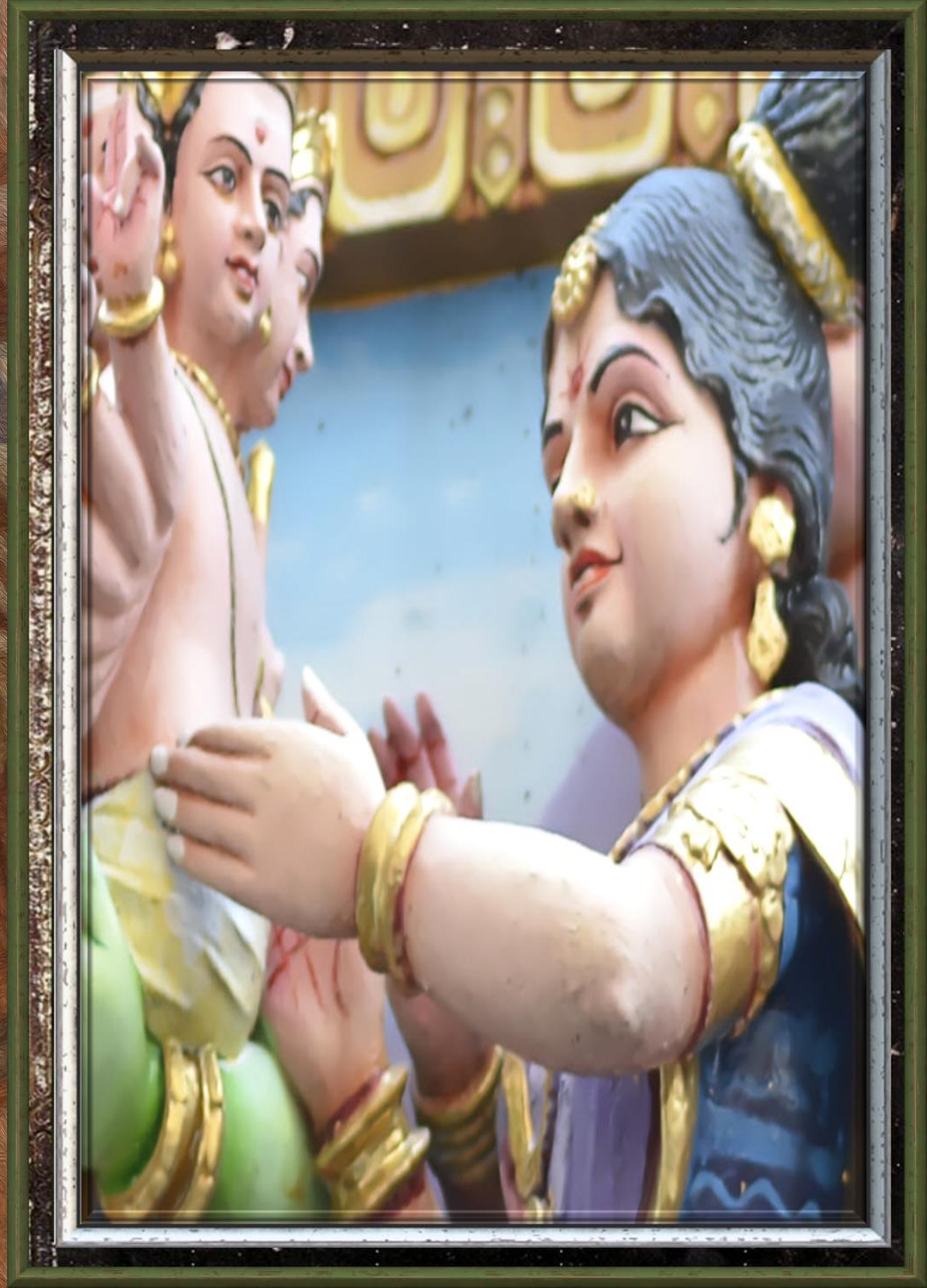
for this book already…
But, I didn't even use the mini-bar…it must have been the maid! She seemed to be talking in tongues when I asked for more packets of **FREE** coffee as she was cleaning the room).

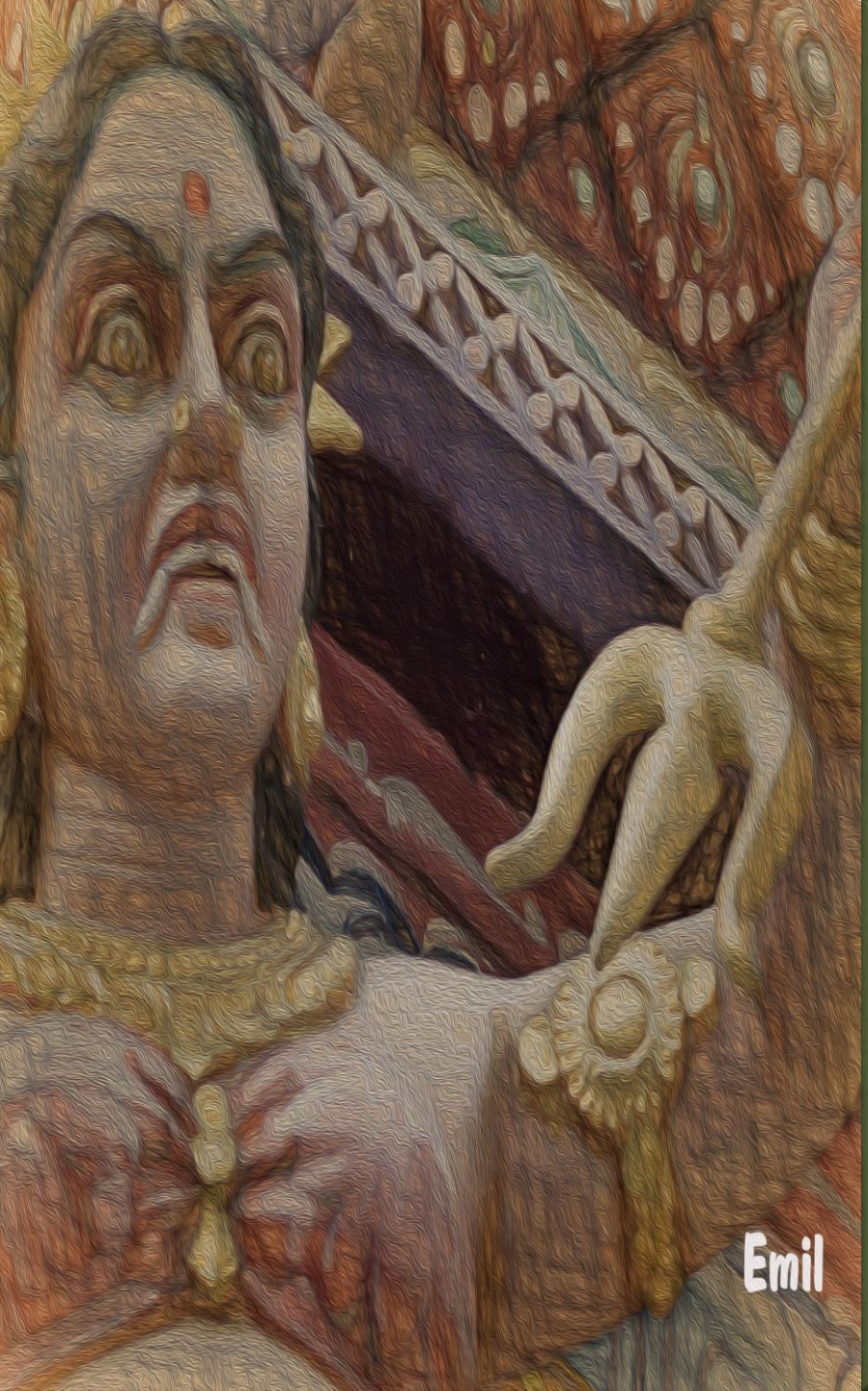
ADO!

{Telex send from the Grand Hotel Harmony…India Telex Services}

Emil



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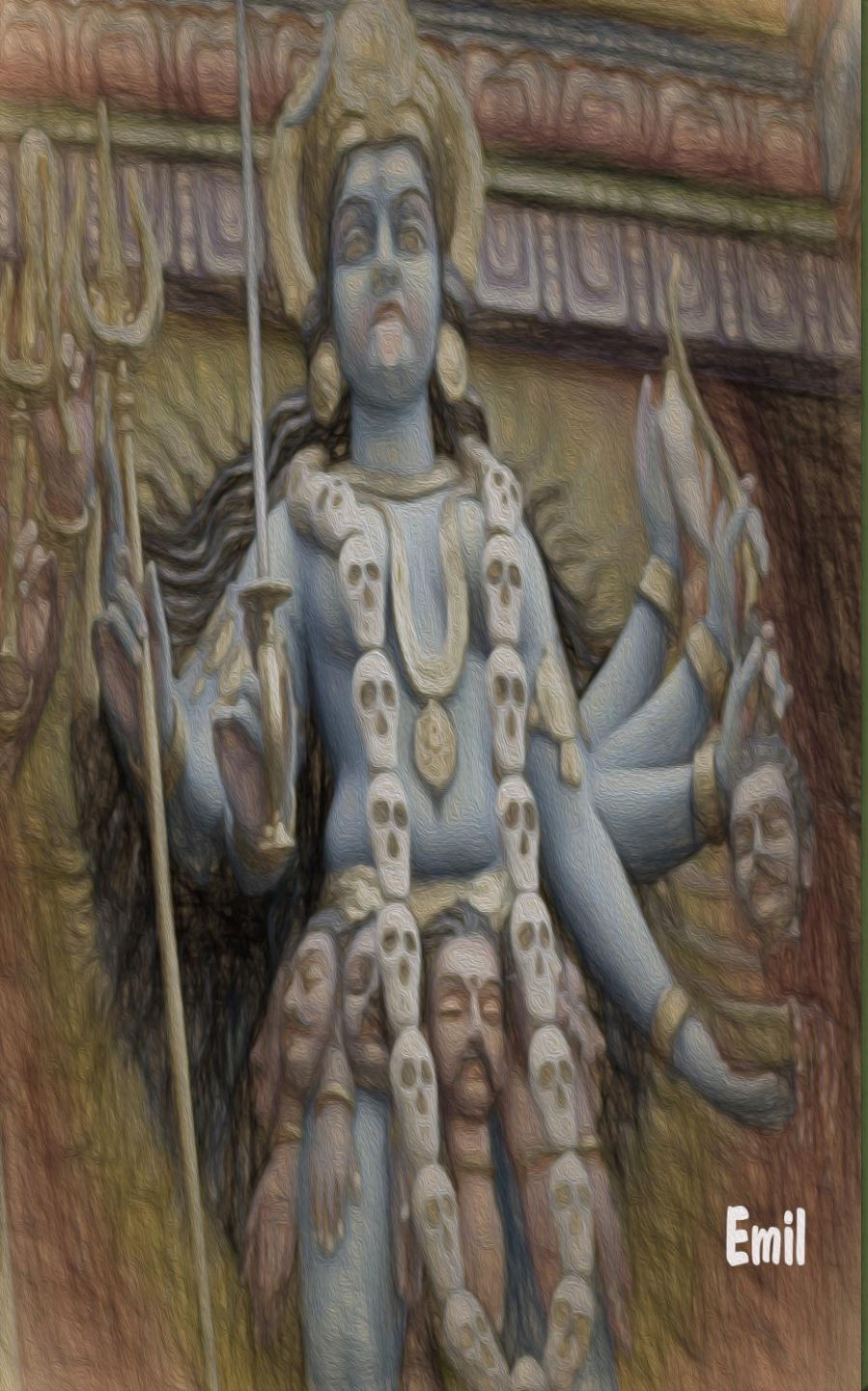
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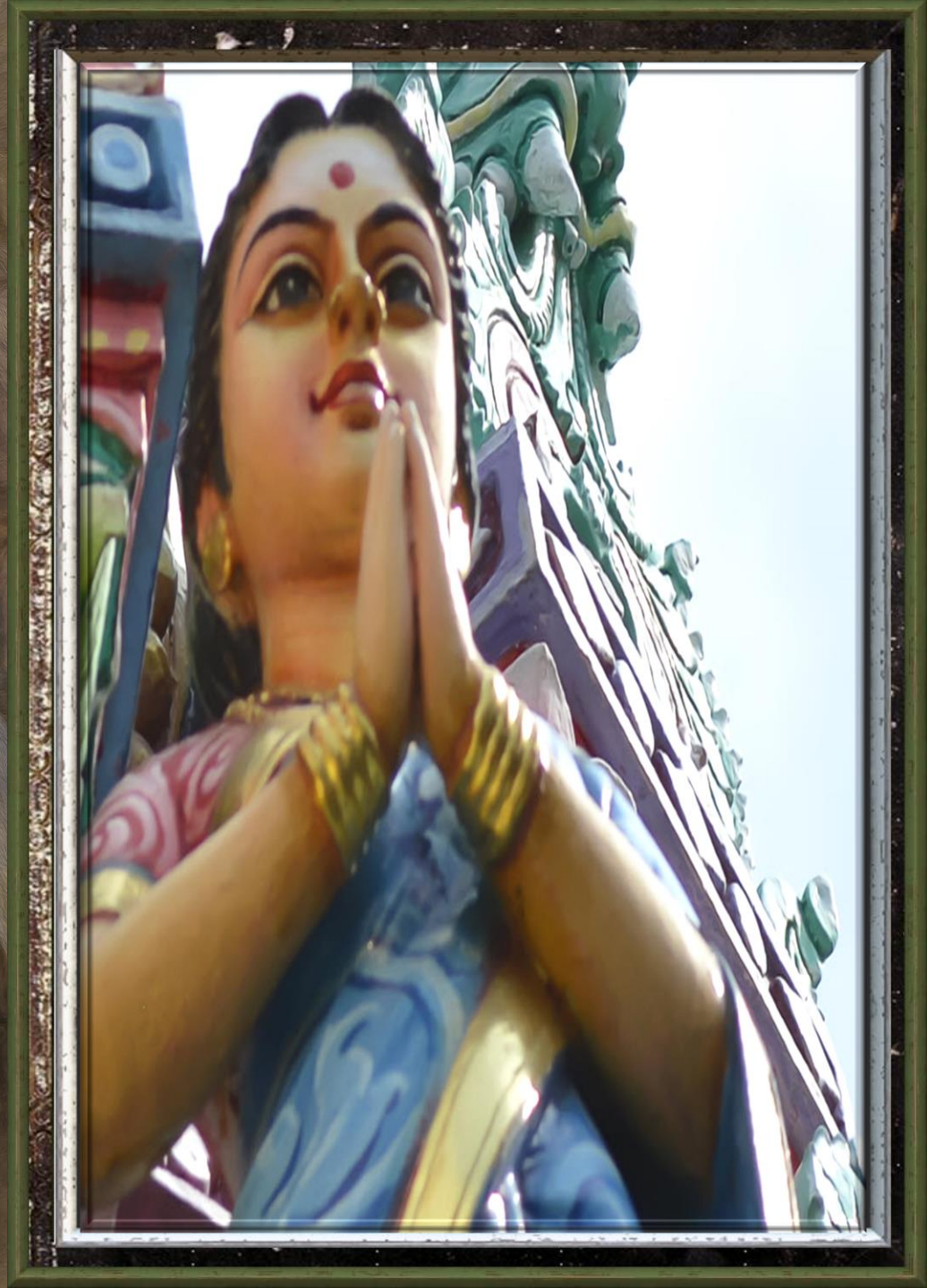

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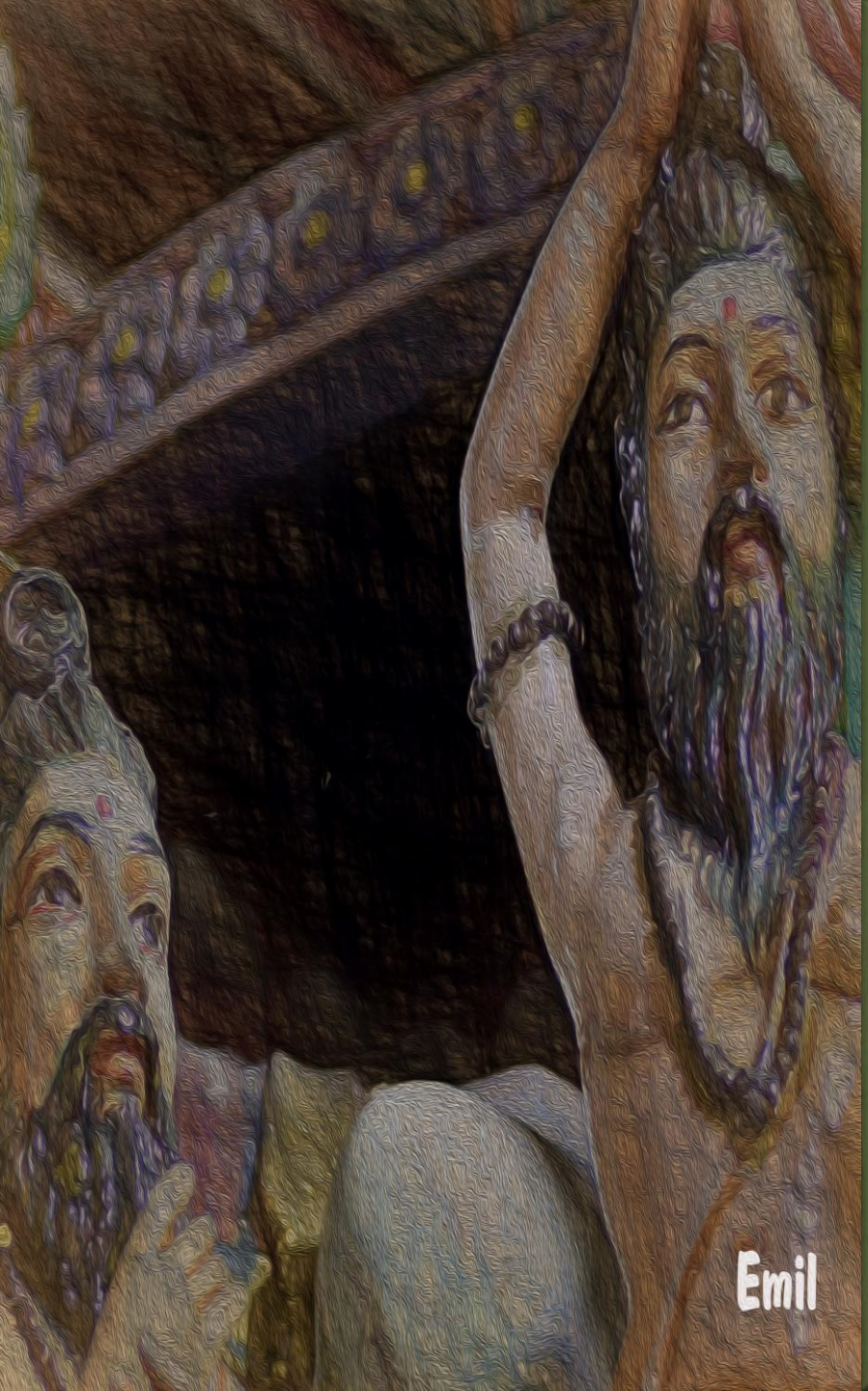
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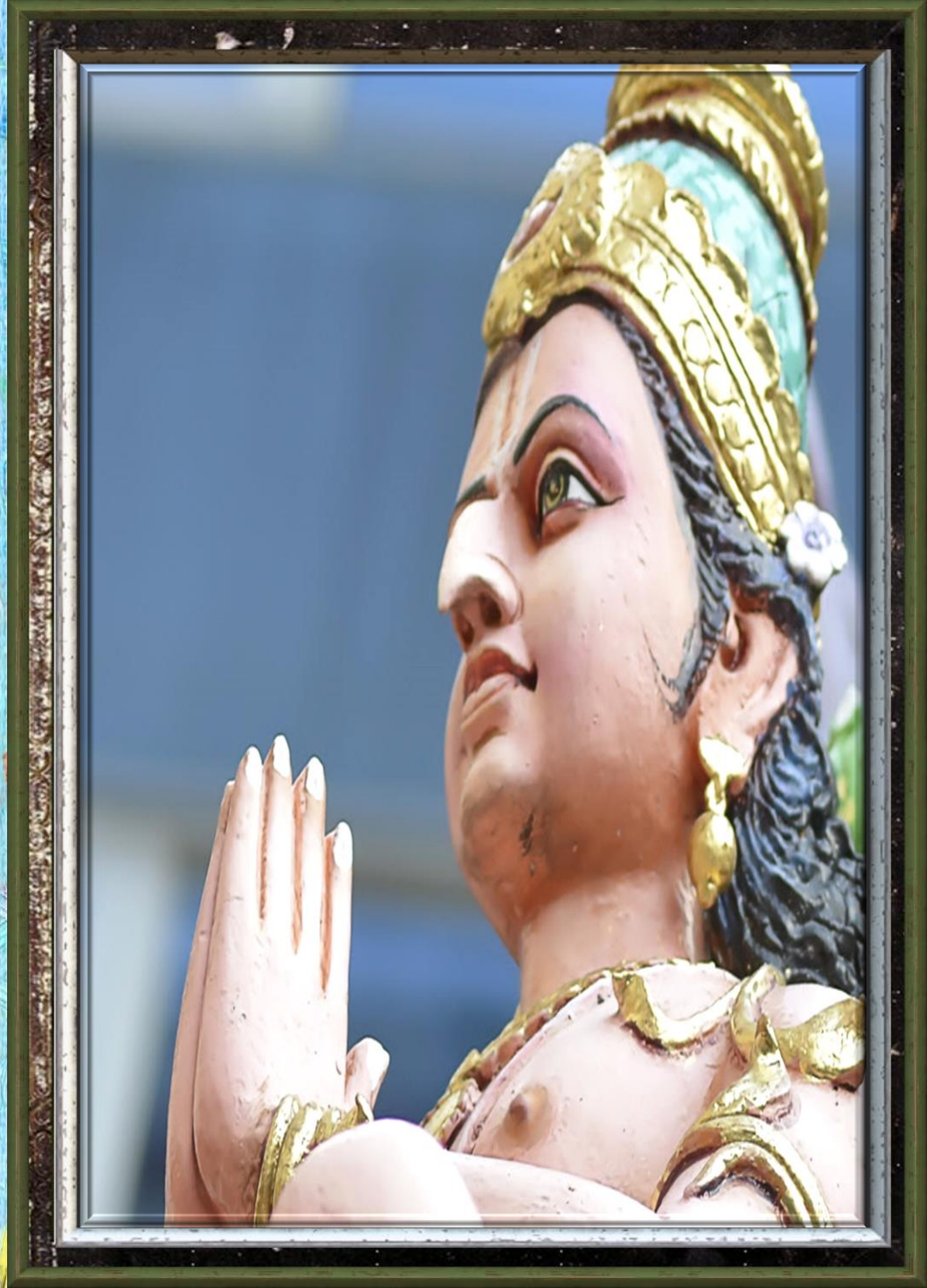

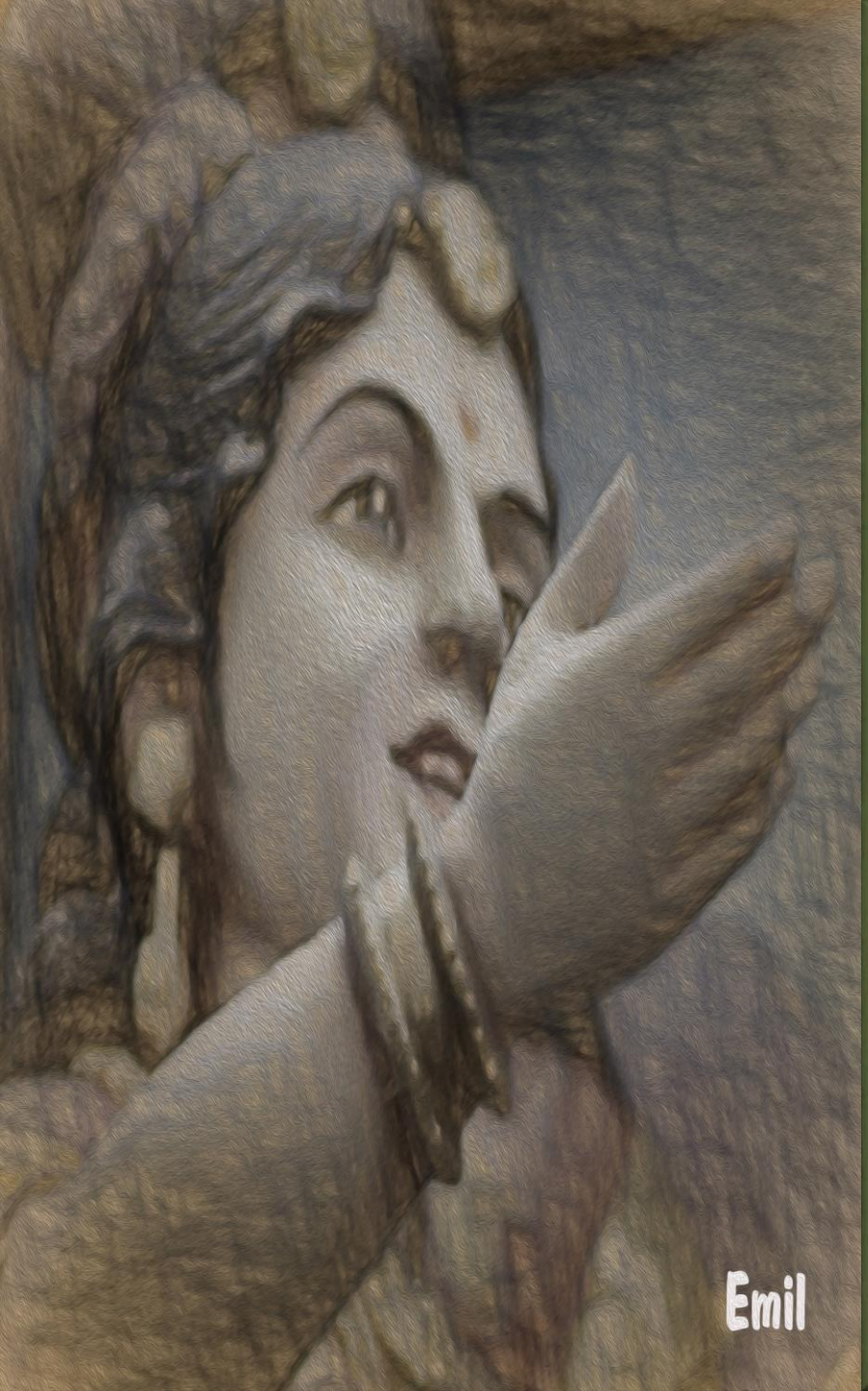
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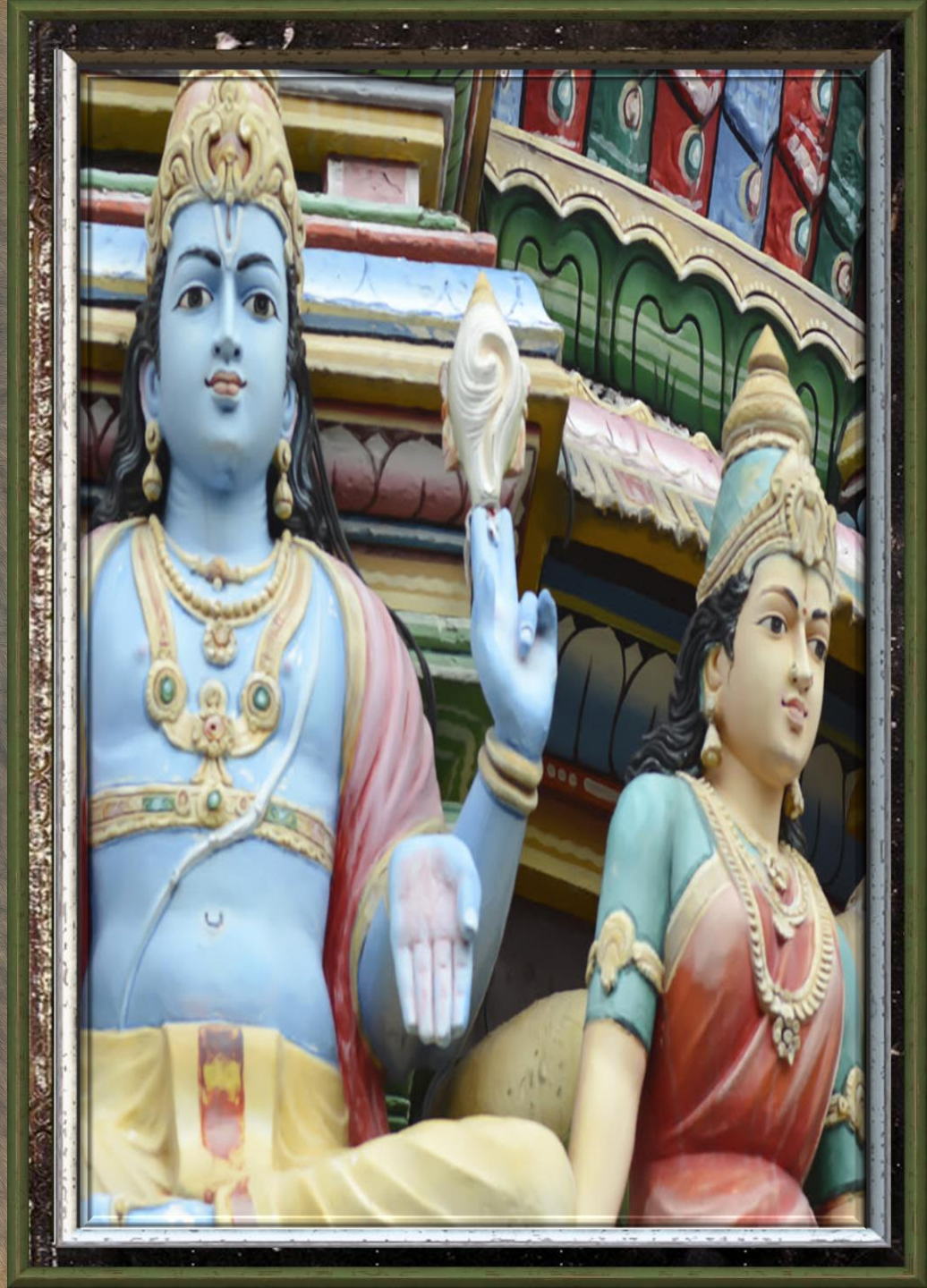

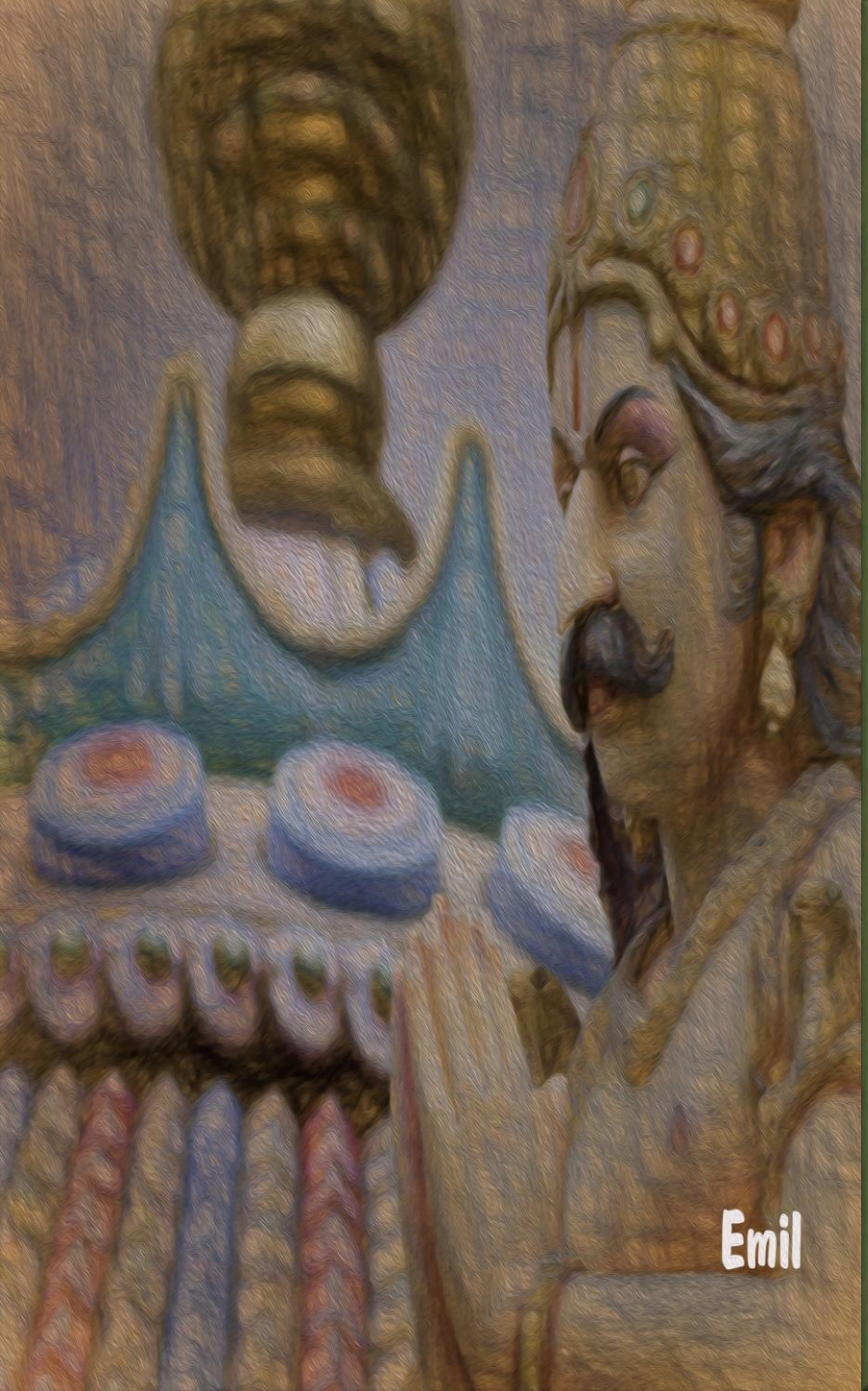
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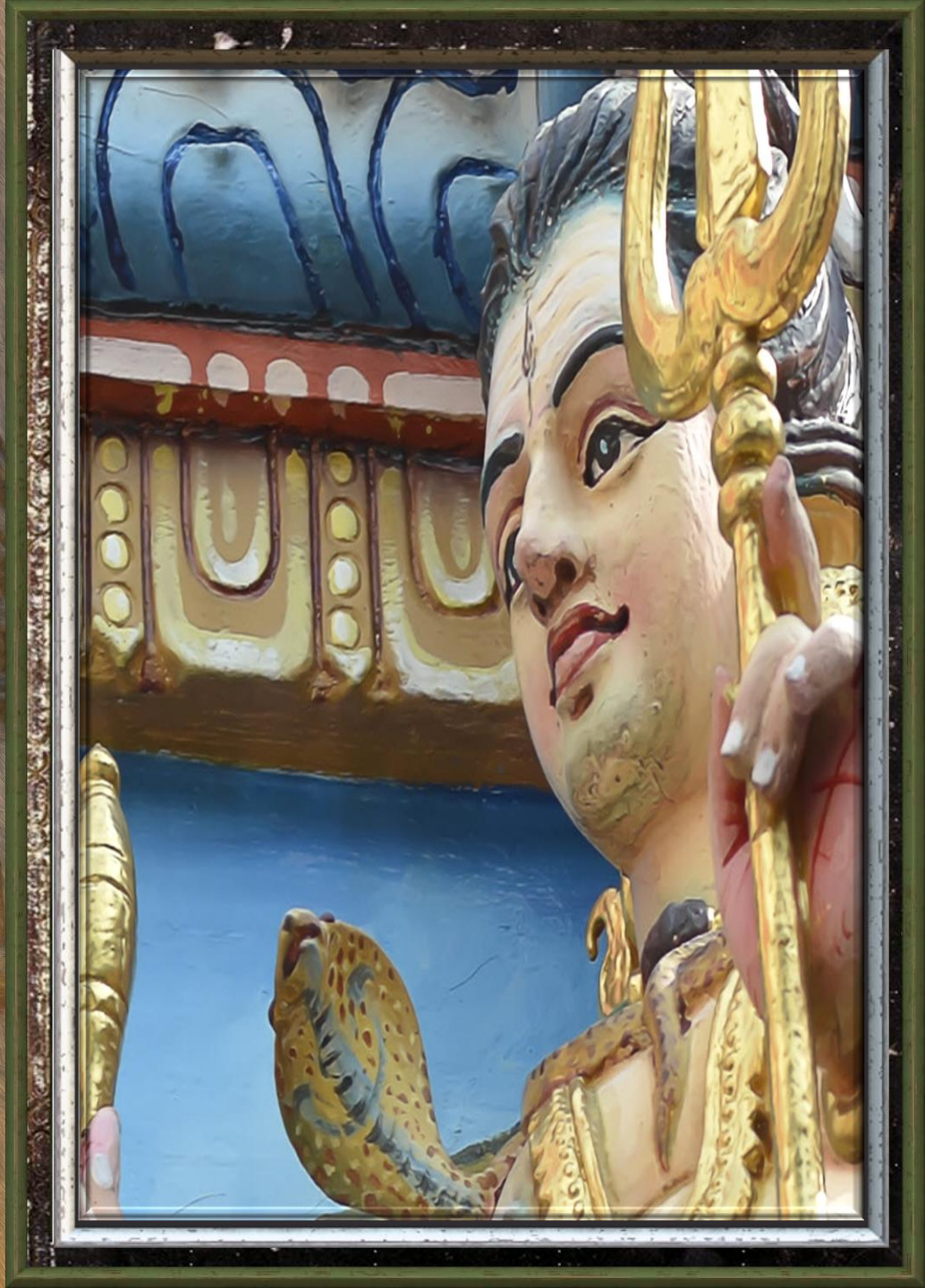

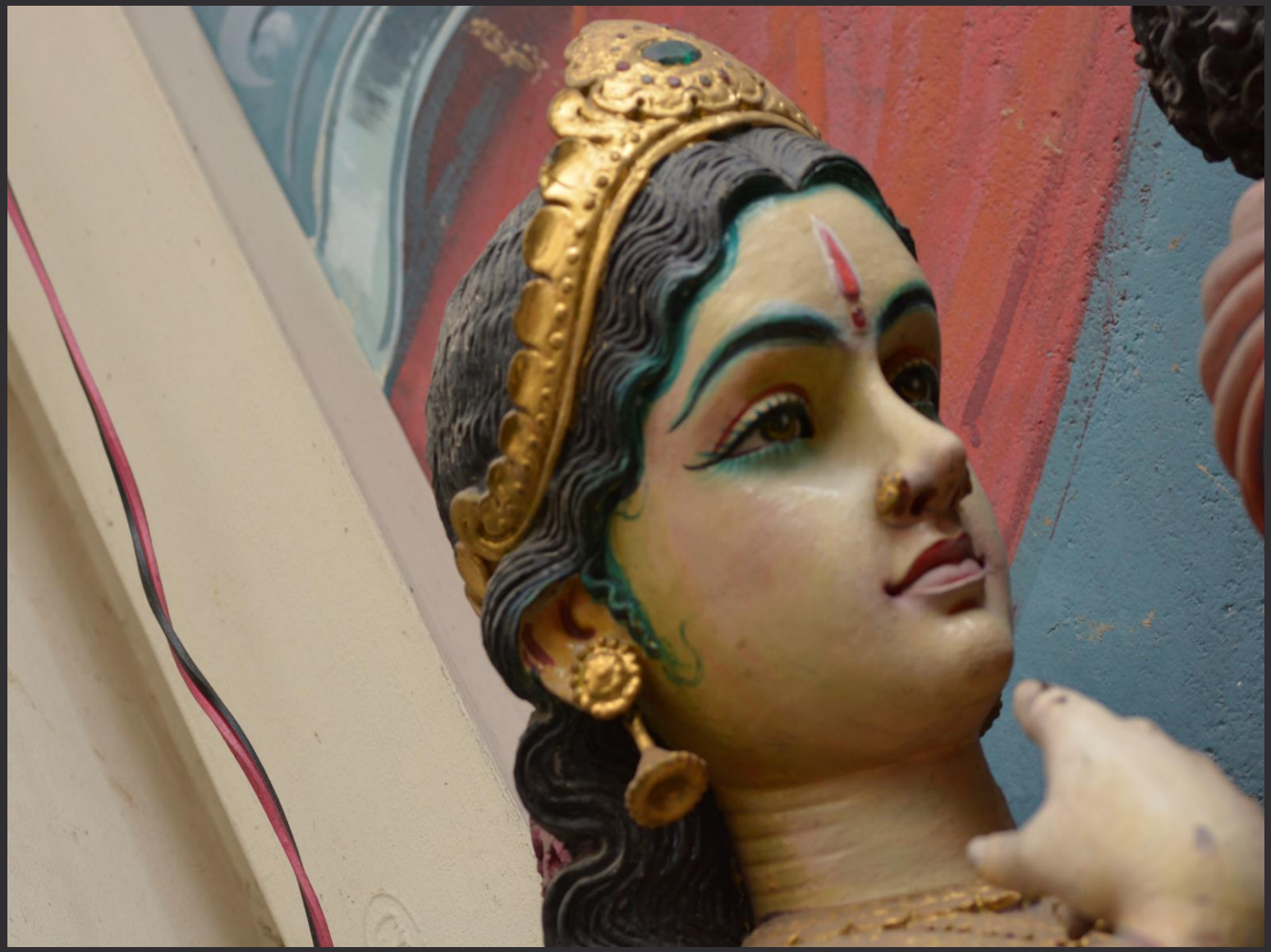

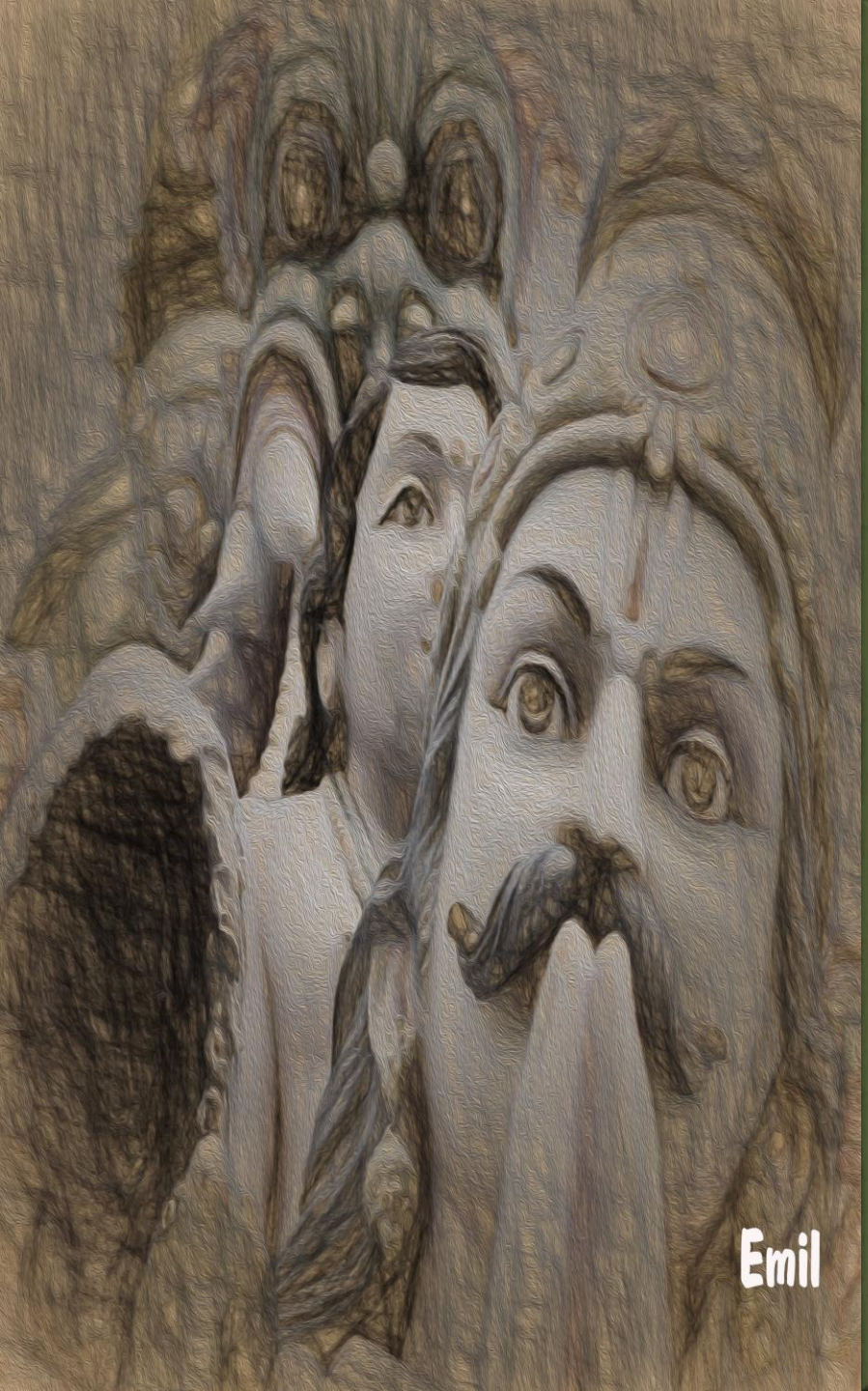
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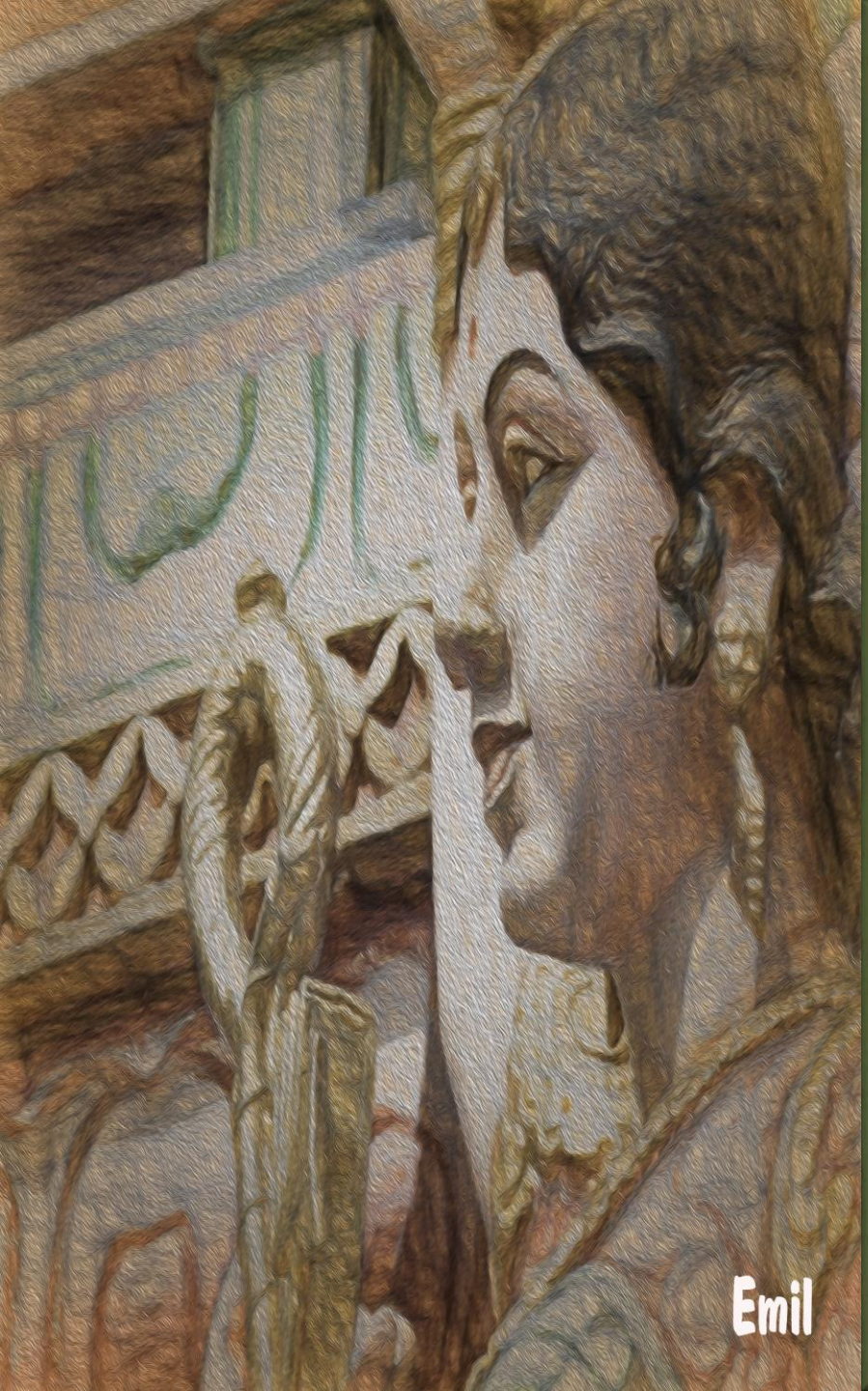
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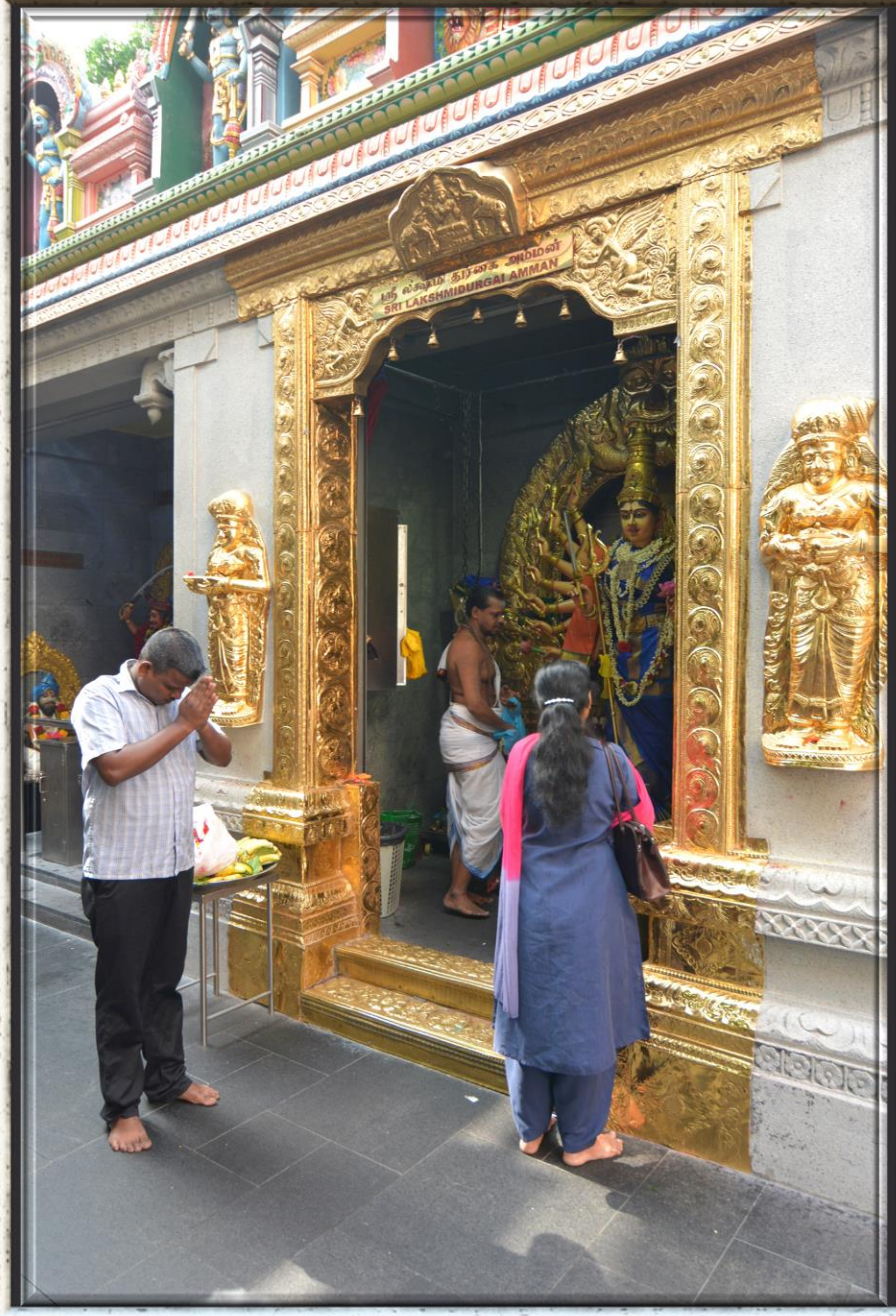
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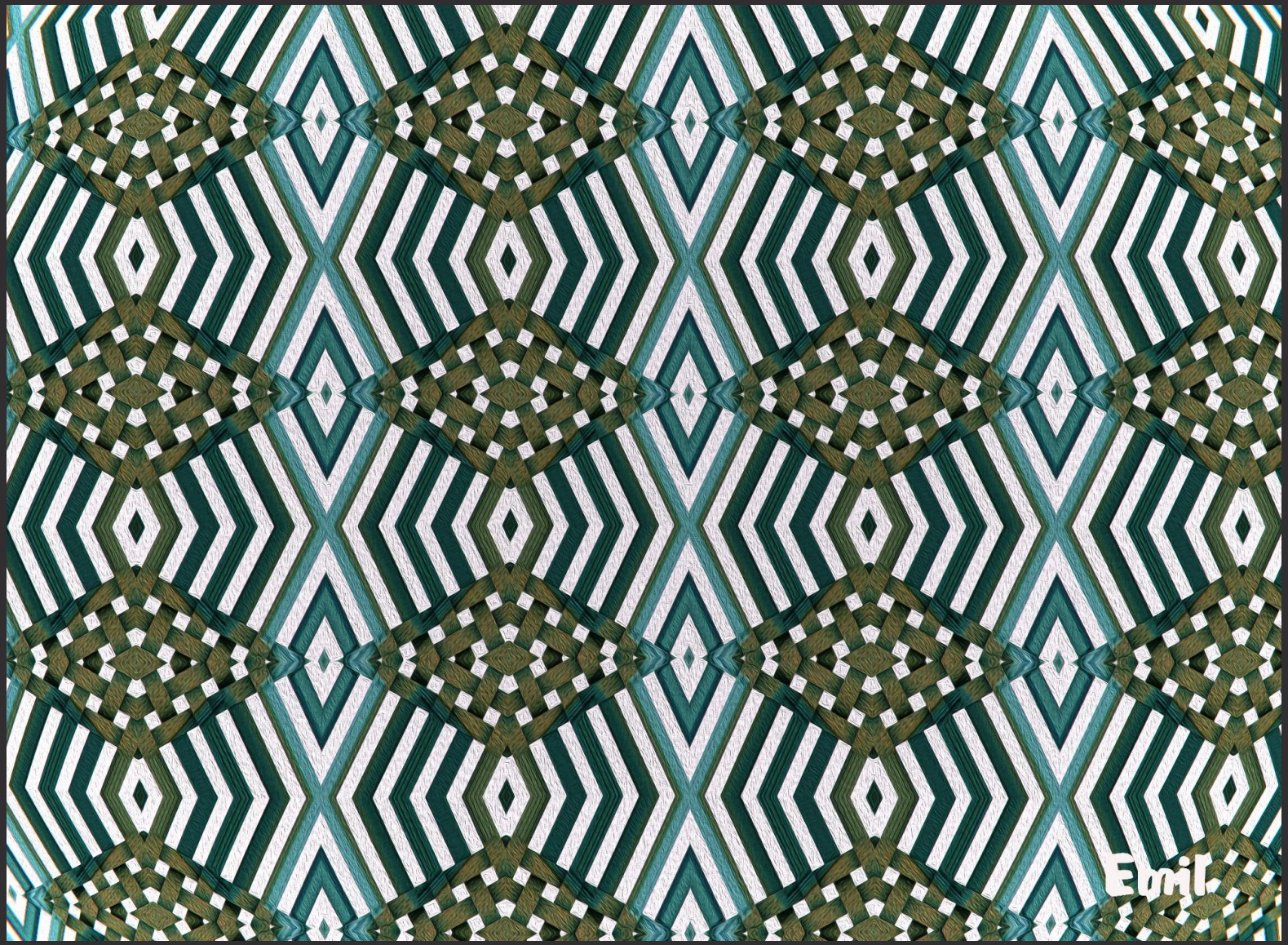
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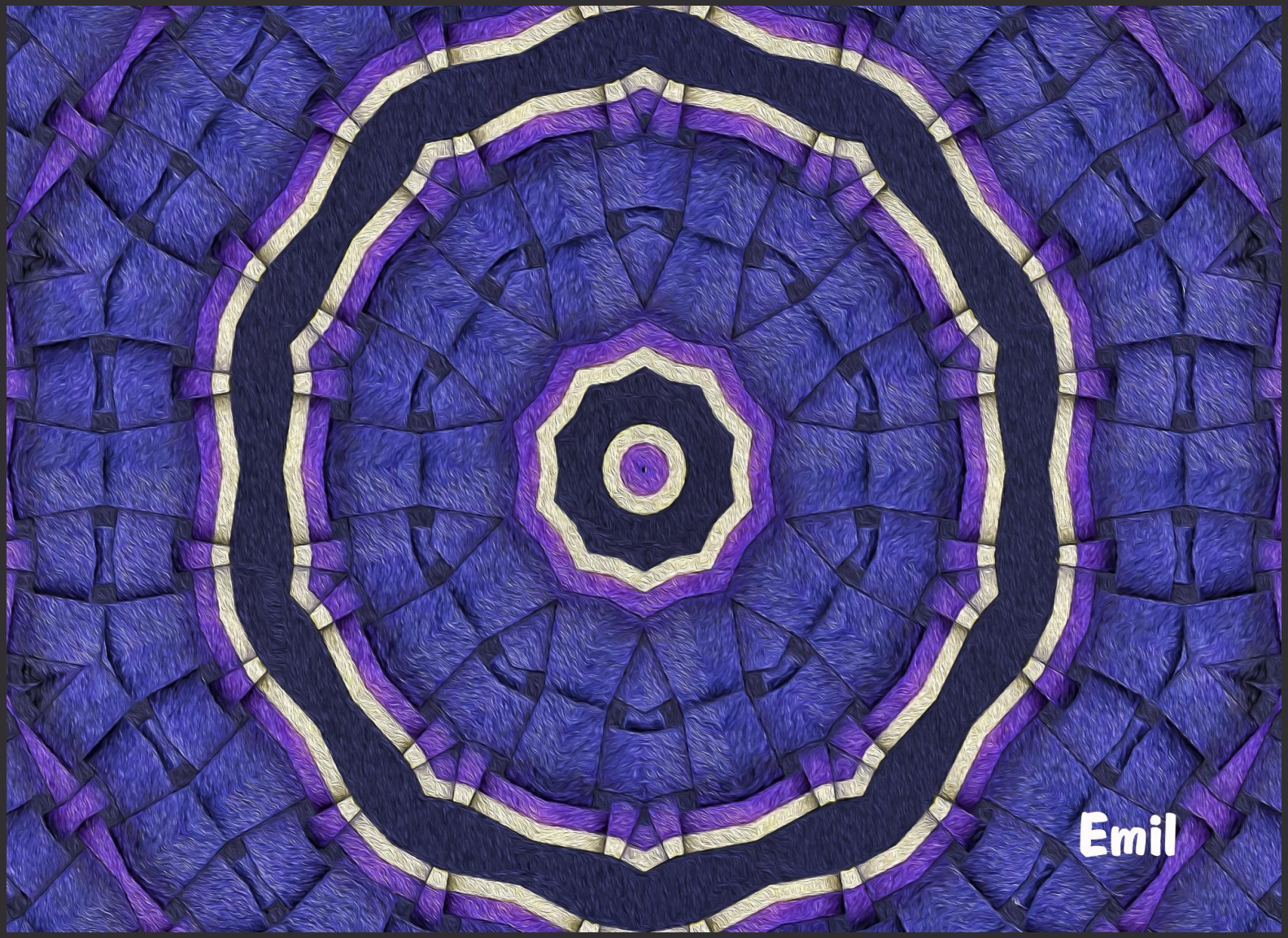
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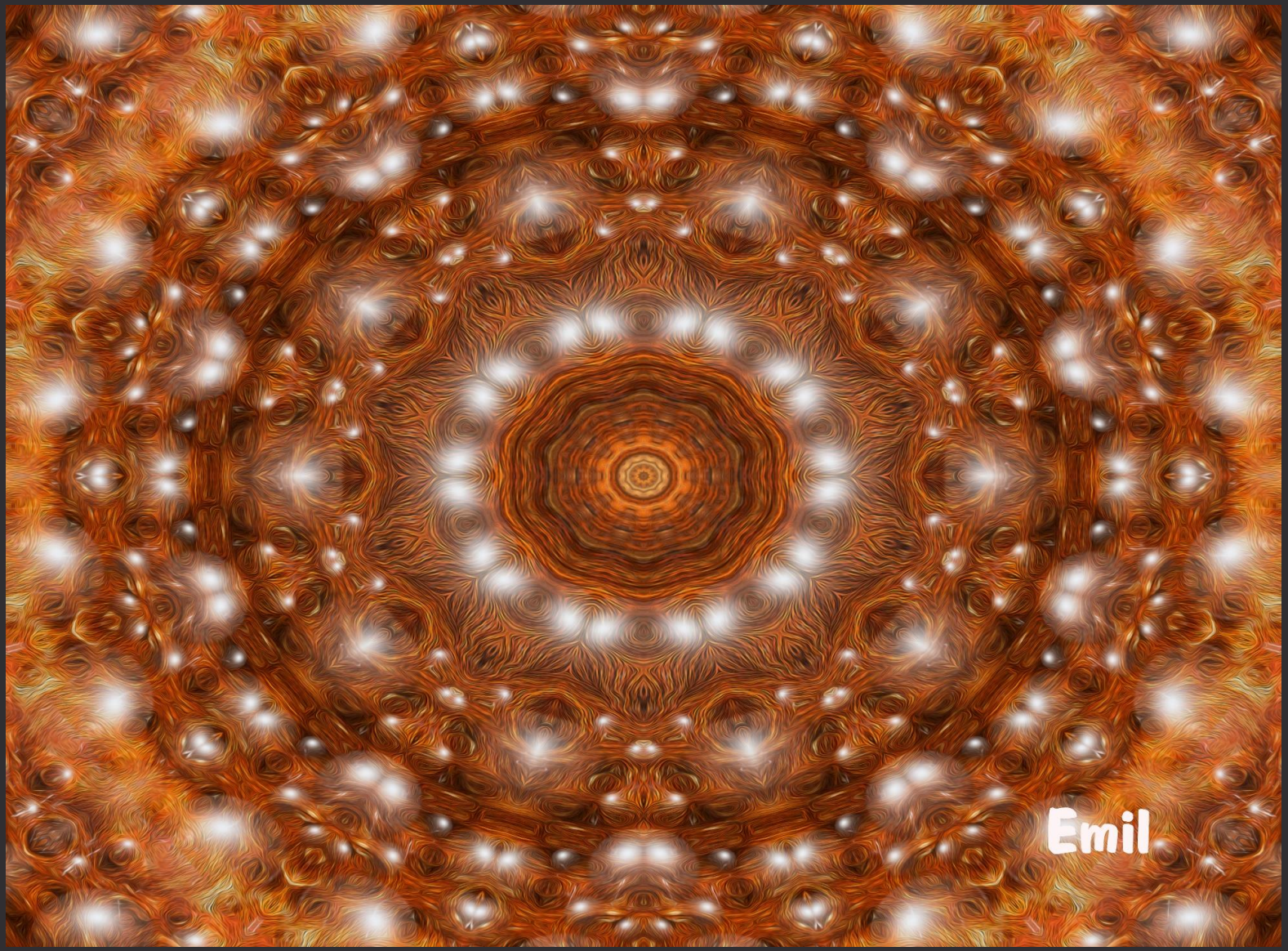
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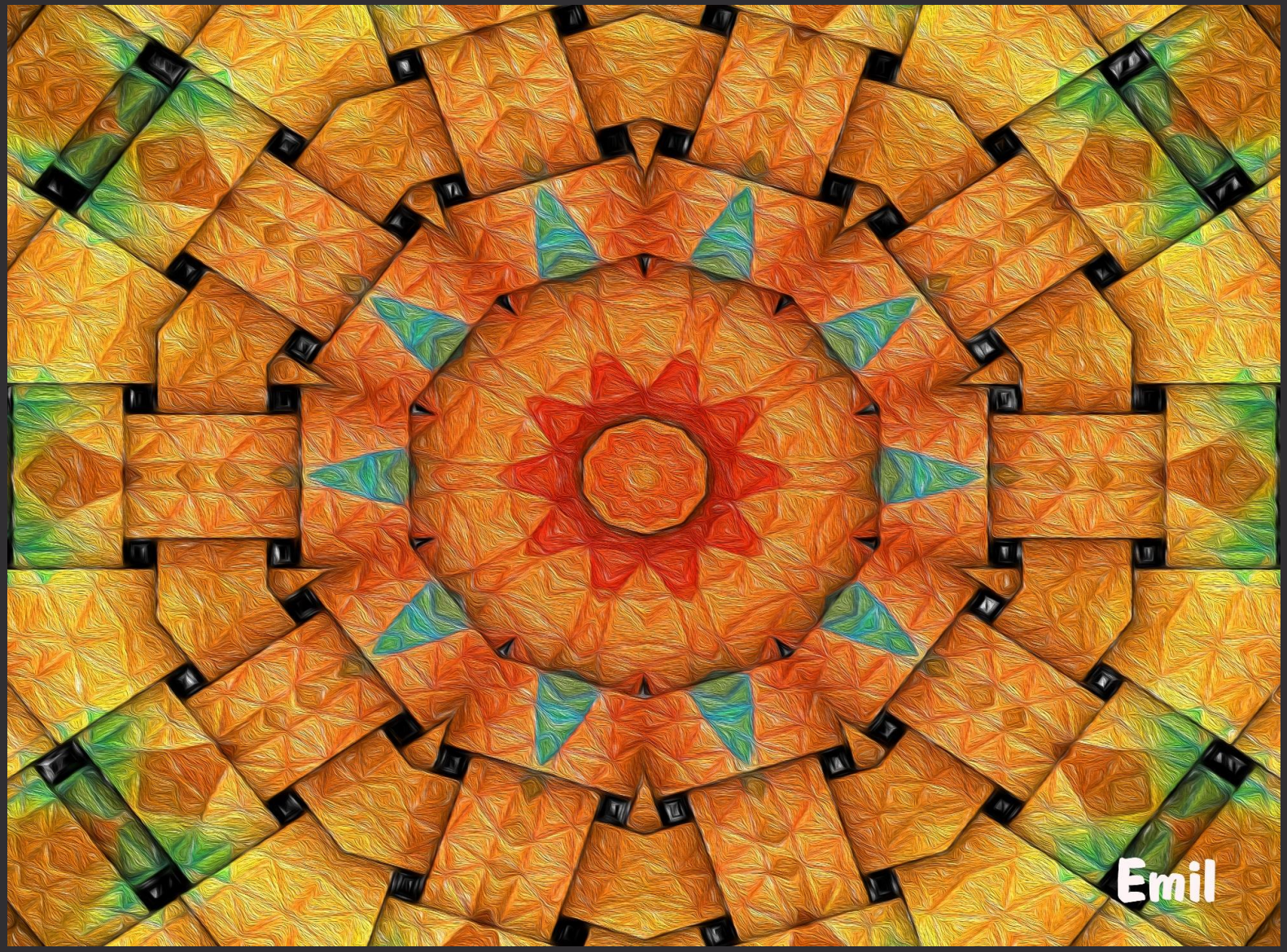
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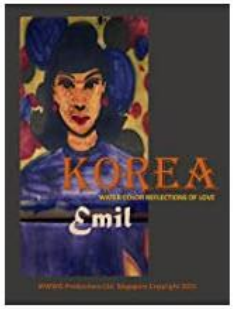

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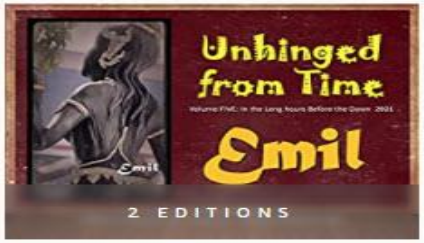

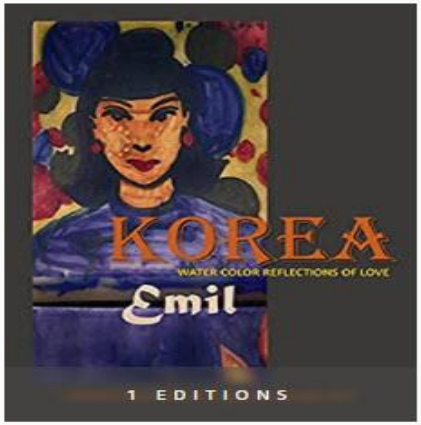

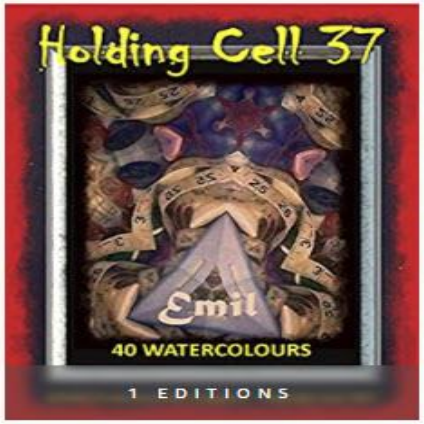

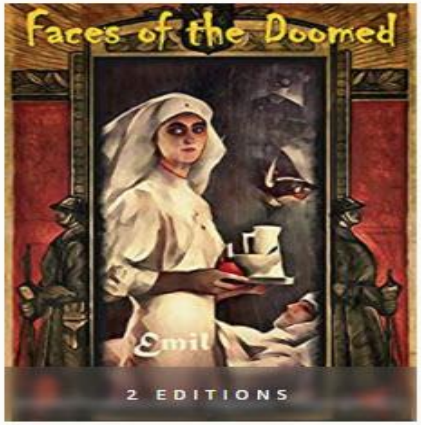

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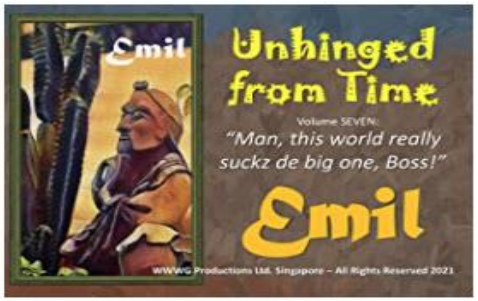

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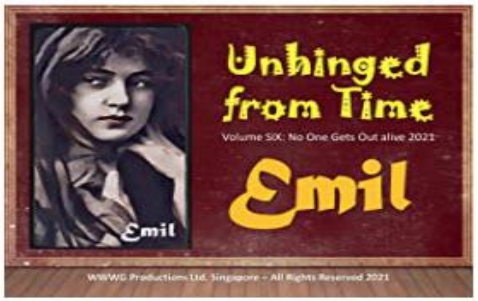

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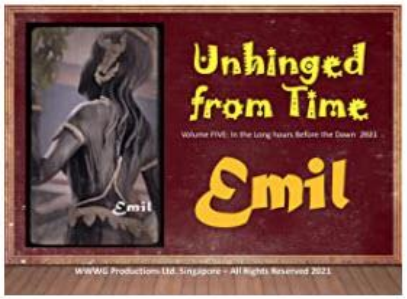

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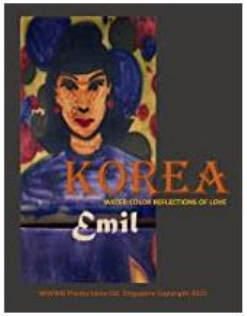

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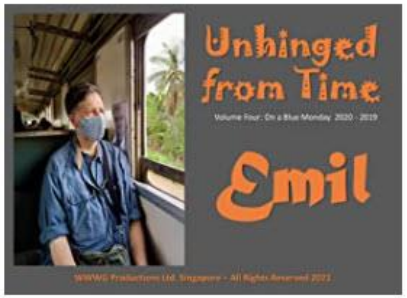

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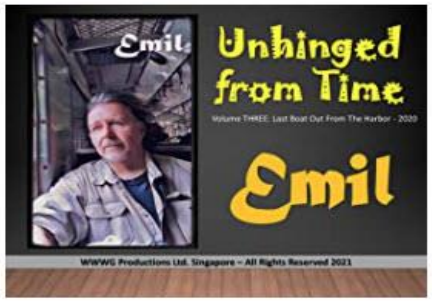

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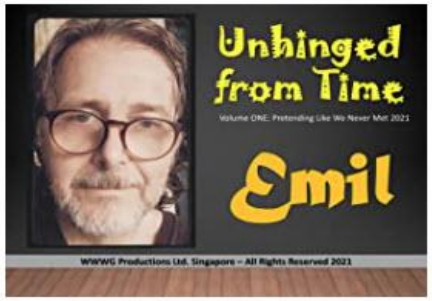

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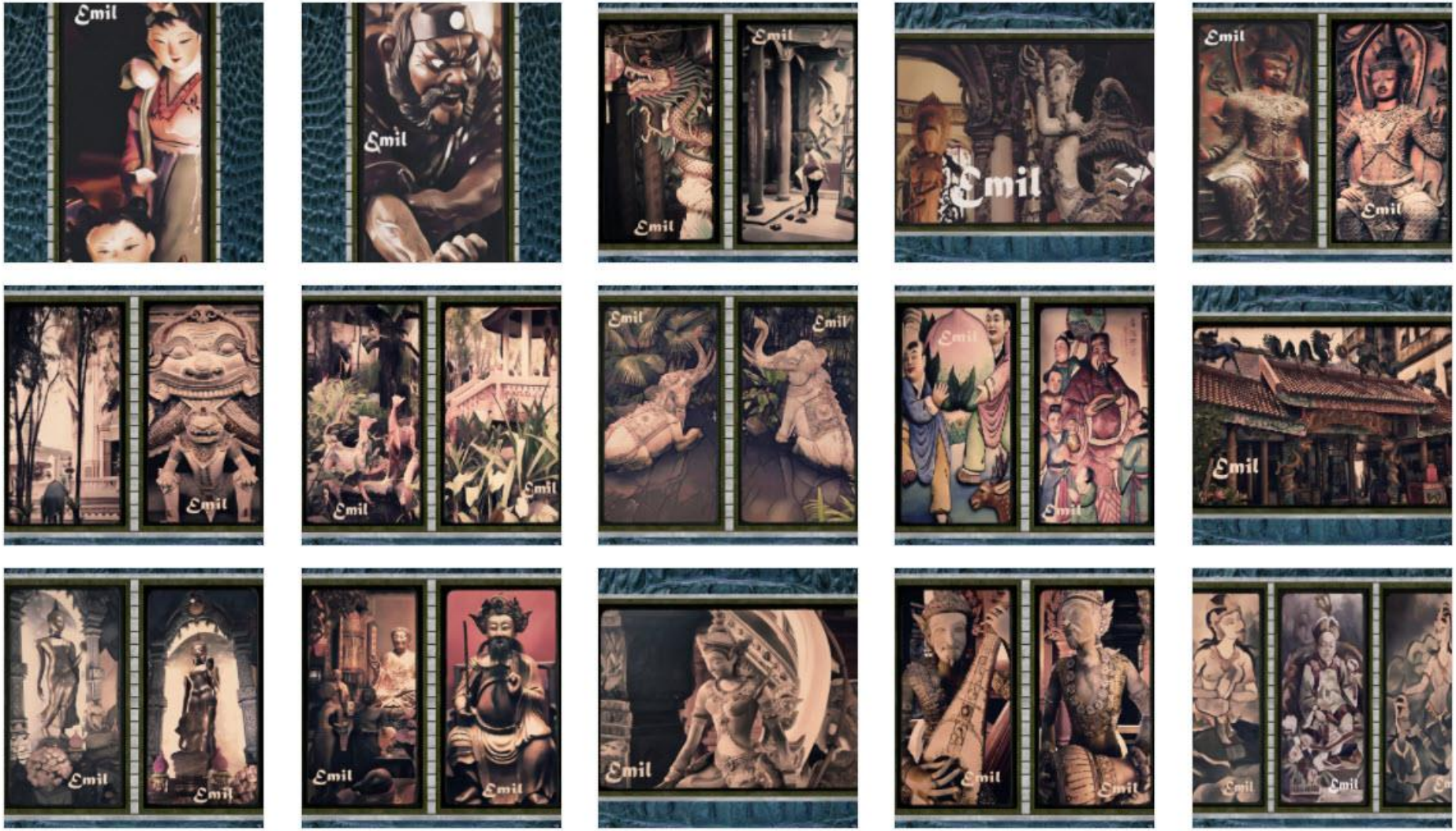

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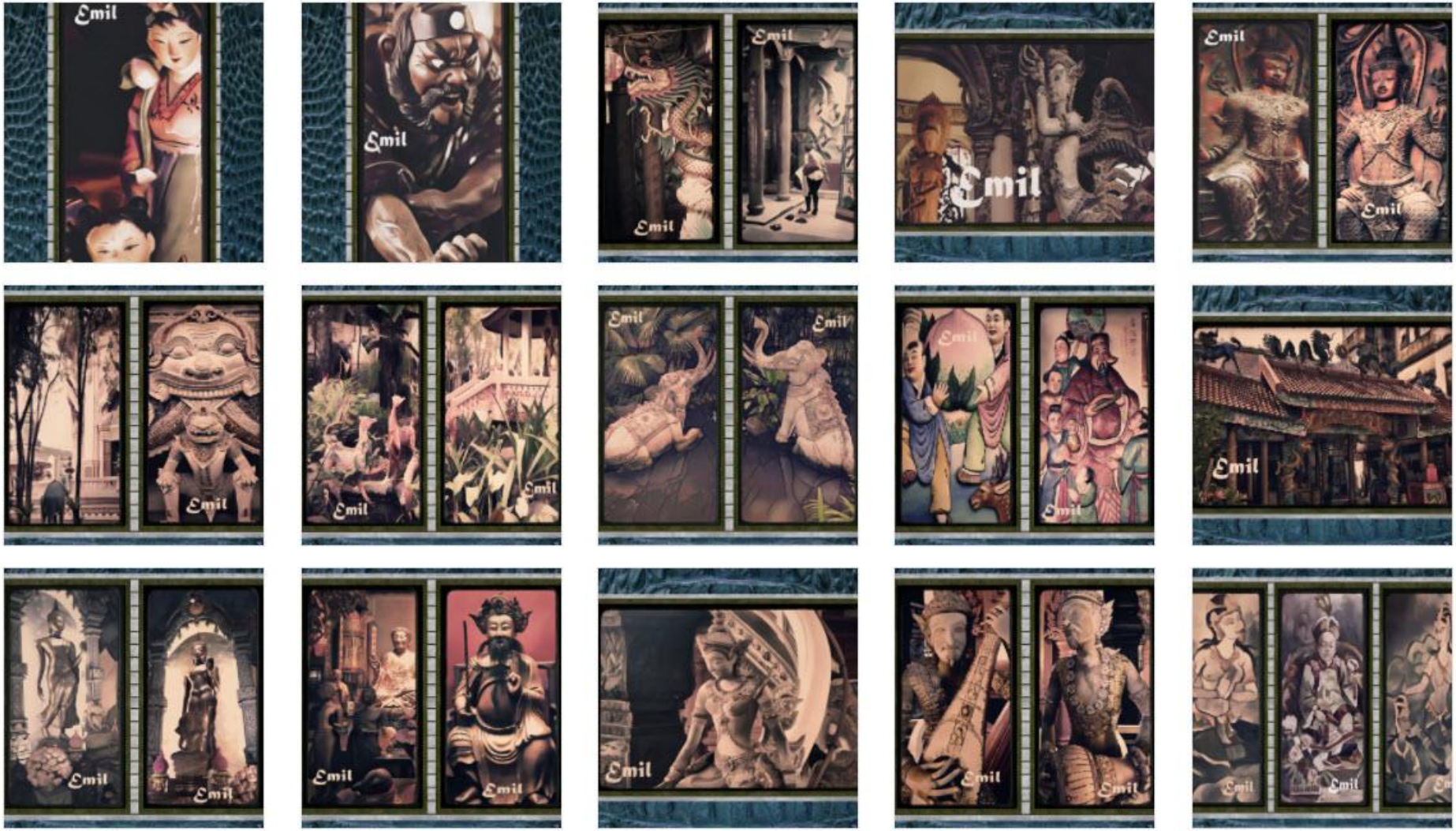

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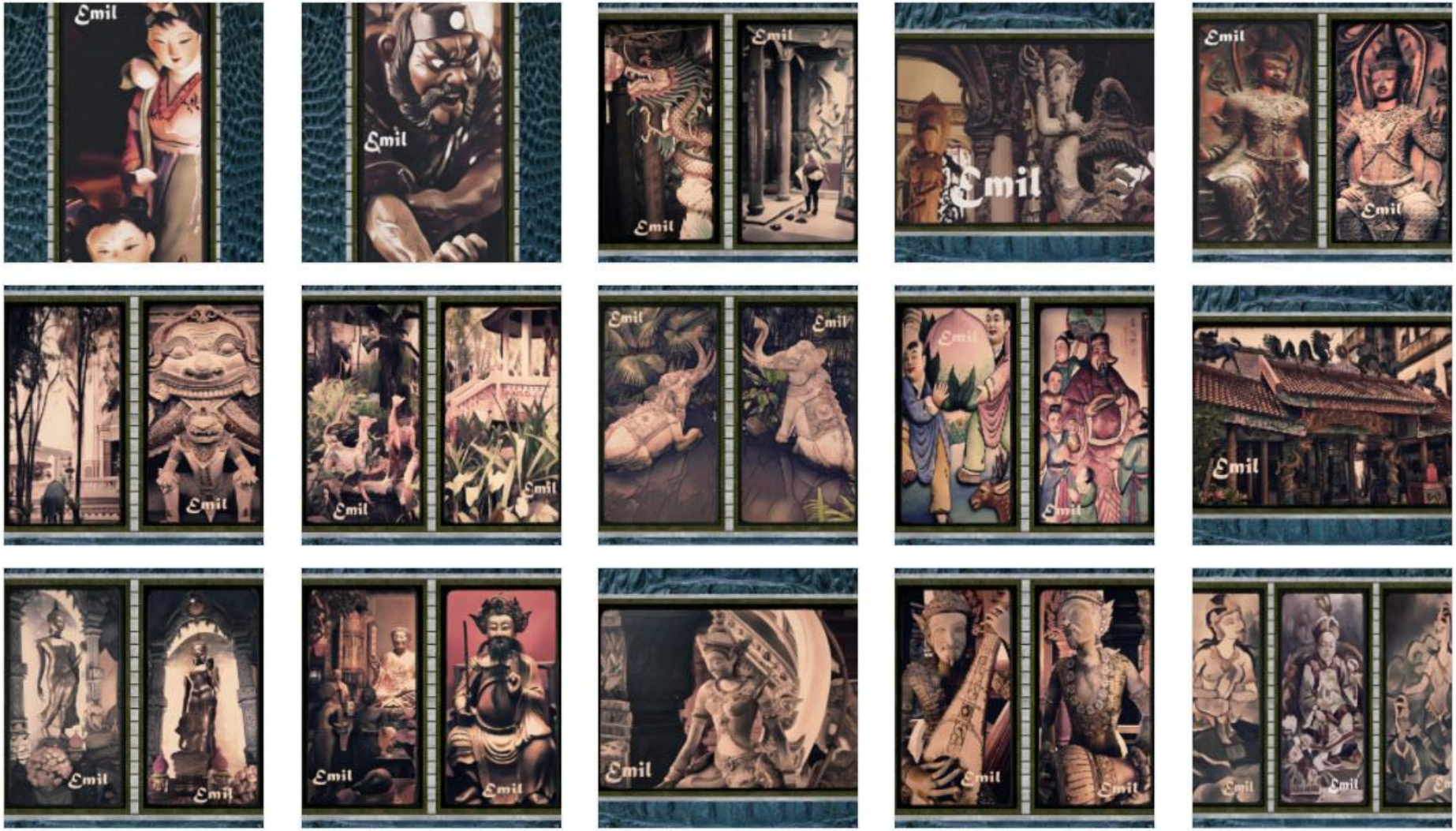

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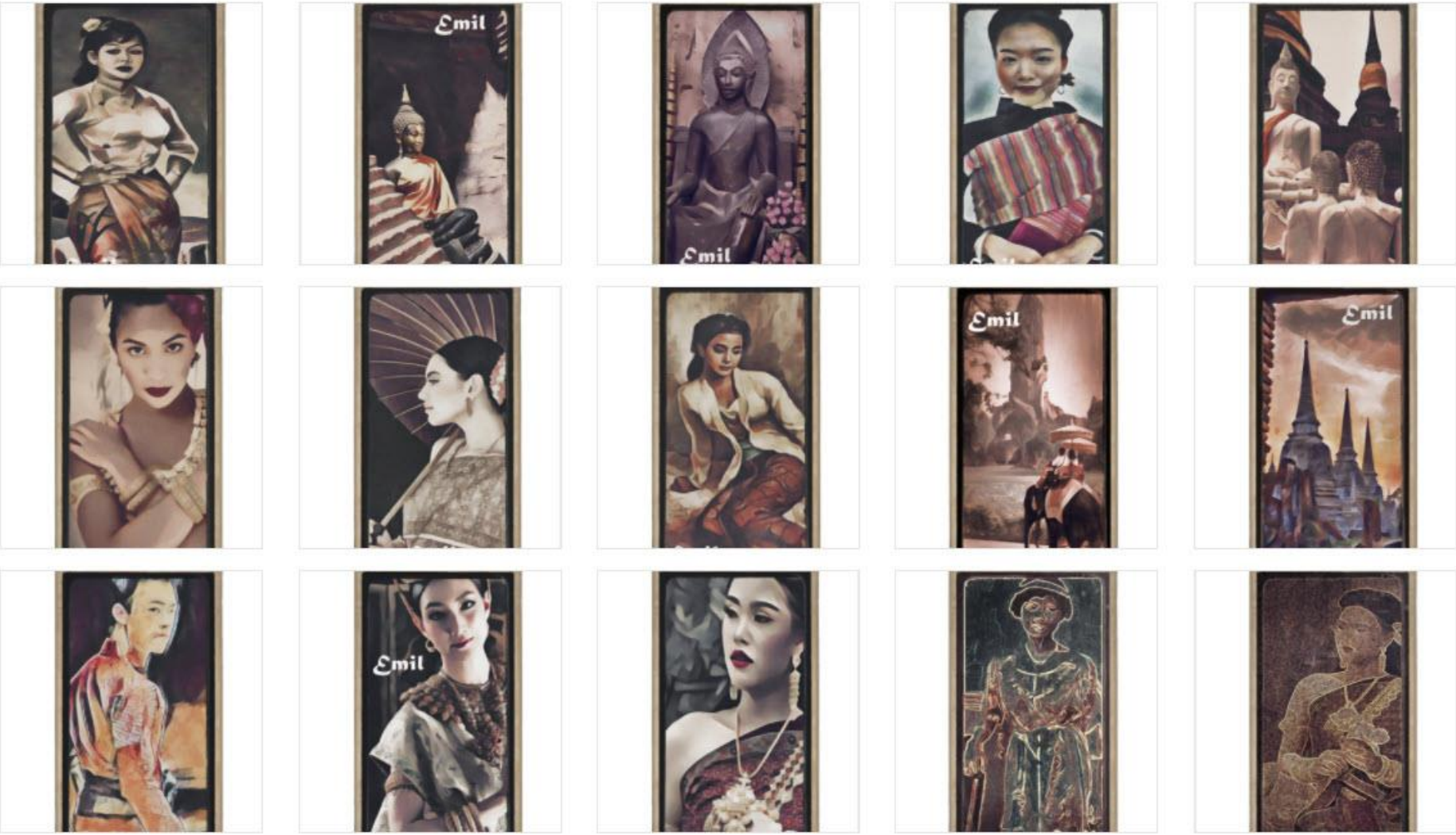

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